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Volume XXXII APRIL, 1919 Number 4

SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

A Record of Five Years' Exploration for the Canadian Government

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some months ago Vilhjalmur Stefansson returned from a five years' journey of exploration through the Arctic regions North of Canada, undertaken for the Government of the Dominion of Canada, and he has since been engaged in compiling his reports and writing the story of his remarkable experiences. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE has secured the exclusive right to publish Mr. Stefansson's story in Canada. It will appear in six instalments and will tell the story of the discoveries he made and, more remarkable still, how he and his party solved the problem of living without supplies on the bare land, and even the sea ice. Other stories by Mr. Stefansson are appearing in Canadian and American newspapers, but these are records of earlier trips and have no connection with the five years' exploration that he has just completed.

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PART I

WHEN the Canadian Arctic Expedition was originally planned it was not a Canadian expedition at all. Its original sponsors were the National Geographic Society of Washington and the American Museum of Natural History of New York. The expedition was to have a comprehensive scientific programme and to carry a staff of six or eight scientific specialists, but in all other respects it was to be as simple as possible. It was planned that the scientists should carry the minimum of technical paraphernalia, that they should be young and self-reliant men who could work independently with few material resources and depend on their note-books, their cameras, and their memories for much of what they hoped to bring back.

My expedition of the years 1908-12 had been carried out on substantially this plan to the satisfaction of its backers, the American Museum of Natural History and the Geographical Survey of Canada. We had then carried no food with us on long journeys through lands either uninhabited or inhabited only by Eskimos armed with bows and arrows, some of whom had seldom, and others never, seen a white man. And the scientific results of that expedition had in the opinion especially of the American Museum, been such that both were anxious to promote another of the same sort.

But later when the proposal came to pass and a Government had been found enlightened enough to want to undertake all the expense of a great scientific expedition, the plans were of necessity altered. When the Hon. Robert Borden (now Sir Robert) on behalf of the Government of Canada took over from the American institutions the already planned expedition, he informed them that I should be left in complete command of it, as I should have been under their auspices, and that I should be the sole judge of the suitability of all plans, men and materials to be used in the undertaking.

NEVERTHELESS the character of our new backers brought about a partial change of programme. When the almost unlimited resources of the Government were considered it appeared advisable even to me, especially as I was strongly urged to abandon my former simple plan of relying upon the resources of the country with the orthodox one of carrying an extensive equipment. I felt that if this extensive equipment were taken along it could be used wherever it was found usable and that my own idea of living by forage could be resorted to whenever we had come in our journeys to the uttermost limits of time and distance to which the "condensed-food system" could carry us.

A pressure ridge.

Previously I had expected to bring home only a limited number of scientific specimens, but now it seemed best not only to try to bring home a much larger number but also to carry on our vessels laboratory equipment for scientific studies in the field. Sea water, for instance, is said to undergo chemical changes if brought home in vials, and it is therefore preferable to study water samples the day they are secured from the depths of the ocean. Minute animals too, which might be alive in the samples when they are brought to the surface, would die and decay into their chemical elements before the samples could be studied in our southern laboratories.

Stefansson (left) at Martin Point camp before the start of his ice trip

Getting My Party Together

THE mere outfitting of a comprehensive scientific expedition would be an entertaining story if it were told as it cannot be told here. To begin with, even among our tens of thousands of university graduates it is not easy to find a dozen or more men who combine the qualities of being young and of sound body, with an unexcitable temperament and an imagination that sees fascination in work which to other temperaments would be only hardship and drudgery. Furthermore these young men would have to be either of independent means or sufficiently careless of material rewards to be willing to give several years to work for which they could expect no substantial pay in the ordinary sense. The expedition being Canadian, we preferred Canadians in our choice, yet we were able to get in Canada only five out of a staff of thirteen. We turned next to other parts of the Empire, and secured three men from Scotland, one from Australia, and one from New Zealand. Even so, we had to look farther and take one man from France, one from Denmark, one from Norway, and two from the United States. The universities represented in the training of these men were the Sorbonne, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Toronto, McGill, Harvard, Yale, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the State University of Iowa. Several of the men had earned the degree of Ph. D., some had received various honors from scientific societies, and practically all of them were devoting their entire lives to that specialty which engaged them on the expedition.

We were outfitted under the supervision of Mr. J. W. Philips of the navy yard in Esquimalt. Partly because I thought that the orthodox equipment might, after all,

Stefansson and McConnell skinning a seal for supper

prove useful and partly because of pressure put upon us by those who rested their faith more exclusively than I did in the older methods our expedition eventually turned out to be probably the most sumptuously equipped of all Arctic expeditions. We had at the start three ships the *Karluk*, the *Alaska*, and the *Mary Sachs*. Of these the *Karluk* was much the biggest and the best, and she had for sailing-master our most experienced man, Capt. R. A. Bartlett. Because of her character, and because of her commander we trusted to her the greater part of what was considered our most valuable equipment. She carried nearly all the pemmican, hard bread, malted milk, chocolate, butter, and other forms of condensed rations, the suitability of which has been demonstrated by Admiral Peary notably, but also by the many others who have used what may be called the condensed food system of exploration. By this is meant the method wherein men and dogs depend during sledge journeys on food brought from home, game being not relied upon, properly speaking, but simply used in an emergency if the condensed food does give out before the journey has come to a successful close. Besides the condensed food the *Karluk* carried some fourteen sledges of the type I had used on my previous expeditions, and abundant sledge material and a carpenter whose intended work it was to make during the winter, under Captain Bartlett's direction, a number of sledges, of the type so successfully used by Peary. My mind always has been and still is open on the question of which is the best form of sledge and I was anxious to give the two types a thorough trial comparing them on the same journeys. Our best men also were on the *Karluk*—best from the standpoint of geographic exploration.

The complicated history of the early misfortunes of our expedition Captain Bartlett has already narrated in a book entitled *The Last Voyage of the "Karluk."* It is enough to say here that through a combination of circumstances this our most valuable ship was taken out of our hands during the first months of what was to be an expedition covering many years, and thereafter we had to conduct our work without the help of the good men and the elaborate equipment of instruments and food which she carried. The *Karluk* had found herself too far offshore from the Alaskan coast and had been caught in the ice and carried by it to the northwestward, as it proved, permanently out of our sphere of operations. Our *Alaska* and *Mary Sachs* according to the custom of navigation which has been found by whalers to be safest in the Alaskan portion of the Arctic had hugged the coast continually as they proceeded eastward, and eventually wintered safely at Collinson Point in about west longitude 145°. The ice that was powerless to carry them off because they did not go out into it, nevertheless blocked their further passage for that year. The season was an unusual one, ice conditions being undoubtedly the worst in twenty years.

Our Badly Crippled Resources

THE winter of 1914-15 found us then, on the coast of Alaska, 250 miles east of Point Barrow, with crippled resources and our entire task yet before us. The expedition had various subsidiary scientific aims, but its main purpose was exploration of as much as possible of that great unknown area which is between Alaska and the Pole west of the already known Canadian Islands. This area was estimated by some to be as low as 500,000 square miles but others, among them myself have estimated it at over a million. That this latter estimate is not far wrong is shown by the fact that both the Russians under Vilkitsky and our own expedition discovered extensive lands within that portion of the Arctic which the map makers had considered already explored. Though we have since made long journeys in various directions over seas hitherto unknown this unexplored area still remains larger than most geographers estimated it to be before either the Russians or we reported the results of our work.

The task before us, according to the orders of our Government, was plain. If we were going to succeed in it we had to make journeys north from Alaska com-

Signaling to an advance party

parable in mileage to, or even exceeding journeys previously made by sledge on any part of the polar sea. Any short excursions north from Alaska or west from Banks or Prince Patrick Island would fail of the purpose we had set. It is Admiral Peary who has carried the condensed-food system of exploration to its highest attained and probably its highest attainable results. But for his journey of less than 500 miles north from Cape Columbia to the Pole Peary found he needed 133 dogs, 19 sledges, and 24 men. A stock taking of our resources showed that we had available for our proposed journeys over the frozen sea two good sledges and two poor ones. We could undoubtedly have bought dogs, and sledges of a sort from the Eskimos of Alaska but what was the use when poor sledges are always breaking and good ones are the only kind with which any useful purpose can be accomplished? It was easy to get sledges suitable for work on shore and near land and we had these. But there was no material obtainable in northern Alaska for the making of the grade which our work on the rough ice required.

We could not Copy Peary

It was thus virtually not possible for us to do our work on the Peary system. Peary started from shore with nineteen sled loads of food. In a few days he found several of these sledges empty for the men and dogs had eaten the food and so he sent them back home. This was the first support party. A few days later he again found several sledges empty and sent them home. By repeating this several times always sending back the poorest dogs and the men least fitted for the hard work of winter travel he eventually found himself with two or three sledges loaded with food and with three or four picked men within striking distance of the Pole.

Evidently this system could not carry us anywhere. Just as Peary had to send back his first party when only a short distance from land so should we have had to send back our support party when near land, and as we had only one support to send back instead of several, that system could not have taken us nearly so far from our base on land as was necessary to make any considerable exploration of the unknown. I proposed then to my men that we should try another system and called for volunteers substantially on the following basis.

I said it was well known that the polar sea is not covered with one expanse of ice but instead there are upon its surface in continual flux an indefinite number of pieces of ice that break under the force of the wind and the currents, with lanes of open water and triangular and pentagonal waterholes everywhere. I argued further that our experience showed that the food of the seals is mainly the shrimp or various shrimp-like sea animals, and that, as these are animals which are not confined to the vicinity of land but are found living in the upper layers of the ocean everywhere, seals would also be found everywhere because they would "follow the feed." I said that in our travel we should every day, or at least every few days, come to open water and when we found this open water we could stop awhile until we had killed seals enough, so that their flesh might serve us for food and their blubber for fuel while we proceeded farther. This reasoning seemed to me sound, but it did not appeal so to most of our men, nor did it find favor with a single Eskimo on the north coast of Alaska nor with the whalers on the two ships *Belvedere* and *Polar Bear* which had been held by the same hostile ice conditions and compelled to winter near our winter quarters. My old friend Captain Cottle of the *Belvedere* and my newer but no less useful friend Hollis S. Mott of the *Polar Bear*, offered me all the assistance in their power in outfitting, and even tried to disguise sufficiently their disapproval of my plans in order not to interfere with my hiring Eskimos or white men out of their crews. But from me they did not conceal their belief that the plans were untenable.

Repairing a broken sled.

MY own men were no less frank in their disapproval and quoted in rebuttal of my arguments many printed and other authorities, especially certain paragraphs of Peary's book, *The North Pole*, where on page 202 are laid down the first principles of safe and successful polar exploration by sledge at sea. One of these is that you must "have the confidence of a large number of Eskimos who will follow the leader to any point he may specify"; and they pointed out that we had no Eskimos who would follow us far beyond sight of land, for they well knew that there was no food there. Another principle quoted was that you must have "for the sledge journey sufficient food, fuel, clothing, oil or alcohol stoves, and other mechanical equipment to get the main party to (its destination) and the various divisions to their farthest north and back." Here they laid special emphasis on the words "and back," showing that Admiral Peary had put no reliance on anything but the food he carried with him, and they submitted that no one was justified in asking men to undertake a journey on any other basis.

Although no one placed special emphasis on them at the time it is interesting to note that among other of Peary's first principles are these: "To have dogs enough to allow for the loss of 70 per cent. of them by death or otherwise," and we intended to make our journey with six or seven dogs and hoped to retain them safe, whereas his principle required him to take 133 dogs for a journey of similar length; "to have an ample supply of the best kind of sledges," where we had only two that were good; "to have a sufficient number of divisions or relay parties (of Eskimos) under the leadership of a competent assistant to send back at appropriate and carefully calculated stages," while we expected to take only one support party and to send that one back not at any calculated time, but when even the poorer sledges happened to break; "to return by the same route followed on the upward march using the beaten trail and the already constructed igloos," while we knew from our own knowledge of local ice conditions and from the experience of Baron Wrangell and Leffingwell and Mikkelsen that should we try to return on ice in these southern latitudes we should find it impossible to follow our trail back. In these waters the ice cakes are continually spinning around on their axes, crushing themselves into ridges or drifting apart, so that you can hardly even think of following southward to-day the trail that you made going north yesterday.

I saw the validity of all the Peary principles as applied to the Peary system but contended that there was another system which, if not necessarily as good, was, at any rate, the only system available to us, and that we should have to go ahead on the basis of living by forage or give up the main purpose of the expedition which I did not think we could reasonably do until this other system had been at least fairly tested.

The Men Do Not Volunteer

THERE were good scientific reasons why some of our staff should decline to volunteer as they did. They were technical men brought north for certain special work on land and so it was no more to my interest than to theirs that they should be taken from that special work. I preferred that they should be ashore in the spring, although I should have liked two or three of them to volunteer to accompany me fifty miles or so as a support party, or until their light sledges broke down. They could have returned to land from such an excursion in ample time for their spring geological and topographical work.

But there were other men in the party who—to the great advantage of the plans laid down by the Government—could have volunteered for our service, and none of them did so. It was, of course impossible for me to undertake work believed to be both dangerous and full of hardships with men other than volunteers. One member of the party, Mr. George H. Wilkins of Australia who eventually proved our most useful man in carrying forward our geographic work, was the only one who showed any willingness to go the whole journey with me. I preferred however, to direct him to take command of the *North Star*, a trading-schooner I had recently purchased and to have him along rather as a member of a support party. Mr. Aarnout Castel, a Hollander who proved one of our good men, I was able to hire from the *Belvedere* for the entire journey. But my main reliance for the difficult work ahead was my former companion in arms, Storker Storkerson who had been first officer of the Anglo-American Polar Expedition in 1906-07 when I was a member of that party as anthropologist, and whom I now had found trapping in the Mackenzie Delta and eager for a more stirring life. A young Norwegian trapper, Ole Andreasen, whose brother had sold me the *North Star* was engaged as a member of the support party.

A camp fire made of whale-blubber for fuel.

Preparations are Delayed

I HAD left the winter camp of the expedition at Collinson Point about Christmas to go to the Mackenzie Delta, about 350 miles to the east and south to buy dogs for the ice journey. At that time I left instructions that preparations should be made for our start northward over the ice from Martin Point late in February or the first week in March. Later on I sent Storkerson back from the Mackenzie Delta with similar instructions. But, for reasons too complicated for telling, these instructions were not carried out and when I got to Martin Point the first week of March, I did not find, as I expected, everything ready for the start northward but on the contrary, very little done, and practically nothing which Storkerson had not done single-handed. Although all preparations were pushed forward with great energy from the time of my arrival, still it was the 22nd of March before the start could be made.

Dog-power for Arctic search.

One of the curious errors about the North that are prevalent among those few who have any ideas about the North at all is that cold is the chief enemy we have to fight beyond the Arctic Circle. I am sure that all those who have traveled extensively on the moving polar ice would agree with me that the cold is our best friend. For that reason February is a better month than March for sledge travel, and January would be as good as February were it not for the fact that it is then too dark for safe working among broken ice where water-holes are a danger everywhere. In April when the temperature seldom goes lower than 20° below zero for a night, if a gale breaks up the ice as often happens forming open leads that crisscross each other in all directions it takes several days for the frost to cement the broken pieces and to form ice over the leads, which are impassable moats while they remain unfrozen but which become smooth boulevards when covered by six inches of young ice. In February when the temperature is seldom above —30° and frequently goes down to —50° the same lead would freeze even in a night, saving many a tedious delay.

Johansen making a sounding to determine deep-sea temperatures.

It was therefore heart-breaking to lose by the delays in our fitting, as it proved, the whole month of March, for although we were ready to start on the 22nd a gale which had just swept the country had broken up all the ice to eastward, and seven miles from land we were stopped by impassable open water. We had then an extraordinary spell of warm weather, about two months ahead of its time, when for a week or ten days the temperature seldom dropped to zero and occasionally went as high as 28 above. With regular March temperature of —30° the gale would have delayed us only two or three days.

Our Party at the Start

OUR party at the start consisted of four teams with about thirty dogs. Besides myself there were Storker Storkerson who was about twenty-eight years old, Ole Andreasen who was about twenty-five, James Crawford and Bert McConnell, Americans of about thirty-five and twenty-three, Aarnout Castel, Hollander, of about twenty five, and George Wilkins, also about twenty five.

On account of the open water and warm weather we had to remain in camp for several days about five miles from shore and while in plain sight of our camp at Martin Point. In the water there were plenty of seals and so I knew that [illegible] we shot a few of these. One day I asked Wilkins and Castel to take one of the good sledges and a dog team to carry some of the seals ashore. A kerosene tin had sprung a leak too, and I wanted them to replace it with a sound one. They started for shore about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and in the ordinary course should have been back inside of four hours.

The ice on which we were camped was very dark and had been fast for [illegible] calm, with the sun visible through a haze and a light snowfall started just after the party left for the land. Although none of us was weather-wise enough to recognize the signs, this was the beginning of one of the worst blizzards I have ever seen. Two hours later about the time we knew Wilkins's party was getting ashore, the east wind was probably forty miles an hour, and the snow was flying so thick that a man in dark clothing could not have been seen at more than 200 yards away. It must have been blowing even harder than that ashore [illegible] ward, the wind [illegible] often the [illegible] burn the [illegible] against [illegible] face [illegible] miles [illegible] for a d[illegible] opened [illegible] that se[illegible] between [illegible] your he[illegible]

We were encamped on the edge of the land fast ice and the huge floes of moving ice ground past 100 or 200 yards away from us, heaving the edge of our floe up into huge ridges. Ordinarily the breaking of the ice would have sounded like a cannonade but in this case the flapping of our tent and the howling of the wind drowned all other noises. We knew what was happening, and had our knowledge con

The third camp on the ice—March 27, 1918

firmed the next day by seeing the pressure ridges which had formed near by, but at the time we kept to our tents, for it was not necessary to do anything unless the ice we were camped on started breaking up underneath the tent. This did not happen, although by the next day we had only thirty or forty yards left of the 100 or 200 yards of the outer edge of our floe which separated us from the open water beyond.

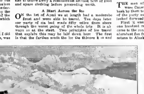
Adrift on an Island of Ice

BECAUSE our ice had been land-fast all winter I did not really fear the thing that, unknown to us, was actually taking place in the gale. This floe had withstood so many gales I thought it would stand another. But when the weather cleared the next day and I started landward along the sled trail in the hope of meeting Wilkins and Castel, I came after half a mile's walk, to open water. In other words, the wind had pulled a square mile or so of ice upon which we happened to be camped away from the edge of the land-floe and had carried us at first we knew not where. A few hours later, when the air had completely cleared, the 8 000-foot high Endicott Mountains to the south became visible and I recognized abreast of us one of their foot-hills, called by the natives Kamarkak. This hill was now south although it should have been forty miles to the east. Our little island of ice had not been stationary as it seemed to us during the gale but had really been drifting east, altogether forty miles. Instead of being north of Alaska, we were now north of Canadian territory and only about twenty-five miles from Herschel Island. As the coast-line here runs southeast we had drifted not only forty miles east, but fifteen or twenty miles south, for it is the nature of the ice in these waters that when the wind blows from the south-west the ice drifts at about right-angles to the wind, in a south-easterly direction. This peculiar action of the ice is one of the many reasons that have been adduced for the possible existence of land in the unknown ocean to the north.

It was unfortunate to have drifted eastward for we wanted to travel straight north, but it was even worse to have drifted south as well. Yet neither of these things was of any consequence as compared with the irreparable loss of two of our best men, one of our two good sledges, and one of our best teams of dogs, as well as of the kerosene which we had intended to use for fuel in our blue-flame portable stove, a kit of tools that we needed badly for possible repairs to broken sledges, some ammunition, a camera, some scientific instruments and various other things that had been in bags or boxes permanently attached to the sledge. We had naturally not removed them for what we thought only a four hours trip to take half a dozen seals ashore. We now had left only one good sledge and two poor ones, and we had to throw away a considerable amount both of food and spare clothing before proceeding north.

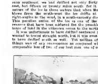
A Start Across the Ice

ON the 1st of April we at length had a moderate frost and were able to travel. Ten days later our party of six had made fifty miles from shore through the worst going of the whole trip. It is always so at the start. Two principles of ice travel that explain this may be laid down here. The first is that the farther south the ice the thinner it is and the more fragile and easily broken up by winds and currents, giving you more hindrance in the form of frequent patches, either of open water or of ice too young and thin for safe crossing. The farther north you go the thicker the ice, the less mobile, the less easily fractured, and consequently the more level, so that you find your road continually improving and your speed increasing until north of 80° north latitude ice travel becomes comparatively simple and not so very different from land travel.



A halt near open water

The second principle is that no matter what your latitude, the ice is always rougher and more broken up near land than at a great distance from land, because when the wind pushes the ice against the immovable obstruction of the shoreline, the ice buckles and piles into ridges against the land and breaks and heaps up at all points of special weakness from the land outward. The give evidently becomes greater and the strain on the ice less as you go farther and farther from shore, until seventy-five miles from land fracturing of the ice and huge pressure ridges become rare.



Road-making under difficult conditions.

Our one good sledge took no harm from anything that happened to it while carrying its thousand-pound load the first fifty miles but the other two were so badly used up that it took half our traveling time to repair the breaks they suffered when they upset and turned somersaults in crossing pressure ridges. It was time to send back our support party. I had taken it along partly to give Mr. Johansen, our marine biologist, some chance to investigate the sea in places which he could never have reached aboard his vessel, the *Alaska*, and partly because I wanted an anchor to windward in the form of the food carried by these two sledges in case seals and polar bears at sea did not prove so abundant as I expected. Up to the time the support party turned back, however, we had seen no diminution of animal life and had killed one polar bear and as many seals as we wanted. My mind was now fairly clear that as far as food was concerned we could continue our journey northward indefinitely, but it was equally clear that on account of our late start any considerable mileage was going to be difficult, for the sun was already shining eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and it could not be long until the leads ceased freezing, necessitating laborious methods of crossing bodies of water which now were easily traversed bodies of ice.

THE men of the support party who turned back were Crawford, McConnell, and Johansen. I sent back by them to Doctor Anderson, who was in command of the party ashore in my absence, instructions which looked forward to one of two eventualities.

First, it was possible that during the next fifty or one hundred miles of northward progress we might come to the conclusion that animal life, after all, is not abundant far from land, in which case we should try to return to Alaska; therefore certain instructions would cover only the period until that return.

The alternative was that if we did find animal life as abundant as we expected, and if the currents did not carry us to the westward, but were either negligible or easterly, we should proceed as far north as the rapid advance of the season allowed, and when summer threatened to stop sledge travel we would turn east and land on the north-east corner of Banks Island, or else on the southwest corner of Prince Patrick Island. My instructions provided that in case of our non-return Doctor Anderson should send the *North Star* under command of Wilkins north along the west coast of Banks Island. We should then meet her at Norway Island, which is an islet near the northwest corner of Banks Island, and proceed with her to Prince Patrick Island if we could. But if Wilkins did not find us at Norway Island, or any messages from us, he was to try to cross to Prince Patrick Island, where in that case he was to expect to find us. I mentioned in the instructions that should we land upon Banks Island we should spend the summer in hunting, in putting up dried meat for dog feed the following winter and preparing skins for clothing.

It is interesting now to remember that, although the men of the support party were familiar with the tenor of these instructions and although during these last few days I occasionally spoke of my desire not to return to Alaska, these remarks were never taken seriously. One of the last things Mr. Johansen said to me was that he hoped to see us back ashore in a certain number of days. In their minds what we talked of doing was visionary. They never expected to see it translated into fact.

We Are Believed Lost

ALTHOUGH the reasoning upon which our journey was based is simple and sounds conclusive, it must be remembered that a part of the conclusiveness which it holds is due to the fact that it is known to have worked out in practice. Up to that time the weight of opinion was all against it. Those who have read works on Arctic exploration know that no adjectives are more common than "desolate," "barren," and "lifeless" when applied to the fields of polar ice, and that there is rarely any qualifying reference to possible life in the waters underneath. How strong this belief was is best seen by the fact that when we did not come back to Alaska, no one assumed that it was because we were carrying out our announced plans and were traveling safely north and east, but everyone imagined that our non-return signified that we could not return, and that we could not return because we were dead. It was known that we had had forty days' provisions when we sent back the support party and when that forty days became eighty days an

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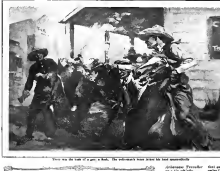

There was the bark of a gun, a flash. The policeman's horse jerked his head spasmodically

Bulldog Carney

The First of a New Series of Stories

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

I'VE thought it over many ways and I'm going to tell this story as it happened, for I believe the reader will feel he is getting a true picture of things as they were, but will not be again. A little padding up of the love interest, a little spilling of blood would, perhaps, make it stronger technically, but would it lessen his faith that the same thing happened? It's beyond me to know—I write it as it was.

To begin at the beginning, Cameron was peeved. He was rather a diffident chap, never merging harmoniously into the Western atmosphere; what saved him from rude knocks was the fact that he was lean of speech. He stood on the board sidewalk in front of the Alberta hotel and spat dejectedly out into a trench of black mud that represented the main street. He hated the sight of squalid, ramshackle Edmonton, but still more did he dislike the turmoil that was within the hotel.

A lean-faced man with small, piercing gray eyes, had ridden his buckskin cayuse into the bar and was buying. Nagel's freighting outfit, topping off their spree in town before the long trip to Great Slave Lake, were enthusiastically, vociferously naming their tipple. A freighter, Billy the Piper, was playing the *Arkansaw Traveller* on a tin whistle.

When the gray-eyed man on the buckskin pushed his way into the bar the whistle had almost clattered to the floor from the piper's hand; then he had gasped, so low that no one heard him: "By cripes! Bulldog Carney!" There was apprehension trembling in his hushed voice. Well he had known that, if he clarioned the name, something would happen to Billy the Piper. A quick, furtive look darting over the faces of his companions had told him that no one else had recognized the horseman.

Outside, Cameron, irritated by the rasping tin whistle, groaned: "My God! a land of bums!" Three days he had waited to pick up a man to replace a member of his gang down at Fort Victor who had taken a sudden chill through intercepting a plug of cold lead.

DIAGONALLY across the lane of ooze two men waded and clambered to the board sidewalk just beside Cameron to stamp the muck from their boots. One of the two, Cayuse Gray, spoke:

"This feller 'll pull his freight with you, boss, if terms is right; he's a hel' of a worker."

Half turning, Cameron's Scotch eyes took keen cognizance of 'the feller'; a shudder twitched his shoulders. He had never seen a more wolfish face set atop a man's neck. It was a sinister face, not the thin vulpine sneak visage of a thief, but lowering; black sullen eyes peered boldly up from under shaggy brows that almost met a mop of black hair; the forehead was so low. It was a hungry face, as if its owner had a standing account against the world. But Cameron wanted a strong worker and his business instinct found strength and endurance in that heavy-shouldered frame and strong, wide-set legs.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jack Wolf," the man answered.

The questioner shivered; it was as if the speaker had named the thought that was in his mind.

Cayuse Gray tongued a chew of tobacco into his cheek, spat, and added: "Jack the Wolf, is what he gets most after."

"From damn broncho headed fools," Wolf retorted angrily.

At that instant a straggling Salvation Army band tramped around the corner into Jasper Avenue, and forming a circle, cut loose with brass and tambourine. As the wail from the instruments went up the men in the bar, led by Billy the Piper, swarmed out.

A half breed roared out a profane parody on the Salvation hymn they were singing. The crude humor appealed to the men who had issued from the bar; they shouted in delight.

A girl who had started forward with her tambourine to collect stood aghast at the profanity, her blue eyes wide in horror.

The breed broke into a drunken laugh. "That's damn fine new songs for de Army bums, miss," he jeered.

THE buckskin cayuse whose mouse-colored muzzle had been sticking through the door, now pushed to the sidewalk, and his rider, Bulldog Carney, stooping his lithe figure, took the right ear of the breed in lean, bony fingers with a grip that suggested he was squeezing a lemon. "You dirty swine!" he snarled, "you're insulting the two greatest things on earth—God and a woman. Apologize, you hound!"

Probably the breed would have capitulated readily, but his river-mates' ears were not in a death grip, and they were bellicose with bad liquor. There was an angry yell of defiance; events moved with alacrity. Profanity, the passionate profanity of anger, smote the air; a beer bottle hurtled through the open door, missed its mark—the man on the buckskin—but, sped on, found a bull's-eye between the Wolf's shoulder blades and that gentleman dived parabolically into the black mud of Jasper Avenue.

A silence smote the Salvation Army band. Like the Arab, it folded its instruments and stole away.

A Mounted Policeman, attracted by the clamor, reined his horse to the sidewalk to quiet with a few words of admonition this bar-room row. He slipped from the saddle, but at the second step forward he checked as the thin face of the horseman turned and the steel gray eyes met his own. "Get down off that cayuse, Bulldog Carney—I want you!" he commanded in sharp clicking tones.

Happenings followed this. There was the bark of a 6-gun, a flash, the Policeman's horse jerked his head spasmodically, a little jet of red spurted from his forehead, and he collapsed, his knees burrowing into the black mud, and as the buckskin cleared the sidewalk in a leap the half breed, two steel-like fingers in his shirt band, was swung behind the rider.

With a spring like a panther the Policeman reached his fallen horse, but as he swung his gun from its holster he held it poised silent; to shoot was to kill the breed.

FIFTY yards down the street Carney dumped his burden into a deep puddle, and with a ringing cry of defiance sped away. Half a-dozen guns were out and barking vainly after the escaping man.

Carney cut down the bank road that wound its sinuous way to the river flat, some two hundred feet below the town level. The ferry swinging from its steel hawser was snuggling the bank.

"Some luck," the rider of the buckskin chuckled. To the ferryman he said in a crisp voice, "Cut her out; I'm in a hurry!"

The ferryman grinned. "For one passenger, eh? Might you happen to be the Gov'nor General, by any chance?"

Carney's handy gun held its ominous eye on the boatman, and, its owner answered: "I happen to be a man in a hell of a hurry, if you want to travel with me get busy."

The thin lips of the speaker had puckered till they resembled a slit in a dried orange. The small grey eyes were barely discernible between the closed lids; there was something devilishly compelling in that lean parchment face, it told of demoniac concentration in the brain behind.

The ferryman knew. With a pole he swung the stern of the flat barge down stream; the iron pulleys on the cable whined a screeching protest, the hawsers creaked, the swift current wedged against the tangented side of the ferry, and swiftly Bulldog Carney and his buckskin were shot across the muddy old Saskatchewan.

On the other side he handed the boatman a five dollar bill, and with a grim smile said: "Take a little stroll with me to the top of the hill, there's some drunken hombres across there whose company I don't want."

At the top of the south bank Carney mounted his buckskin and melted away into the poplar-covered landscape; stepped out of the story for the time being.

Back at the Alberta the general assembly was rearranging itself. The Mounted Policeman, now set afoot by the death of his horse, had hurried down to the barracks to report, possibly to follow up Carney's trail with a new mount.

The half breed had come back from the puddle a thing of black ooze and profanity.

Jack the Wolf, having dug the mud from his eyes and ears and neck band, was in the hotel making terms with Cameron for the summer's work at Fort Victor.

Billy the Piper was revealing intimate history of Bulldog Carney. From said narrative it appeared that Bulldog was as humorous a bandit as ever slit a throat. Billy had freighted whiskey for Carney when that gentleman was king of the booze runners.

"Why didn't you spill the beans, Billy?" Nagel queried. "There's a thousand on Carney's head all the time. We'd 've tied him horn and hoof and copped the dough."

"Diff'rent here," the Piper growled. "I've saw a man flick his gun and pot at Carney when Bulldog told him to throw up his hands and all that cuss did was laugh and throw his own gun up careless the other broncho, but it was enough—his hands went up too quick. If I'd set the pack on him, havin' as to speak as just cause, well, Nagel, you'd been lookin' round for another freighter. He's the queerest one I ever stacked up agen. It kinder seems as if jokes is his religion, an' when he's out to play he's plumb hostile. Don't monkey none with his game is my advice to you fellers."

Nagel stepped to the door, thrust his swarthy face through it, and, seeing that the Policemen had gone, came back to the bar and said: "Boys, the drinks is on me cause I seen a man, a real man."

He poured whiskey into a glass and waited with it held high till the others had done likewise, then he said in a voice that vibrated with admiration:

"Here's to Bulldog Carney! God, I love a man! When that dam trooper calls him, what does he do? You or me would 've quit cold or plugged Mister Khaki jacket—we'd had to. Not so Bulldog. He thinks with his nut, and both hands, and both feet; I don't need to tell you boys what happened; you see it, and it were done pretty. Here's to Bulldog Carney!" Nagel held his hand out to the Piper. "Shake, Billy. If you'd give that cuss away I'd 've kicked you into kingdom come knowin' him as I do now."

THE population of Fort Victor, drawing the color line, was four people: the Hudson's Bay Factor, a missionary minister and his wife, and a school teacher, Lucy Black. Half breeds and Indians came and went, constituting a floating population. Cameron and his men were temporary citizens.

Lucy Black was slender of construction, several years past her girlhood, and not an animated girl. She was a professional religionist. If there were mental voids in her life they were filled with this dominating passion of moral reclamation. If she worked without enthusiasm she made up for it in insistent persistence. It was as if a diluted strain of the old Inquisition had percolated down through the blood of centuries and found a subdued existence in this pale haired, blue-eyed woman.

When Cameron brought Jack the Wolf to Fort Victor it was somewhat as if the Augean stables had been dumped on Theseus's front lawn with a command for that gentleman to clean them up at once.

On the seventy mile ride in the Red River buckboard from Edmonton to Fort Victor the morose wolf had punctuated every remark with sinister oaths, their original angularity suggesting that his meditative moments were spent in coining appropriate axioms for his perfervid view of life. Twice Cameron's blood had surged hot as the Wolf, at some trifling perversity of the horses, had struck viciously.

Perhaps it was the very soullessness of the Wolf that roused the religious fanaticism of the little school teacher, or perhaps it was that strange contrariness in nature that causes the widely divergent to lean each other-ward. At any rate a miracle grew in Fort Victor. Jack the Wolf and the little teacher strolled together in the evenings as the great sun swept down over the rolling prairie to the west, and sometimes the full faced moon, topping the poplar bluffs to the east, found Jack crouching at Lucy's feet while she, sitting on a camp stool, read the Bible to him.

At first Cameron rubbed his eyes as if his Scotch vision had somehow gone agley, but gradually, whatever incongruity had manifested at first died away.

As a worker Wolf was wonderful, his thirst for toil was like his thirst for moral betterment—insatiable. The missionary in a chat with Cameron explained it very succinctly. Wolf, like many other Westerners, had never had a chance to know the difference between right and wrong, but the One who missed not the sparrows fall had led him to the port of salvation, Fort Victor—Glory to God! The poor fellow's very wicked ways was but the result of neglect. Lucy was the worker in the Lord's vineyard who had been chosen to lead this man into a better life.

It did seem very simple, very all right. Tough characters were always being saved all over the world—regenerated, metamorphosed, and who was Jack the Wolf that he should be excluded from salvation?

AT any rate Cameron's survey gang, vitalized by the abnormal energy of Wolf, became a high-powered machine.

The half-breeds, when encouraged by bad liquor, shed their religion and became barbaric, vulgarly vicious. The missionary had always waited until this condition had passed, then remonstrance and a gift of bacon with perhaps a bag of flour, had brought repentance. This method Jack the Wolf declared was all wrong; the breeds were like train dogs he affirmed, and should be taught respect for God's agents in a proper muscular manner. So the first time three French half breeds enthusiastically drunk invaded the little log school-house and declared school was out, sending the teacher home with tears of shame in her blue eyes, Jack re-established the dignity of the church by generously walloping the three backsliders.

It is wonderful how the solitude of waste places will blossom the most ordinary woman into a flower of delight to the masculine eye, and the lean school teacher had held as admirers all of Cameron's gang, and one Sergeant Heath of the Mounted Police whom she had known in the Klondyke, and who had lately come to Edmonton. With her negative nature she had appreciated them pretty much equally, but when the business of salvaging Jack the Wolf came to hand the others were practically ignored.

FOR two months Fort Victor was thus, the Wolf always the willing worker and well on the way, seemingly, to redemption.

Cameron's foreman, Bill Slade, a much whiskered wise old man, was the only one of little faith. Once he said to Cameron:

"I don't like it none too much, it takes no end of worry to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Jack has blossomed too quick; he's a booze fighter, and that kind always lops up mental stimulants to keep the blue devils away."

"You're doing the lad an injustice I think," Cameron said. "I was prejudiced myself at first."

Slade pulled a heavy hand three times down his big beard, spat a shaft of tobacco juice, took his hat off, straightened out a couple of dents in it, and put it back on his head.

"You best stick to that prejudice feeling, Boss—first guesses about a feller most generally pans out pretty fair. And I'd keep an eye kinder skinned if you have any fuss with Jack; I see him look at you once or twice when you corrected his way of doin' things."

Cameron laughed.

"'Tain't no laughin' matter, Boss. When a feller's been used to cussin' like hell he can't keep healthy bottlin' it up. And all that dirtiness that's in the Wolf 'll bust out some day same 's you touched a match to a tin of powder; he'll throw back."

"There's nobody to worry about except the little school teacher," Cameron said meditatively.

This time it was Slade who chuckled. "The school marm's as safe as houses. She ain't got a pint of red blood in 'em blue veins of hers—'tain't nothin' but vinegar. Jack's just tryin' to sober up on her religion, that's all; it kind of makes him forget horse stealin', as such, while he makes a stake workin' here."

Then one morning Jack had passed into perihelion. Cameron took his double-barreled shot gun, meaning to pick up some prairie chicken while he was out looking over his men's work. As he passed the shack where his men bunked he noticed the door open. This was careless for train dogs were always prowling about for just such a chance for loot. He stepped through the door and took a peep into the other room. There sat the Wolf at a pine table playing solitaire.

"What's the matter?" the Scotchman asked.

"I've quit," the Wolf answered surlily.

"Quit?" Cameron queried. "The gang can't carry on without a chain man."

"I don't care a damn. It don't make no diff'rence to me. I'm sick of that tough bunch—swearin' and cussin' and tellin' smutty stories all day; a man can't keep decent in that outfit."

"Ma God!" Startled by this, Cameron harked back to his most expressive Scotch.

"You needn't swear 'bout it, Boss, you yourself ain't never give me no square deal, you've treated me like a breed!"

This palpable lie fired Cameron's Scotch blood; also the malignant look that Slade had seen was now in the wolfish eyes. It was a murder look, enhanced by the hypocritical attitude Jack had taken.

"You're a scoundrel!" Cameron blurted, "I wouldn't keep you on the work. The sooner Fort Victor is shut of you the better for all hands, especially the women-folk. You're a scoundrel!"

JACK sprang to his feet, his hand went back to a hip-pocket, but his blazing wolfish eyes were looking into the muzzle of the double barrel gun that Cameron had swung straight from his hip, both fingers on the triggers.

"Put your hands flat on the table, you blackguard," Cameron commanded. "If I wasn't a married man I'd blow the top of your head off; you're no good on earth, you'd be better dead, but my wife would worry because I did the deed."

The Wolf's empty hand had come forward and was placed, palm downward on the table.

"Now, you hound, you're just a bluffer. I'll show you what I think of you. I'm going to turn my back, walk out, and send a breed up to Fort Saskatchewan for a policeman to gather you in."

Cameron dropped the muzzle of his gun, turned on his heel and started out.

"Come back and settle with me," the Wolf demanded.

"I'll settle with you in jail, you blackguard!" Cameron threw over his shoulder, stalking on.

Plodding along not without nervous twitchings of apprehension, the Scotchman heard behind him the voice of the Wolf saying: "Don't do that, Mr. Cameron. I flew off the handle and so did you, but I didn't mean nothin'."

Cameron, ignoring the Wolf's plea, went along to his shack and wrote a note, the ugly visage of the Wolf hovering at the open door. He was humbled, beaten. Gun play in Montana, where the Wolf had left a bad record, was one thing, but with a cordon of Mounted Police between him and the border it was a different matter, also he was wanted for a more serious crime than a threat to shoot, and once in the toils this might crop up. So he pleaded. But Cameron was obdurate, the Wolf had no right to stick up his work and quit at a moment's notice.

Then Jack had an inspiration. He brought Lucy Black. Like women of all time her faith having been given she stood pat, a flush ringing her bleached cheeks as earnest in her mission she pleaded for the "wayward boy," as she euphemistically designated this coyote. Cameron was to let him go to lead the better life; thrown into the pen of the police barracks, among bad characters he would become contaminated. The police had always persecuted her Jack.

Cameron mentally exclaimed again, "Ma God!" as he saw tears in the neutral blue-tinted eyes. Indeed it was time that the Wolf sought a new runway. He had a curious Scotch reverence for women, and was almost reconciled to the loss of a man over the breaking up of this situation.

JACK was paid the wages due, but at his request for a horse to take him back to Edmonton the Scotchman laughed. "I'm not making presents of horses to-day," he said, "and I'll take good care that nobody else here is shy a horse when you go, Jack. You'll take the hoof express—it's good enough for you."

So the Wolf tramped out of Fort Victor with a pack slung over his shoulder, and the next day Sergeant Heath swung into town looking very debonaire in his khaki, sitting atop the bright blood-bay police horse.

He hunted up Cameron saying: "You've a man here that I want—Jack Wolf. They've found his prospecting partner dead up on the Smoky River, with a bullet hole in the back of his head. We want Jack at Edmonton to explain."

"He's gone."

"Gone—when?"

"Yesterday."

The Sergeant stared hopelessly at the Scotchman.

A light dawned upon the Scotchman. "Did you, by any chance, send word that you were coming?" he asked.

"I'll be back, mister." And Heath darted from the shack, swung to his saddle and galloped toward the little log school house.

Cameron waited. In half-an-hour the Sergeant was back, a troubled look in his face.

"I'll tell you," he said dejectedly, "women are hell; they ought to be interned when there's business on."

"The little school teacher?"

"The little fool!"

"You trusted her and wrote you were coming, eh!"

"I did."

"Then, my friend, I'm afraid you were the foolish one."

"How was I to know that rustler had been making bad medicine—had put the evil eye on Lucy. God, man, she's plumb loco'd; she stuck up for him, spun me the most glimmering tale—she's got a dime novel skinned nine ways of the pack. According to her the police stood in with Bulldog Carney on the train hold up, and made this poor innocent lamb the goat. They persecuted him, and he's had to flee. Now he's given his heart to God, and has gone away to buy a ranch and send for Lucy, where the two of them are to live happy ever after."

"Ma God!" the Scotchman cried with vehemence.

That bone-headed affair in calico gave him five hundred she'd stashed up against her chest for years.

Cameron gasped and stared blankly, even his reverent exclamatory stand-by seemed inadequate.

"What time yesterday did the Wolf pull out?" the Sergeant asked.

"About three o'clock."

"Afoot?"

"Yes."

"He'll rustle a cayuse the first chance he gets, but if he stays afoot he'll hit Edmonton to-night, seventy miles."

"To catch the morning train for Calgary," Cameron suggested.

"You don't know the Wolf, Boss, he's got his namesake of the forest skinned to death when it comes to covering up his trail—no trains for him now that he knows I'm on his track; he'll just touch civilization for grub till he makes the border for Montana. I've got to get him. If you'll stake me to a fill up of bacon, and a chew of oats for the horse, I'll eat and pull out."

In an hour Sergeant Heath shook hands with Cameron saying: "If you'll just not say a word about how that cuss got the message I'll be much obliged. It would break me if it dribbled to headquarters."

Then he rode down the ribbon of roadway that wound to the river bed, forded the old Saskatchewan that was at its summer depth, mounted the south bank and disappeared.

WHEN Jack the Wolf left Fort Victor he headed straight for a little log shack where Descoign, a French half breed lived. The family was away berry picking, so Jack twisted a rope into an Indian bridle and borrowed a cayuse from the log corral. The cayuse was some devil, and that evening, thirty miles south, he chewed loose the rope hobble on his two front feet, and left the Wolf afoot.

Luck set in against Jack just there, for he found no more borrowable horses till he came to where the trail forked ten miles east of Fort Saskatchewan. To the right running south lay the well beaten trail that passed through Fort Saskatchewan to cross the river and on to Edmonton. The trail that switched to the left running south-east, was the old now rarely used one that stretched away hundreds of miles to Winnipeg.

The Wolf was a veritable Indian in his low cunning; a gambler where money was the stake, but where his freedom, perhaps his life, was involved he could wait, and wait, and play the game more than safe. The Winnipeg trail would be deserted—Jack knew that; a man could travel it the round of the clock and meet nobody, most like. Seventy miles beyond he could leave it and heading due west strike the Calgary railroad and board a train at some small station; no notice would be taken of him, for trappers, prospectors, men from distant ranches, morose uncommunicative men, were always drifting toward the rails, coming up out of the silent solitudes of the wastes, unquestioned and unquestioning.

The Wolf knew that he would be followed, he knew that Sergeant Heath would pull out on his trail and follow relentlessly, seeking the glory of capturing his man single handed. That was the *esprit de corps* of these riders of the prairies, and Heath was, par excellence, largely conceit.

A sinister sneer lifted the upper lip of the trailing man until his strong teeth glistened like veritable wolf fangs. He had full confidence in his ability to outguess Sergeant Heath or any other Mounted Policeman.

He had stopped at the fork of the roads long enough to light his pipe, looking down the Fort Saskatchewan Edmonton trail thinking. He knew the old Winnipeg trail ran approximately ten or twelve miles east of the railroad south for a hundred miles or more, where it crossed a trail running into Red Deer half way between Edmonton and Calgary. It was about ten miles east of that town.

He swung his blanket pack to his back and stepped blithely along the Edmonton chocolate-colored highway muttering: "You red-coated sneaks, you're waiting for Jack. A nice baited trap. And behind, herding me in, my brave Sergeant. Well, I'm coming."

WHERE there was a matrix of black mud he took care to leave a footprint; where there was dust he walked in it, in one or the other of the ever-persisting two furrow-like paths that had been worn through the strong prairie turf by the hammering hoofs of two horses abreast, and grinding wheels of wagon and buckboard. For two miles he followed the trail till he sighted a shack with a man chopping in the front yard. Here the Wolf went in and begged some matches, and a drink of milk. Incidentally he asked how far it was to Edmonton. Then he went back to the trail—still toward Edmonton. The Wolf had plenty of matches, and he didn't need the milk, but the man would tell Sergeant Heath when he came along of the one he had seen heading for Edmonton.

For a quarter of a mile Jack walked on the turf beside the road, twice putting down a foot in the dust to make a print; then he walked on the road for a short distance and again took to the turf. He saw a rig coming from behind and popped into a cover of poplar bushes until it had passed, then he went back to the road and left prints of his feet in the black soft dust; these would indicate that he had climbed into a wagon here from behind. This accomplished he turned east across the prairie, reaching the old Winnipeg trail a mile away; then he turned south. At noon he came to a little lake and ate his bacon raw, not risking the smoke of a fire; then on in that tireless Indian plod—toes in and head hung forward, that is so easy on the working joints—hour after hour. It was not a walk; it was more like the dog-trot of a cayuse, easy springing short steps, always on the balls of his wide strong feet.

At five he ate again, then on. He travelled till midnight, the shadowy gloom having blurred the path at ten o'clock. Then he slept in a thick clump of Saskatoon bushes.

At three it was daylight, and, screened as he was and thirsting for his drink of hot tea, he built a small fire and brewed the inspiring beverage. On forked sticks he broiled some bacon, then on again.

ALL day he travelled. In the afternoon elation began to creep into his veins, he was well past Edmonton now. At night he would take the dipper on his right hand and cut across the prairie straight west; by morning he would reach steel, the train leaving Edmonton would come along about ten, and he would be in Calgary that night. Then he could go east, or west, or south to the Montana border by rail. Heath would go on to Edmonton, the police would spend two or three days searching all the shacks and Indian and half breed camps, and they would watch the daily out-going train.

There was one chance that they might wire Calgary to look out for him; but there was no course open without some risk of capture; he was up against that possibility. It was a gamble, and he was playing his hand the best he knew how. From approaching Calgary he would swing from the train on some grade and work his way into town at night to a shack where Montana Dick lived. Dick would know what was doing.

Toward evening the trail gradually swung to the east, skirting muskeg country. At first the Wolf took little notice of the angle of detour, he was

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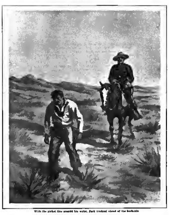
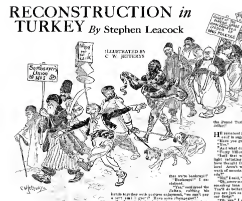


With the picket line around his waist, Jack trudged ahead of the buckskin

RECONSTRUCTION *in* TURKEY *By* Stephen Leacock

ILLUSTRATED BY
C W JEFFERYS



Some of the most skilled labor in Turkey

IN a recent issue of this magazine I described my visit to Berlin as it is under the Bolsheviks. On the very day following the events there related I was surprised and delighted to receive a telegram which read 'Come on to Constantinople and write us up too.' From the signature I saw that the message was from my old friend, Abdul Aziz the Sultan.

I had visited him—as of course my readers will instantly recollect—during the height of the war and the circumstances of my departure had been such that I should have scarcely ventured to repeat my visit without this express invitation. But on receipt of it, I set out at once by rail for Constantinople.

I was delighted to find that under the new order of things in going from Berlin to Constantinople it was no longer necessary to travel through the barbarous and brutal populations of Germany, Austria and Hungary. The way now runs, though I believe the actual railroad is the same, through the Thuringian Republic, Czecho-Slovakia and Megyaria. It was a source of deep satisfaction to see the scowling and hostile countenances of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians replaced by the cheerful and honest faces of the Thuringians, the Czecho-Slovaks and the Magyarians. Moreover I was assured on all sides that if these faces are not perfectly satisfactory, they will be altered in any way required.

IT was very pleasant, too, to find myself once again in the frescoed halls of the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace. My little friend Abdul Aziz, rose at once from his cushioned divan under a lemon tree and came shuffling in his big slippers to meet me, a smile of welcome on his face. He seemed, to my surprise, radiant with happiness. The disasters attributed by the Allied press to his unhappy country appeared to sit lightly on the little man.

"How is everything going in Turkey?" I asked as we sat down side by side on the cushions.

"Splendid," said Abdul. "I suppose you've heard that we're bankrupt?"

"Bankrupt!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued the Sultan, rubbing his hands together with positive enjoyment, "we can't pay a cent. Isn't it great? Have some champagne?"

He clapped his hands together and a turbaned attendant appeared with wine on a tray which he served into long-necked glasses.

"I'd rather have tea," I said.

"No, no, don't take tea," he protested. "We've practically cut out afternoon tea here. It's part of our Turkish thrift movement. We're taking champagne instead. Tell me, have you a Thrift Movement like that where you come from—Canada, I think it is, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "we have one just like that."

"This war finance is glorious stuff," continued the Sultan. "How much do you think we owe?"

"I haven't an idea," I said.

"Wait a minute," said Abdul.

HE touched a bell and at the sound of it there came shuffling into the room my venerable acquaintance, Toomuch Koff, the Royal Secretary. But to my surprise he no longer wore his patriarchal beard, his flowing robe and his girdle. He was clean shaven and close cropped and dressed in a short jacket like an American bell boy.

"You remember Toomuch, I think," said Abdul. "I've reconstructed him a little, as you see."

"The Peace of Allah be upon thee," said Toomuch Koff to the Sultan, commencing a deep salaam, "what wish sits behind thy forehead that thou shouldst ring the bell for this humble creature of clay to come into the sunlight of thy presence? Tell me, Oh Lord of perchance—"

"Here, here," interrupted the Sultan impatiently, "cut all that stuff out, please. That ancient courtesy business won't do, not if this country is to reconstruct itself and come abreast of the great modern democracies. Say to me simply 'What's the trouble?'"

Toomuch bowed and Abdul continued: "Look in your tablets and see how much our public debt amounts to in American dollars."

The Secretary drew forth his tablets and bowed his head a moment in some perplexity over the figures that were scribbled on them. "Multiplication," I heard him murmur, "is an act of the grace of heaven, let me invoke a blessing on five, the perfect number, whereby the Pound Turkish is distributed into the American dollar."

HE remained for a few moments with his eyes turned, as if in supplication, towards the vaulted ceiling.

"Have you got it?" asked Abdul.

"Yes."

"And what do we owe, adding it all together?"

"Forty billion dollars," said Toomuch.

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Abdul with delight radiating over his countenance. "Who would have thought that before the war! Forty billion dollars! Aren't we the financiers? Aren't we the bulwark of monetary power? Can you touch that in Canada?"

"No," I said, "we can't. We don't owe two billion yet."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said the little man in a consoling tone. "You are only a young country yet. You'll do better later on. And in any case I am sure you are just as proud of your one billion as we are of our forty."

"Oh, yes," I said, "we certainly are."

"Come, come, that's something anyway. You're on the right track, and you must not be discouraged if you're not up to the Turkish standard yet. You must remember, as I told you before, that Turkey leads the world in all ideas of government and finance. Take the present situation. Here we are bankrupt—pass me the champagne, Toomuch, and sit down with us—the very first nation of the lot. It's a great feather in the cap of our financiers. It gives us a splendid start for the new era of reconstruction that we are beginning on. As you perhaps have heard we are all hugely busy about it. You notice my books and papers, do you not?" the Sultan added very proudly, waving his hand towards a great pile of blue books, pamphlets and documents that were heaped upon the floor beside him.

"Why! I never knew before that you ever read anything!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Never did. But everything's changed now, isn't it, Toomuch? I sit and work here for hours every morning. It's become a delight to me. After all," said Abdul, lighting a big cigar and sticking up his feet on his pile of papers with an air of the deepest comfort, "what is there like work? So stimulating, so satisfying. I sit here working away just like this, most of the day. There's nothing like it."

"What are you working at?" I asked.

"Reconstruction," said the little man, puffing up a big cloud from his cigar, "reconstruction."

"What kind of reconstruction?"

"ALL kinds—financial, industrial, political, social. It's great stuff. By the way," he continued with great animation, "would you like to be my Minister of Labor? No? Well, I'm sorry. I half hoped you would. We're having no luck with them. The last one was thrown into the Bosphorus on Monday. Here's the report on it—no, that's the one on the shooting of the Minister of Religion—ah! here it is—Report on the Drowning of the Minister of Labor. Let me read you a bit of this! I call this one of the best reports of its kind that has come in."

"No, no," I said, "don't bother to read it. Just tell me who did it and why."

"Workingmen," said the Sultan very cheerfully, "a delegation. They withheld their reasons."

"So you are having labor troubles here too?" I asked.

"Labor troubles!" exclaimed the little Sultan, rolling up his eyes. "I should say so. The whole of Turkey is bubbling with labor unrest like the rose water in a narghile. Look at your tablets, Toomuch, and tell me what new strikes there have been this morning."

The aged Secretary fumbled with his robes and began to murmur—"Truly will I try, with the aid of Allah—"

"I've reconstructed him a little, you see."

"We can't pay a cent. Isn't it great?"

"Now, now," said Abdul warmly, "that won't do. Say simply 'Sure.' Now tell me."

The Secretary looked at a little list and read: "The strikes of to-day comprise—the wigmakers, the camel feeders, the conjurers, the snake charmers, and the soothsayers."

"You hear that," said Abdul proudly. "That represents some of the most skilled labor in Turkey."

"I suppose it does," I said, "but tell me, Abdul, what about the really necessary trades, the coal miners, the steel workers, the textile operatives, the farmers, and the railway people. Are they working?"

The little Sultan threw himself back on his cushions in a paroxysm of laughter, in which even his ancient Secretary was feign to join.

"My dear sir, my dear sir!" he laughed. "Don't make me die of laughter. Working! Those people working! Surely you don't think we are so behind hand in Turkey as all that! All those workers stopped absolutely months ago. It is doubtful if they'll ever work again. There's a strong movement in Turkey to abolish all necessary work altogether."

"But who then," I asked, "is working?"

"Look on the tablets, Toomuch, and see."

The aged Secretary bowed and turned over the leaves of his "tablets," which I now perceived, on a closer view, to be merely an American ten cent memorandum book. Then he read:

"The following, oh All Highest, still work—the beggars, the poets, the missionaries, the Salvation Army, and the instructors of the Youths of Light in the American Presbyterian College."

"But, dear me, Abdul!" I exclaimed. "Surely this situation is desperate? What can your nation subsist on in such a situation?"

"Pooh, pooh," said the Sultan. "The interest on our debt alone is two billion a year. Everybody in Turkey, great or small, holds bonds to some extent. At the worst they can all live fairly well on the interest. This is finance, is it not, Toomuch Koff?"

"The very best and latest," said the aged man with a profound salaam.

"BUT what steps are you taking," I asked, "to remedy your labor troubles?"

"We are appointing commissions," said Abdul. "We appoint one for each new labor problem. How many yesterday, Toomuch?"

"Forty-three," answered the secretary.

"That's below our average, is it not?" said Abdul a little anxiously. "Try to keep it up to fifty if you can. We must not fall behind you in Canada."

"And these commissions, what do they do?"

"They make Reports," said Abdul, beginning to yawn as if the continued brain exercise of conversation were fatiguing his intellect, "excellent reports. We have had some that are said to be perfect models of the very best Turkish."

"And what do they recommend?"

"I don't know," said the Sultan. "We don't read them for that. We like to read them simply as Turkish."

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Imperial Relations Must Be Worked Out

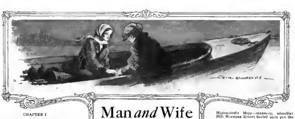
By VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M.

VISCOUNT JAMES BRYCE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The fact that Viscount Bryce was a member of the British Government and held important Cabinet posts subsequently acting as British Ambassador to the United States from 1907 to 1913, makes this statement, which was prepared for* MACLEAN'S, *an important one. His success at Washington marks a fitness to speak on questions of national relationships.*

IT seems to me that the position of Canada and the other great Dominions will be worked out more clearly in practice than can now be laid down by any theory. The British Empire, or British Union of Commonwealths, whichever we call it, has been worked out in practice, like so many institutions of our race, and if it had been attempted to prescribe future development by means of formulas we should not have had the results which have been so happily attained hitherto. The value of an Imperial Council seems to reside in the fact that it would not interfere in any way with Canadian self-government but would provide ample opportunities for an exchange of views between the Government of the mother country and its public opinion, and the Government and public opinion of the Dominions, so that each would understand one another more perfectly than they now do, and that it should be made more certain that their joint action should represent the common will and purpose of both. We in Britain ought to know all that the Dominions feel about questions of foreign policy, and the representatives of the Dominions ought to have the fullest opportunity for expressing their views. Similarly the British members would communicate our ideas to the Governments of the Dominions and their peoples, so that the action to be ultimately taken should, so far as possible, represent that which is common to both.

IT would be a mistake to have a body appointed at the present stage with any legislative powers and therefore those who would create a Federal Legislature for the Empire, similar to the legislative authorities of the Federal Governments of the Dominion would be going much too far. Each Dominion should develop its internal policy on its own lines. If a League of Nations is created, as we hope, the precedent set in Paris by the presence and voice of the representatives of the Dominions would have a value as indicating the influence which the Dominions ought to have in settling matters of world concern.



Man *and* Wife

A Story of Canadian Life

By C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

CHAPTER I

MARY Campbell returning from a walk was rather puzzled to see an unusually large crowd collected near the front of the church. She would have passed on, however, had not the sound of her father's name, falling from the lips of a man standing on a platform, about which the people clustered, caused her to pause. She knew instinctively what it was that the loud-voiced official was about to announce, and a sense almost of shame prompted her to hurry on. But something else was stronger, the pride that showed in the courageous lift of her head kept her from obeying the impulse.

It was thus that Hugh Lyttleton saw her. Seated in his car by the curb he could see her face in profile. It was a face of unusual charm and distinction. The features, as he saw them in outline, were finely formed, with sufficient irregularity to give to her uniqueness, individuality. The nose was delicately shaped, the lips charmingly curved, neither too full nor too severe, the chin daintily firm and rounded. In the rather pale cheek was the faintest touch of wild-rose pink due to the emotion of the moment. Her lips were firmly closed as if expressive of courageous resolve under the scrutiny of many eyes. Her hair was of unusual ashy gold tint that harmonized exquisitely with the rest of the girl's rare delightsomeness. There were pretty women in the waiting crowd—for the French-Canadian woman, three centuries from France, has not lost the Frenchwoman's trick of smart coquettishness in dress—but this was a woman apart.

Lyttleton's eyes revealed his frank admiration. Perhaps he was moved more, at the moment, by her proud courage than by her beauty of face and form. He was an unusual man, a full inch over six feet, wide-shouldered, with determined, aggressive, good-looking face, his brown hair and moustache close cropped, his eyes steel blue. He looked what he was, a successful man of real power, fully conscious of his own abilities and accomplishments. At twenty-three he had been a pitman in the local mines, to-day he was a millionaire owner and in his thirty-fifth year. He had started with less than nothing—a thousand dollar debt, as a matter of fact, and he had made his wealth by clear vision, hard fighting and a certain indomitable will. Men said he was lucky. It was true. When opportunity had come tapping at the doors of himself and his fellows, with that soft tap of hers, at her inconvenient hours they slumbered and slept, he was at the latch in a jump, lamp trimmed, filled, burning in his hand and out into the dark road to meet the bridegroom of his burning desire. That was his luck.

He was a man of flawless courage, and he could see and admire it in a kindred spirit, friend or enemy. There had been many to oppose him, none more virulently than the father of this girl. Lyttleton had sworn ten years before, in the heat of youth's resentment at injustice, that he would break Campbell before he had finished with him. It had seemed boyish rage and swagger at the time. Campbell was rich, strongly entrenched, and the youngster struggling to keep his feet, but the youngster had kept faith with himself, his word and Campbell. This scene, outside the church doors, was the final act of the play.

ON the platform a bailiff droned away in French the verbiage of his long document. It set forth that, by virtue of a judgment obtained against Robert Campbell in some suit at law, seizure had been made of his mines, mill lands, house, goods and chattels and that on a day then and there specified, the properties would be sold by public auction.

Of the thousand people who stood before the church listening, none but sympathized with the girl Mary Campbell, except perhaps Lyttleton, and his mind was too full of admiration. Pity made little appeal to him. It was usually an inexpensive sentiment that people indulged in to save their pockets. On the other hand, while people imagined that he was enjoying a dramatic triumph, he had no thought of it. He had happened to drive along when the bailiff began to read. Lyttleton's hatred had died out long ago, though his resolve had lived. He was too big a man to waste time and thought gloating over a man who was down and out, and therefore no fit antagonist of his strength or subject of his thought.

The reading at last done, the folk moved off talking with many nods and wise shakes of the head of the collapse of the "aristocrat." Mary had vanished with the rest, responding smilingly to the respectful greetings of a warm-hearted, kindly people.

"Ah! but it is sad! It is indeed sad!" The diminutive, but very obviously important notary Chaput stopped at the door of Lyttleton's car, his most favored air upon him. "But as it goes, from the silken shoe to the sabot. Yesterday—the day before—and still before that—the Campbells were everything. To-day—*Pouf!* Where are they?"

"Where they ought to be. Where you and I would be if we couldn't pay our bills. When they made you a notary, Chaput, they spoiled a first-class undertaker," grinned Lyttleton. "Jump in and I'll deliver you into Madame's care."

"But still it is sad," insisted the little man, snuggling into the cushions of the car. "Fine gentlemen—for the fishing and the hunting and the grand entertainment—but no business blood in them."

"Well, they'll have plenty time for the fishing, hunting, and the grand entertainment," murmured Lyttleton.

"But it is one grand triumph for you, Monsieur Lyttleton. If I could offer my congratulations I would do so, but it is too sad. Monsieur Campbell is my very good friend, and Madame—so distinguished, and Mademoiselle Mary—charming, adorable! Still Monsieur Robert hurled upon you the challenge—*à l'outrance*, as you say, to a finish, and here behold is the tragic end. It is sad! Of an infinite sadness."

"All right, have it your own way," laughed Lyttleton, "and there is Madame, waiting to pull your ears for keeping dinner waiting."

"*Ah, non!*" replied the sprightly little man. "She waits to give the welcome. You are an unhappy single man—you do not understand. But you will stay dinner? Madame has the *vol au vent*, your favorite dish, and she will be delighted. The *vol au vent*, Monsieur Hugh!"

"I wish I could," replied Lyttleton. "But I have business to attend to at once. Thanks all the same. Give my compliments to Madame, and tell her that thought of the vol au vent will make my mouth water all day. And by the way, Chaput, keep to-morrow clear from three to four. I have quite a bit of business for you to attend to."

"Merci, Monsieur!" and the little man bowed. "The hours is yours." He stood on the steps watching the departure of his best client, and then rushed indoors to Madame's embrace and the *vol au vent*.

DURING the two years following Mary Campbell's return from college Hugh Lyttleton had seen her frequently in the streets of the little town. He had never spoken to her. Sometimes he doubted if she had ever seen him. She passed him on the streets as if he did not exist. Campbell was not a silent man over his woes and Lyttleton knew that the etching of himself, under the vindictive stylus of his enemy, would be unflattering and deep bitten.

The first time Hugh had seen Mary Campbell he had not thought her pretty, or even attractive. She was too pale, distant, serious. Later his artistic eyes underwent a great change. He thought her the most exquisite feminine creature he had ever looked upon. It was not her unusual beauty, her grace, her charmingly distinctive refinement, subtle as the fragrance of rare attar. What it was he did not know. It was hauntingly elusive, inescapable, indefinable. Sometimes he denied to himself that he was in love with this girl whose indifference was more than disdain, to whom he, his esteem, his money, were matters of no moment whatever. He doubted if she even hated him. He had been in love, after a fashion, with girls before, but this emotion was different.

There was little of sense appeal in it, and yet it dominated his every faculty. He knew that she certainly regarded him as the author of the misfortunes of her family, that as far as she personally was concerned, his money would be of no weight in her judgment of him. Probably she, being 'aristocrat,' despised the humble stock from which he sprang. She belonged to a people who had maintained old-world distinctions regarding birth, blood, lineage in much of their ancient rigidity.

AFTER he left Chaput, he drove through the town, up the steep hillside to the mines he owned, now wrapped in Sabbatic stillness. He let himself into his office, locked the door after him, entered his private room, and sat down before the closed desk. His thought was of the girl who had stood near his car, watching, listening to the droning voice of the bailiff as he read what must have been to her the death warrant of her people and her pride. He saw the glow on her cheek, the tightening of the lips, the faint rise and fall of the bosom, and he knew that he desired this girl, as he had never desired money, as he had never desired to break her father, as he had never sought mastery over men—the three great ambitions in his life. She filled the whole of his world, a rare unique peerless jewel. He told himself that he must win her even if her feeling for him could not be changed. Lyttleton knew that his case was well nigh desperate. But there seemed to him one ray of hope. There had ever been in her a touching devotion to her people. He thought he knew the herb that pressed deepest into her heart this gay summer day.

The afternoon was half gone when he finished his deliberations. He left the office, locked the door behind him and drove down to the hotel. Dinner had been kept for him, but he brusquely declined it, went up to his rooms and changed his clothes. Standing a moment at the window he saw Mr. and Mrs. Campbell drive by in their little phaeton. Then he went downstairs and jumped again into his waiting car. It was remarked by the row of men smoking and gossiping on the verandah that Lyttleton must have great things on his mind, this day of his triumph, for he spoke to none, and appeared as if he saw none.

CHAPTER II

SAVE for a maidservant Mary Campbell was alone in the house. Luncheon had been, as all family gatherings were these days, a dreary, spiritless function. Every few minutes her father would rise from the table, go out aimlessly and then return moody and brooding. Her mother, a sweet-faced, dignified woman, showed in her face the care and distress that she rarely gave expression to. The coming of the bailiff during the past week had been a humiliation the like of which neither woman had ever dreamed to be within the range of possibilities. He had gone over the house listing and appraising the various articles of furniture that were to their owners almost as the fittings of a shrine. When her father after lunch had proposed to drive Mrs. Campbell out to call on old friends, Mary was glad. Anything was better than this brooding within the house. If things were as bad as she feared they were, the ruin was irretrievable. In his optimistic moods—for he alternated swiftly between pitiable pessimism and incurable optimism—her father prophesied that he would get clear of the rocks still, but she and her mother knew, by this time, the worth of these hopeful dreamings.

After they had gone she went into the morning room with a book. The tall French windows were wide open. Across the drive, a succession of green lawns terraced the slope to the boathouse and lake. Flowers bloomed everywhere in the glory of July. The room facing east, was, like all the apartments of the house, spacious, wainscoted in dark oak, with open fireplace framed in finely cut stone, and tiled with the artistic workmanship of old Dutch potters. Mary thought of this handsome old room furnished with the elaborate luxury of a past day, in the occupancy of some French-Canadian farmer, whose tastes would almost certainly run to severely practical things, of the pieces of furniture and the books, each like a treasured old friend, paddled off by an auctioneer whose specialty was cattle. There was the future to think about. As yet they had made no plans. She did not know what they could do. For herself it did not matter much. She could make her own way in the world, but her father was past work, indeed he had never worked. Away from the town that had been the home of his people for a hundred years, he would be like a tree transplanted in maturity. To remain in the place would be to be ceaselessly reminded of the height from which he had fallen.

SHE was aroused by the clamor of the front door bell. The maid had gone upstairs to dress so she answered the summons herself. The man she knew to be Lyttleton stood at the door.

"I am sorry," she said. "My father is out."

"Yes, I know," he answered. "It is you I wished to see, Miss Campbell. My name is Lyttleton."

She led the way to the morning-room. Probably he had come to see the house, or speak of the sale. Perhaps he wished to buy the place. It would be in keeping with all she had heard of him. He might have chosen another day for his projects and affairs. Still it would be better for her to meet him than her father.

Hugh Lyttleton had never seen anything like the room before. He had been reared in a bare farm kitchen, and had lived since in bare lodgings or the dull dreariness of country hotel apartments. Here was a different atmosphere. Everything spoke of woman's spirit, nature, refinement. None could better appreciate it than this keen man of the *new* world who had good blood in him, and sound ancestry back of the years of farmhouse poverty. The Lyttletons had traditions. They belonged to those who had gone back, but in Hugh had come again. Through the open windows he gazed an instant, charmed by the exquisite peep of green sward, flower brilliance, kindly oaks in the full beauty of their foliage, and through the branches, glimpses of the blue water of the lake.

Then he swiftly turned his back on it all and sat facing her. In the setting of her beautiful home, she was even more desirable than as he had before seen her, cool, self-possessed, a girl of rare charm and refinement. He felt his bigness to be rough and coarse in contrast with her.

"I wonder if you would listen to me for ten minutes, Miss Campbell?" he asked. "It is I know rather unusual, but I want to talk about myself, about—well things in general, and about you."

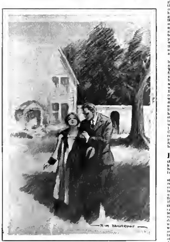
She looked at him with clear, frank eyes, that, he thought, were not altogether unfriendly. That she did not like him was natural, inevitable. He was the malicious enemy, the presumptuous successful upstart who had thrust himself into her world with disastrous results to her people and herself. She must regard him as some patrician Roman maiden must have looked upon Goth or Vandal. Yet he thought she was a just woman, who would listen to reason rather than the calumnies of prejudice.

"I don't know why, but I feel that I can talk to you, as I couldn't to the average woman, considering my relations with your family," he continued. "Naturally you think of me, if you think of me at all, as an enemy, the cause of all this trouble. Those who listened to that bailiff this morning, imagined, I suppose, that I *rejoice* over what has happened. I don't think I am glad about it, although it marks the accomplishment of what I set out to do ten years ago. When I have to fight, I want to win, but it gives me no pleasure to know, after the fight's done, that my adversary suffers. Let me tell you what it means to me. I am thirty-five years old. My people all their days were beggarly poor, though they were as proud and independent as any who walk the earth. What I saw in their lives made me ambitious for something better. At fifteen I was a pitman in the Williams pits here.

"At twenty-three I saw an opening, a chance to be my own master and get what I wanted — money. The mines here, belonging to your father and the Williams people, were not being worked, but toyed with by amateurs, gentry who knew nothing about real business. There was the open door, and I went in. Everybody said I was an arrogant, conceited, presumptuous fool for wanting to do what others had no desire to try. That's what they said when I left the farm. Had I listened to my neighbors I would have been scratching a few acres of farm land for bread and a covering roof to-day. They said what I was striving after was impossible. I have come to this conclusion, Miss Campbell, that of all the soft cowardly things in this world, when you come right up against them fighting bent, the worst are these beggarly impossibilities."

IN spite of herself the girl was impressed by the fighting force of the man. She did not wonder that her father and the Williams people had been swept aside by the boundless energy there was in him.

"I had nothing to help me but a strong body, a fair brain and a resolution to let no chance by, if I could help it. I couldn't get a dollar from a bank. The managers would look at me, wise as Rockefeller and Morgan rolled into one, if I mentioned money. I've had them hold a cheque of mine, because the amount was shy a quarter on the sum called for, till I could hustle the twenty-five cents down. All the knowing folks would meet in the hotel to grin, with a glass of gin in their hands, over the *fool* exhibition I was making of myself, and they prayed as often as Daniel did, with their windows open toward Jerusalem, that



Her fingers pressed his arm ever so lightly the Lord would smite me hard for the correction of my sinful pride.

"It was all right, in a way. Little folk are bound to have little ways. You can't expect a giant stride from a pygmy. There were some with whom I had to reckon. Those already in the business boasted openly they would break me, crowd me off my little, narrow plank. It was all right if they had fought me squarely, but they did not. If I wanted a ton of coal, a box of dynamite, tools, the merchant shook his head. If he sold to me, he would lose the big men's business. I was boycotted, on the blank list, even my pitmen would not trust me overnight; I had to pay their wages every day. They had been warned that I was likely to smash up any minute, and they had better watch me. I can laugh at it all now—and it was good for me then. When I butted into the market I knew and expected a fight, but I was expecting a good-natured tussle and was bent on taking punishment and giving what I could, in a fair spirit. But this rough-work put the needed bit of devil into me. I went at my task just about twice as hard as before, because I made up my mind that if breaking was to be done I would not, if I could help it, be the one to be broken. I had a rough time for two or three years, and then I saw that I was gaining. There was room for my feet. I could move more easily. Tradesmen began to come seeking my orders, and the little man back of the bank counter began to smile when I hove in sight. He revealed a hand that he wanted to use in shaking, and I was 'Mr. Lyttleton' instead of 'conceited Huggle.' The pitmen came round and said, that if it suited me they would like to be paid every fortnight, as in the other pits. It is a small world, Miss Campbell, with a lot of small people in it, sometimes as it is with small folks, a bully of a world. It runs, licking its lips and fawning on the boy that has just got a basket from home. When the rival firms boasted about breaking me I ought to have kept quiet, instead of imitating them; but I was young, hot-blooded, and threatened back. I would break them, and I set out after them to make my word good."

She leaned forward a little, her arms on the arms of the chair, her hands loosely clasped. The man interested her—interested her immensely. She belonged to a people to whom self repression was one of the cardinal virtues, in whose sight and ears egoism was the supreme vulgarity. What the man said grated on her ears. His achievements should be left to speak for him. His anxiety to explain his motives was the surest sign of their meanness. His desire to clothe them in heroic trappings cheap, tawdry, bombastic. Yet he had power. It radiated from him. Men such as he would smash through a world of men not only because of the strength in them but because they would not scruple to use weapons a fine nature would disdain. She thought of the old simile of a sooty chimney sweeper making his way through a crowd. His was the subtlest egotism, masked behind apparent frankness and candor. The imputations on her father and his associates, the Williams, displeased, disgusted her. She wondered if in his mind loyalty to one's own people counted for anything.

Her eyes met his without giving. There was the consciousness of more than equality—superiority—in them that banished the sex sense, with its tenderness. She could not understand why he had come, unless that he might emphasize his triumph in an originally dramatic way.

"I should imagine that few men so completely accomplish their purposes," she said.

His eyes passed from her and ranged the room swiftly, as if scarcely conscious of the sting of indifference in her reply.

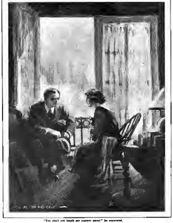
"This is a wonderful house, Miss Campbell," he said, as if he were commenting upon a show place. "I have never been inside a real home before. But where father and son, mother and daughter, have succeeded each other carrying on the legends of home, inheritors of one spirit, each adding his or her bit of beauty or color to the great tapestry—it is, as here, wonderful. Not the building, the furnishing, but the living, moving, breathing spirit. One understands why old houses have their tales of ghosts. I know what it must mean to lose such a home as this. Like driving the souls of the dead from their abodes, dividing flesh and spirit, breaking a precious jar of sweet odors, scattering their fragrance on the winds."

The man had insight and sensibility. This was no recited speech, no outpouring of platitude, but the unpremeditated utterance of thought closely akin to her own.

"Such homes are lost daily," she answered. "The old die, the new are born." If sympathy had brought him and he was trying to express it, he might carry it off with him.

"True," he said. "But philosophy never lessened much the sting of loss nor made death before its time a thing to be coveted."

"No," she answered, "but it teaches that neither failure nor conspicuous success is the supreme thing it is imagined to be."



"You shall not laugh my answer away," he answered.

There was a glimmer of humor in his blue eyes. Her rapier was swift and sharp.

"Yet only failures deem success and find virtue among the ruins of what they had hoped to be," he smiled.

"Did you come to discuss the philosophy of success and failure?" she asked, having no desire to prolong an interview that was becoming wearisome.

"No," he replied and then hesitated. *"I came to ask you to marry me, Miss Campbell."*

THE unexpectedness of his declaration startled her out of her cool calm. A faint flush deepened in her cheeks. She clasped her hands more tightly. In her eyes flamed the light of anger. Her lips trembled as she rose to her feet, the red glow dying out of her face, leaving it white in indignant pride.

"Will you be patient and listen to me a little longer?" he asked. "I know it must seem foolish, presumptuous, perhaps impertinent to you. I have never spoken to you before, but I have thought so much about you that it does not seem so strange, though very wonderful, to me as it must to you. Let me tell you, very respectfully, what is in my mind and then you may bid me go. I am not going to hurt you by speaking of love to you. In fact, I do not even know that I do love you. I do not understand myself. Whether the mystery is love or not I cannot say. This I do know, I covet you more than I ever wanted anything in this life—I want your thought, your friendship, and perhaps one day your love. You are more to me than all I thought were greatest—money, revenge, mastery. I would give up all and take poverty, defeat, subjection, and count them victory if I had you. It may sound madness, exaggeration, to you. But it is true, and I do not understand it. It is not of to-day or yesterday. I would walk out into the world this moment, stripped of all that life has given me if I had you with me, and I would count myself victor."

She stood, her hand resting on the back of the chair, her eyes meeting his equally. The pride and anger remained but with them something of respect for the man's frankness and sincerity. There was dignity in his bearing—he had risen as she stood—respect in his word, worshipful homage in his spirit. No word fell from her lips. She waited, more from curiosity and interest, than from any other motive.

"I know you have no care for me. Love, of course, is out of the question. You know little of me, and what you do know is all against me. But I would rather have your antagonism than your indifference. Your bitterness would be sweeter to me than the sweetness of another woman. If you did marry me, all I ask is that you come with me to the church and become my wife before the world. I would bring you back from the church doors and leave you here unmolested by me until such time as you might bid me come. If you never sent for me, I would never come.

"Your troubles would be mine, your enemies mine, your happiness mine, if you consented. Your father's name and honor in the business world would be saved. Every creditor of his would get a hundred cents on every dollar. This house and all it contains would be taken out of the sheriff's hands at once to be yours absolutely. You would receive from me as your own, free from my control or interference, what I should wish my wife to have—wealth sufficient to dispose of the matter of money once and finally."

Continued on page 79

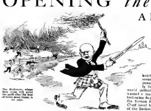
OPENING *the* NEW BOOK

A Review of Developments at Ottawa

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The Power of the West," "The Rank and File," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. CASEY



The McKenzie, whose fiery cross will point the path that the best of Grits must tread, is no joke.

THE passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has long been heralded as the first symptom of the settling of Canada's political war storms. Now Sir Wilfrid is gone. The greatest French Canadian, if not the greatest Canadian, has given place to the hard-headed Scotch Presbyterian, McKenzie. And the storms continue to howl with unabated fury. As to Sir Wilfrid it need only be said that he died as he would have died—in the harness. Up to his last breath he was still the undisputed leader of the Liberal hosts, the idol of his own race and many another Canadian beside. He was full of years and honors. His was the dramatic ending of a picturesque life.

To say that his passing changed the political outlook is putting it mildly. Nothing so well showed his importance as a political factor as the vacancy he left. The effect of his decease may have been discounted to a certain extent for he was of a goodly age and physically frail. But the end left partisans and factions gasping for breath and literally wondering where they were at. Statesmen of various degrees gathered in whispering knots to discuss the sad news and faded into hotel bedrooms to confer on even more serious matters. In the Chateau Laurier in one evening fully twenty keyholes were stuffed behind which strong men wept and laid plans to save the country from impending ruin. In the corridors men eyed each other warily and spoke guardedly. For there were storms of trades and dickers and reunions and none could tell for a surety just what his neighbor might do on the morrow. Even Cabinet statesmen shared in the unrest. For there were reports to suit or sorrow all. And even some Liberal Unionist ministers were said to be studying early first signs and debating which life-raft would best carry their personal political belongings.

Then the news swept through the sorrowing multitude that peace on earth and good will towards Grits was to be the song of the Laurier Liberals and that pending a big barbecue at which there was to be a round up of fatted calves, Hon. W. S. Fielding was to be the House leader. It was pointed out that Sir Wilfrid had called the wandering Liberals home; that at London, Ottawa and Toronto conventions had been held to establish homes for the homeless and that Mr. Fielding who had been the nearest thing to a Laurierite who had ever cast a conscription vote, was the logical man to bridge a gap over the chasm that yawned between the Liberal factions.

For nearly twenty-four hours everything looked lovely and Unionist ministers were out a finger or two counting the Liberal Unionists who would stick and those who would flee to woes they knew not of. The latter found their woes all right. For young Quebec, who came into Parliament in no small numbers in the last election, threw logic to the winds and acted on that sentiment peculiar to the Celtic races. None but a man who had been true to the Old Chief at every turn of the road should lead them. Their cry was echoed back by many of the older die-hards, such as Hon. Charles Murphy. And the Fielding star faded and died.

MEANWHILE Hon. Mackenzie King and Premier Martin of Saskatchewan appeared on the scene looking wise beyond their years and each listening eagerly for some kindly word that would indicate their worth when the party wanted a real leader. It would need a beckoning finger in this direction. Of the former it was said that the Old Chief loved him, while certain friends of the Saskatchewan premier talked of the growing political importance of the great West and hinted of alliances that would give both the prairie and the brawn of the hustlers all the blessings that political power afforded. That of course was for the future.

But, as coming events cast their shadows before, it was meet that a temporary leader be chosen who would not cast a blight over the future. Such a leader must be well and favorably known, must be strong enough to make the party respectable before the country and yet willing to slip into the discard without a struggle when others and greater men were ready to take his place. It was a long hard hunt. Such a man is harder to find than a person. For while Parliament is full of men, modesty is seldom one of the virtues that has endeared the statesmen to the public.

It looked easy for a moment when somebody mentioned chief whip James Robb of Huntingdon. For, but it be said right here, that it always takes as many and probably more brains to be a good whip as it does to be a distinguished leader; nobody ever looks on the whip as anything more than a useful piece of party machinery. Moreover Mr. Robb is not painfully ambitious. He is a successful miller with a fair share of this world's goods to whom politics have been more or less of a diversion. So, for a while, the day Mr. Robb had the job almost to himself. And on the opening day of the House he acted as Liberal spokesmen and behaved so well that his companions began to sense that he was fitting into the position too nicely. Then a whisper went around that perhaps the modest miller might have more brains than a Martin and just as much unfavored leadership as a McKenzie King. And for all, it burst on a party made up of lawyers that Mr. Robb was not a lawyer. That settled it. Another good man had gone into the discard. More conferences must be held and the amount of cotton batting required to stuff the keyholes threatened to create a corner in that commodity.

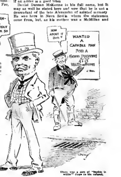
Then came the fatal Monday on which the choice was to be made. It was made but only after a long hard day's work which began shortly after breakfast and ended with the six o'clock whistle. Several whispers from the caucus room had prepared the press gallery for the shock but I grieve to relate that with the formal announcement "D. D. McKenzie of North Cape Breton has been chosen Liberal House leader," there were bursts of ribald laughter from the cynical correspondents. None of them had hung any medals on the Nova Scotia Scotchman. None had even heralded him to the world as a master of circuit or a leader of men or a member of policy. Truth to tell they had looked on him as a sort of serious joke—serious because of the unceasing industry with which he wedged legal lore and scriptural quotations into the long drawn hours of the night—a joke because his biting tongue often provoked those outbursts of Unionist jeering that makes the House look more like a campaign rally than a solemn conclave of statesmen solving great national problems.

Perhaps it was because they had failed to discover the McKenzie that the gallery laughed. But the fact remains that they did laugh. And that of course was before the mantle of leadership had settled squarely around the McKenzie head. Afterwards some of them, of the Liberal stripe of course, began to discover streaks of greatness in this new leader that no one had before suspected. Funny thing this matter of office. Take a man out of a railway cut and throw the robes of office around him and, before the sun goes down, someone will have discovered that adverse circumstances have worked overtime in making a hero handle a shovel. Yes and sad to relate, if some of our statesmen were divested of their robes and clad in overalls you might pass them in a railway cut and never be able to tell them from the rest of the laborers.

McKenzie and the Fiery Cross

ANYWAY the McKenzie whose fiery cross will point the path that the best of Grits must tread is no joke. He is a hard-headed Scot of the canniest kind. He masters not the world's goods on the joys of the flesh. He is fervent in spirit and strongly addicted to scriptural quotations. He has a tongue that may stumble a bit but that bites like an adder—that is, if an adder is a good biter.

Daniel Duncan McKenzie is his full name, but it may as well be stated here and now that he is not a descendant of the late Alexander of sainted memory. He was born in Nova Scotia where the statesmen come from, but, as his mother was a McMillan and


ER-AM— WELL I HARDLY THINK SO
HOW ABOUT IT BOB?
WANTED A CAPABLE MAN FOR A GOOD PAYING JOB

There was a sort of "Barkis is willin'" flavor to the refusal.

his wife is a Macdonald, he comes as near to being a gathering of the clans as one man can well be. He carries his sixty years easily in a stocky body surmounted by a bald head that is far from being destitute of brains. He is probably not a prophet, for he hath found honor in his own home town. Ten times he stood for municipal honors in North Sydney and never tasted the bitterness of defeat. For five years he was mayor. Three times the same district has cheered the returning officer who announced his election to Parliament. Once a grateful country appointed him county judge. A little over two years of judging satisfied him that politics was his favorite sport. That's why he's here. But it is only one of the reasons why he is leading the Liberals through the slough of despond with an eye ever fixed on the treasury benches beyond.

What kind of a leader will he make? Well his opening speech did not make him look like a popular hero. He has an anti-climax style of oratory, and when he stoops to the pathetic he generally punctuates it with a drink of water that somehow washes away the effect. However he was at a disadvantage on that occasion. True to the kind of politics his native heath breeds he grows most eloquent over the woes of a constituent whom an unprincipled Government has robbed of a $50 a year mail contract. The new occasion was a sad and solemn one and did not provide free scope for this peculiar line of ability. Moreover you will agree that it would be a strange variety of Scot who could be sad when he had just come into a job that tacked $7,000 per year on to his stipend.

The House has an unfortunate tendency to be sad when the McKenzie is merry and merry when the McKenzie is sad. When, on the evening of the great day on which he assumed his new dignity he held out the olive branch to the wandering Liberal Unionists, part of the House laughed and the rest looked savage.

"The lamp is in the window, the latchstring is out, there is welcome for all," he chanted.

But the invitation had the intonation of a sneer and the wanderers who had been turned from the door of the home of their fathers by his election were driven yet further afield by his words. Anyone who watched the House as the invitation went out could not but feel that a lot of wire entanglements will have to be demolished before the once great Grit party is again a happy family.

Life of Union Government Assured

ALL of this means of course that the Union Government is assured of its life for this session. It won't be a peaceful or a happy life, but life of any kind is always sweet to those whose chief ambition is to sway the destinies of their country. There were early evidences that disgruntled Unionists and recanting Grits would start a guerilla warfare; but it will be annoying rather than dangerous. The Liberals would hardly care to go to the country under a temporary leadership and the convention to appoint a permanent chief will not be called before July at the earliest. Nor is there any danger that the Government will appeal to the country in an effort to secure a snap decision over a disorganized enemy. The country at present is full of snares and pitfalls. There are Farmers' Unions and Labor parties who are developing nasty habits of carrying constituencies. And then a large Government expeditionary force is at present occupying the diplomatic trenches at Paris—holding the fort as it were while Sir Robert Borden decides where Greece is at, consoles Barat and prepares a curtain lecture for the boisterous Bolsheviki. To be sure Sir Thomas White looks neat and nice as he fills the vacant chair of the absent Premier with the patient, soothing Maclean as his deskmate and fighting Frank Carvell hard by to open up with the heavy artillery on any filibustering band that may grow unduly bold. But dark looks are bent in Sir Thomas's direction by the Ginger Tories. They can't quite forget that he was a Liberal from choice before he became a Conservative. And his chief advisers are still too Gritty by nature not to arouse new suspicions.

It may be these suspicions that have furnished the foundation for a report that Sir Robert Borden will never return to lead the Dominion Government. Sure it is that the story to the effect that the Premier had been offered a diplomatic job at Washington was taken as the first intimation of the severance of the tie that binds. It was hard to believe that the offer had been made, for in the Old Land diplomacy is a trade. And even Sir Robert's closest admirers do not claim that he is either a born, or a trained, diplomat. But there was a sort of "Barkis is willin'" tinge to his refusal to discuss the matter—a veiled admission that he could be coaxed to leave Canada to her fate were his own future fully assured.

IT has long been felt that Sir Clifford Sifton and Sir Joseph Flavelle, the real men, so it is said, behind the Union Government, harbored a belief that Sir Thomas White would make an ideal Premier for the kind of Government they wish to run. Each is an artist in his peculiar line. United they are almost unbeatable. If they have enlisted the services of Lord Beaverbrook the world, or at any rate the Canadian part of it, is theirs. And if, as three Tories suspect, they really want Sir Thomas what better way to secure his succession than to put him in the Borden shoes and let him wield the Borden sceptre for a session at least? Nothing is so difficult in the political world, as to displace a leader who had once settled into place. The whole political history of Canada is proof of that. It is almost impossible to displace that leader when he has at his disposal those gifts the hand of the Premier can bestow.

So in Old Tory circles the suspicion has grown almost to a conviction that Canada will never again see Sir Robert Borden in the chair Sir Thomas White fills with such satisfaction to himself and his constituted guardians. That conviction is not a new source of Tory joy. It will not add to the peace and unity that should be behind a Government when its mind is weighted with problems of magnitude. It will make rather for noisy paddling that may in turn reduce the Government to pay attention to things around home as the Old Tories desire and leave Russia, Roumania and even Greenland to work out their own salvation.

So if the Liberal ranks are rent, the Unionists are far from dwelling together as a happy family should. On the whole the old time Liberals are the happiest men you meet. They are obsessed with an idea that they are the faction with whom all the others must dicker—that they are in a position to make the winning trade when the terms and conditions are to their liking. Meanwhile they will look on and smile while the Government sweats to satisfy a following and a country nothing could satisfy because neither wants to be satisfied.

SO there you have all the elements of an interesting if noisy session. It will run largely to oratory but will not be lacking in action. The new members who last session sat and voted silent votes found on their return home that their constituents had expected them to tear a few eloquent holes in the political sky. They are going to do it this session or die fighting for the privilege. The debate on the Speech from the Throne collapsed almost before it started last spring. This year more than half a hundred members had indicated that they intended to contribute to the concentrated wisdom of the nation before the ink was dry on the original document.

Then those Western men got to holding caucuses almost before the steam heat was in the caucus room. They caucused by provinces and by sections and as a whole. They talked tariff. They didn't want to embarrass the Government, they said, but they made it somewhat clear that they didn't want the Government to embarrass them. And they would be embarrassed indeed if they couldn't go back home with something to show that they had been in a raid that penetrated the first line of protection trenches.

Of course, the Government were not embarrassed but they were once worried. The debate on the Speech from the Throne saw things which this Canadian Parliament had never seen before. It saw ministers apparently going out to meet trouble. It saw Hon. F. B. Carvell usurp the privileges of the finance minister and make an embryo budget speech in the opening debate. It saw Hon. James Calder, the silent man of mystery, elbowing private members out of his way in order to bask into the oratorical limelight. And it heard the same silent James, generally labelled political expert of the practical variety, denounce the "vote hunting politician" as "the gravest danger the country has to face." And, as it looked and listened, it also learned that winning the war was a mere side show compared to the great work of solving after war problems. Almost with tears in its eyes it realized that the real heroes of this eventful age are not the sleepless soldiers but the slaving statesmen who are practically picking the country up by its hair with the remote intention of once more setting it firmly on its feet.

Even the press gallery would be impressed by the sad spectacle were there not political barnacles sticking out all over. But in every move you can see the motive behind. Some answer must be made to the sneering invitations to come in out of the threatening storm that every Grit of the old school hurls across the floor. Some chloroform must be administered to the Western members to keep them from gathering up on their hind legs.

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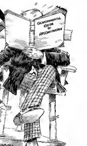
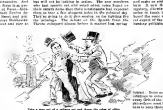


The slaving statesmen who are picking the country up by its hair



Take a man out of a railway rut and throw the robes of office around him

The TRANSFORMATION *By* Frederic S. Isham

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

The First Instalment

LADY ESTELLA LANGLENSHIRE is held in Germany at the start of the war. She escapes by going through a marriage ceremony with a Greek porter and crossing the border as his wife. They are wrecked and by a coincidence land on the shore near the lady's ancestral home. Alexander, the husband, refuses to leave and is lodged in the royal suite. He begins mysteriously to shed his uncouth ways.

CHAPTER XI—*Continued*

THE lady's face was a study. Alexander had fathomed her thoughts; she divined the reason for his triumph. What an intuition he possessed, what a positively uncanny hero! Why, he could read people! Amazing! The lady was beginning to feel a bit bewildered with her paragon. She felt he might be getting slightly beyond her. This was not flattering to her own pride. But she had to conceal her own feelings. She laughed. Pelton would think they were both laughing at some funny joke, perhaps, that had been exchanged between them in the library.

"Tell me something else funny," said the lady, for Pelton's ears.

"Humph!" said Alexander. And the lady laughed as if that was funny! "I say—" Alexander looked over his shoulder. The soup tureen had disappeared. More soup was written in his eyes.

"Did you speak, sir? Yes, sir?" From Pelton.

"The gentleman was about to ask for wine, Pelton," interposed the lady quickly.

Alexander was about to expostulate but he didn't. Soup was all right but wine was better.

"Yes, bring the wine."

"Young or heavy?" said the lady.

"Heavy," said Alexander.

"The best, Pelton!" said the lady.

"Of course!" put in Alexander.

Pelton choked. This uncommon tiger wanted to be fed high. The "best" was none too good for him! Had Jane been right after all, about the love potion?

THE rest of the repast seemed to the lady like a dream. Alexander continued to demonstrate for her benefit that he too was a prestidigitator. He elevated three peas dexterously on a silver fork when he could have shoveled in a dozen with his knife. If she could do it, he could. He could do anything any woman could, was his attitude. He performed untold prodigies of skill. He watched the lady and picked out the right piece of silverware. His precision, in this respect, almost caused the lady to expire with astonishment. The deliberation with which he started the attack on each course would be attributed, of course, by the observant Pelton to the guest's naturally slow and phlegmatic disposition.

The lady started to giggle. She couldn't help it. When Alexander reached, without one single mistake, the ice-cream spoon, the humor of the situation so tickled her funny-bone that she simply had to laugh and laugh. Pelton had never before seen her so merry. He switched more strongly to Jane's theory. It might be love potion working. What would her ladyship do next? Peals of silvery merriment shocked the atmosphere of that staid and respectable old place.

"I have so enjoyed this dinner!"

Pelton tried hard not to blush for her ladyship. The love potion must have been a powerful one. Pelton modestly hoped he would be able to get away from the room without being shocked to a still greater degree.

"Never have I been more entertained!" the lady went on.

"Hentertained?" thought Pelton. "H'and 'im hardly sayin' a word and h'only h'opening' his mouth to put somethink in it!"

AND yet her ladyship's eyes shone as if she had been listening to all manner of witty sayings! She seemed as gay as if Alexander were a light comedian or a gentleman of the old school with a fund of anecdotes at his tongue's end.

"You may leave the cigars and cigarettes, Pelton," said the lady.

Pelton was but too pleased to get away. His exit was unusually forceful and dignified.

The lady turned to Alexander. "How nice!" she said in her sprightliest. "To be alone at last!"

"Is it?" said Alexander.

"Do light one," she said, pressing on him the cigars.

Alexander did, and soon began blowing vast clouds around him. The fragrance of cigar drowned that other and [illegible] dead-rodent-in-the-wall aroma. The lady studied him.

"You are very apt at learning!"

"Eh?"

She repeated the remark.

"You mean—I got brains?" said Alexander.

"I wonder?"

"Oh, I got brains all right!" said Alexander simply, if not over-modestly. "I show you!"

"You have! You did!"

There was a faint look of inquiry in the lady's eyes; she blew rings that mingled with the denser smoke from Alexander's cigar. Then suddenly she arose.

"Shall we go into the billiard room?"

And Alexander followed nonchalantly.

CHAPTER XII

A Good Sport

THE lady held her head higher, and told herself she would, at any rate, enjoy beating Alexander at billiards. She played unusually well, and was quite confident of her skill. And she did beat Alexander—badly! Her expectations, in this respect, were fully realized. Alexander played about as she imagined he would. With much vigor—sans skill!

He sought to accomplish by sheer strength what science alone could accomplish. Even when the balls began flying from the table and she had to dodge, the lady acted as if she were having "the time of her life." She scored and Alexander perspired. He did little else. He might imitate her dining-room table prestidigitation, but here was a quality of juggling not so easily copied. That blind expenditure of brute strength afforded the lady the opportunity she desired. She breathed a little homily on intelligence versus mere forcible physical effort! She waxed quite philosophical, and, incidentally, deliciously ironical. She punctured the animal and his pretension with deft and delightful abandon.

Alexander began to glare. He was beginning to get angry, no doubt about that! He tossed his head like a bull in the ring—a bull that has expended a lot of effort without tangible results.

"Take it easier!" said the lady, with a mocking smile, as a red ball hopped from the table and went skipping down the room, with the exasperated Alexander in hot pursuit.

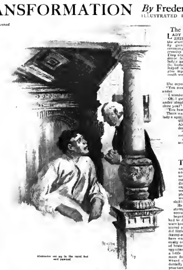
ALEXANDER muttered something; the ball evaded his clumsy hands and he bumped his head. The lady leaned back and laughed and laughed, then she delivered another homily. Alexander glared some more, which pleased the lady.

"Good!" Triumphantly. "Where's your insular calm now? And so it was all a fraud and a sham after all?"

"I take it easier next time," said Alexander through his teeth. "I surprise you!"

Next time however, fate arranged an almost impossible shot.

"Ha, ha!" said the lady. "Poor Alexander! Only



Alexander sat up in the royal bed and yawned an expert could make that one. I doubt if I could do it. In fact I'm sure I couldn't!"

"I make him," said Alexander violently.

"Indeed!" she breathed mockingly.

"What you bet I don't make him?" demanded Alexander angrily.

"Bet? Another British trait! Ha, ha! The makings of a sport in you!"

"What you bet!" he persisted, even more violently.

"Well, if you win, you may—kiss my hand! I dare risk such a reward because there is not the slightest chance of your performing the impossible."

"Make it two pounds," said Alexander practically.

"How dare you!" said the lady with flashing eyes.

"You make it two pounds, I can't do it?" reiterated Alexander.

"There are men," said the lady haughtily, "who would prefer the other alternative to two hundred pounds!"

"I kiss your hand? That gets me nowhere," said Alexander. "But with two pounds—"

"Say no more!" said the lady, with a proud toss of the Lengdashire head. "Two pounds it shall be!"

Alexander surveyed the balls carefully. "I play very careful," he said. "Maybe I make him! I watch you. I play like you, now!"

THE cue now became a delicate thing in his hands; he poised it most lightly and calculated with much care and apparent concentration. Then he paused once more, to look up at the lady.

"I make him!"

"Why don't you?" she responded ironically.

The cue shot forth. Alexander began to register exultation. "You see what happen! I know how to play, now. I make him!"

And he did. Alexander had accomplished the almost impossible. The lady looked, and then she regarded Alexander. There was a frown on her face and a question in her deep eyes.

"Was it accident?" she said, as if to herself.

"I study. I see how you do it," said Alexander. "Me study how you do juggle tricks with all kinds of funny table silver. I, too, can do! And here too! What you can do, *I* can do!" He tapped his chest—an abominable habit.

"I should call you a star pupil, Alexander," said the lady quietly. "And if I did not have every confidence in your absolute integrity, I might be capable of thinking you had been what our American friends call 'stringing me'! For the ignoble purpose of adding two vulgar pounds to your constantly growing earthly possessions! Shall we go on with our game?"

"We bet some more?" Quickly.

"No, Alexander! I cast no aspersion on your probity of character, but we bet no more!"

"You no good sport?"

"I am beginning to wonder if it would be sport?" said the lady. "Would I stand a sporting chance?"

"Didn't I make some pretty bum playing?" demanded Alexander.

"You did! But you have improved so fast, the teacher now wonders if she has become the pupil? May I sit at your feet?"

"All right! We play for nothing," said Alexander. And once more the balls began to fly off the table with the seemingly very much annoyed Alexander in hot pursuit.

"I THINK that will be sufficient," said the lady quietly after this performance had been repeated a few times. Then she yawned. "I fear me, you are deeper than I thought. I imagined I had delved into you, Alexander, but I have just skimmed the surface of the ocean!"

"What you mean?"

"That it is getting late and time to retire! Do you think you can find your way to the royal suite?"

"You bet!"

"I trust you will find the bed comfortable, Alexander."

"I ring for another if it isn't."

"Oh, yes!" With rising inflection. "So you could!"

"I like lateral room for kicking!"

"Well, if you find the royal bed too short, just tell Pelton to lengthen it. Don't be afraid of making trouble."

"I won't. I make him hop!"

"If he should prove ineffectual, you might call the rest of the household."

"That bully good idea." The lady's sarcasm was lost on Alexander. "You bet! I make em all hop!"

"If necessary, you could summon me." That should have overwhelmed Alexander, but did it?

"You bet!" he said. "I make you hop too!"

Her brows rose. "Would you change us all into—hoppers? Would you invite a veritable plague of locusts?—a famine on the neighborhood? Spare us, Alexander! Spare—" She clasped her hands.

"These shoes too blamed tight to stop for nonsense talk!" said Alexander.

"You wish larger ones?"

He reconsidered. "Maybe I like small feet, too. I look fine with small feet."

"Oh, vanity!" she breathed, and then: "Good night!"

She extended her hand. Under the circumstances she felt she might at least do that. Especially when he was the occupant of the royal suite!

ALEXANDER vouchsafed to take the hand. One has to be diplomatic with people who owe you money. Their fingers touched, but no more! In shoving about the billiard-table, chasing balls, Alexander seemed to have fairly surcharged his body with electricity, for when the lady's hand came in contact with his, there was a definite shock and spark. It was as if her ladyship had touched a small battery.

"Oh!"

"Haw! haw!" laughed Alexander. "Funny way to shake hands! Eh?"

"I do not find it—funny!"

"Let's try it again!" said Alexander, just as if he were playing a game.

"Thank you, I decline!"

"All right!" Alexander fussed. "Pigs' feet goes well for dinner, sometimes!"

"I'll—I'll speak to the cook."

"With noodles!"

"You—you shall have them."

"I don't like—if you forget?" Suspiciously.

"Forget anything that appeals to you? Never!"

"Humph!" said Alexander.

The lady watched him go. "What—what a positively wifely feeling that man inspires in me!" she thought.

CHAPTER XIII

BUT her ladyship's cares were not over for the day. At the door of her suite—on the other side of the house from the royal apartments occupied by Alexander!—she found a small delegation awaiting her. There was Pelton, Tommy, James, Jane the cook and others, including even the vivacious Jacques. Nervousness or embarrassment, mixed with determination, was depicted on their faces. The lady glanced at them all casually.

"Come to say good night? So good of you, I am sure!"

"We 'aven't come exactly for that, your ladyship," said the embarrassed Pelton.

"No?" Vivaciously.

"No!" Faintly.

"Go on!" said the voice of Jane, as Pelton hesitated and swallowed.

"Don't be hurryin' of him!" said Tommy.

"Him acts as if him was afraid!" From Jane.

"What of?" From her ladyship. "I hope you haven't been doing anything you shouldn't, Pelton!"

"H'I?" stammered Pelton. "H'it ayn't me—" Again he paused. "The truth is, your ladyship, we 'as 'ad a meeting."

"We?"

"All your ladyship's 'elp! That is, h'all except Bobby MacDuffy, the stable-man, who, being a 'eathen, said as 'ow it wasn't any of 'is business!"

"What?"

"'Igh h'English morality!"

"'E do say as how bishops is humbugs!" From Jane horrified.

"And it is to complain of MacDuffy that you are come to interview me? I have nothing to do with his private opinions. And he has a perfect right to his opinion of bishops."

"H'it wasn't to complain of 'im that we are 'ere," said Pelton. "H'it—"

"Well?"

"Go on!" From Jane. Pelton seemed to find difficulty in doing so.

"You have come to complain of some one!" said her ladyship.

"We 'as!" Weakly.

"Well?"

"Say wot you said down there," urged Tommy. "Where we had the meeting!"

"'E spoke up then all right enough!" From Jane. "So loud and 'ighly respectable! It were like preaching!"

"Yes, Pelton, say what you said down there," said her ladyship, with a sweet smile. "You all assembled, and—"

"THERE was some talk," went on Pelton thus encouraged, "each expressin' 'is or 'er mind in a 'ighly respectful manner toward your ladyship, exceptin' MacDuffy, who wasn't there—"

"Leave 'im out!" From Tommy.

"Get on," said Jane.

"I is," said Pelton miserably.

"'E calls that getting on!" From Jane. "And him the spokesman!"

"Tell it yourself," said Pelton.

"Yes, Jane," said her ladyship.

"It's your ladyship's conduct!" said Jane in an awful tone.

"My—what?"

"Conduct!"

"And you have called to complain of that! Is that all?" Brightly. "Oh, dear, I thought it was something serious!"

"Ayn't it serious, your ladyship?" From Pelton.

"Dear me, No! Someone has always been complaining of my conduct. You have no idea how often my uncle, the lord high chancellor, has taken me to task for doing something unconventional, shall we call it!"

"That might do," said Pelton.

"It would be a way of describing it, your ladyship," said Jane.

"You mean, a polite way!"

Jane had the grace to blush.

"H'it wouldn't be as h'if we weren't old, old servants!" went on Pelton plaintively. "W'ot 'as always 'ad your ladyship's welfare at 'eart! W'ot as always looked up to your ladyship as all that was 'igh and 'ighly respectable! It wouldn't be as if some of us 'adn't known your ladyship when she was a 'igh bred, 'ighly respectable h'infant in arms!"

"I understand," said her ladyship, deeply touched. "And I trust I am not ungrateful for your combined moral solicitude."

"Put it to her ladyship so as not to hurt her feelin's! Them were his instructions at the meeting," said Tommy.

IN the background, Cook began to snivel. Cook was sensitive and easily affected. Her two or three hundred pounds avoirdupois concealed a most susceptible disposition beneath the depths.

"Oh, your ladyship!" said Cook.

The others began to get more nervous. Cook's snivelling had a most depressing effect.

"Cheer up!" said her ladyship. "Let us look the matter squarely in the face!" That braced them a little. "Apparently my conduct has been shocking to a high sense of British respectability. Or, shall we say, morality?"

"We might, your ladyship!" From Jane.

"So far, so good! Now we should get on. A regular happy family!" Her ladyship beamed.

"Is we 'appy?" said Pelton.

"Perfectly," said her ladyship.

"Your ladyship is 'appy?" With awe.

"So happy!"

"Account of 'im!" From Jane.

"The 'uman tiger!" From Pelton.

"Well, he hasn't eaten me up, yet!" said the lady.

"*What will the neighbors say?*" said Pelton.

"Oh! You fear for my—"

"That's it!"

"But he's on the other side of the house."

"He's in the house, alone with your ladyship! That is the part of the 'case'!"

"Dear me!"

"YOUR ladyship will h'overlook our coming—your ladyship has always encouraged us to come to your ladyship—"

"Your ladyship has always been most kind—"

"And that's what makes it 'arder!" Another faint snivel from Cookie!

"Yes, I believe I have always paid you high wages and given you unusual privileges," said her ladyship.

"'Your ladyship 'as!"

"We appreciates that."

"If we didn't, we should 'ave come to your ladyship and asked for our discharges at once," said Jane.

"Dear me! I have had a narrow escape. Which brings us to the point—what are we going to do—what?"

"Pack 'im off, your ladyship," said Jane.

"But if he won't go?"

"Make him!"

"Will you, Pelton?"

"I 'umbly begs to be h'excused, your ladyship."

Her ladyship made a gesture. "You see? And I fear it is his intention to prolong his visit indefinitely!"

"Then I leaves," said Jane.

"I, too!" said Pelton.

"Me too!" From James.

"I has to follow suit, your ladyship," said Tommy mournfully.

"Zee morality of ze country of my adoption compels

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CANADA'S FISHMONGER GENERAL

The Story of a Campaign to Sell Canadian Fish

By THOMAS M. FRASER

SINCE those early days when Radisson and Groseilliers, Canadian voyageurs and *coureurs du bois* sat about the ante rooms of the great in London, in the Seventeenth Century, and poured their tales of wonder into the ears of London merchants, endeavoring to enlist sympathy for their trading and empire building schemes in the new world—the beginnings of the Hudson Bay Company—the greater part of what romance there has been in Canadian commerce has centred about the North West. It was there that the Hudson Bay, and its later founded competitor, the North West Company, schemed and fought and stalked each other for a supremacy which was never settled in the open but by the more modern method of "merger." It was there that the great Canadian Pacific Railway drama was conceived and staged. And it was from there that Hughie Green started out with a brown paper parcel under his arm containing a fine specimen of the lake whitefish, to make the world eat "fish."

And if you think this is dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous, let me tell you that you are wrong, because that was probably the most fruitful fish in the history of the world. As a matter of strict ichthyological fact, I believe the cod is the most fecund of fish, it having been calculated that one cod will deposit nine millions of eggs, but it is also a fact, nevertheless, that from that solitary whitefish carried from Saskatoon to Ottawa in the autumn of 1915 has grown an export trade which at this date amounts to over fifty million pounds and whose future possibilities are limitless.

It may seem not such a hard thing to do to make a hungry world eat fish, particularly when it is on war-rations, not dead sure where its next meal is coming from but certain that it will be a slim one. But fish, somehow, as an article of diet has been the world's buffoon. No one would speak slightingly of a beef steak or approach a rasher of bacon—particularly in these times—with anything but an attitude of reverence. Singers have shouted themselves red in the face over the praise of brown October ale; bands all around the British Empire have brought tears to the eyes and saliva to the mouth of the wandering Briton, as they brayed out the "Roast Beef of Old England", but what poet ever composed an ode to a cod, or penned a tribute to a trout? It simply isn't done. We throw lines to fish, but we do not indite them.

A group of the men who were attached to Major Green and who helped to carry out the campaign.

Why, when Hughie Green started to make the Canadian soldiers eat fish, everybody laughed at him. And will you believe it, I started to read the articles the British press later on published on the introduction of Canadian frozen fish into Europe and after I had read three-quarters of a mile of them from Hughie's scrap-book—articles from staid British institutions like the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Scotsman*, the *Financier and Bullionist*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Morning Post*, the *Financial Post* and the *London Times* (fact, I assure you; they say that thunder kills fish, but "the Thunderer" stroked ours gently on the back as though it were "guddling" them, which is the Scotch method of catching them with the bare hands) well, do you wonder that I was lost in admiration, and in the middle of this sentence? And wouldn't you agree that the man who did all this off his own bat, and in the face of the laughter and scepticism of nearly everyone in officialdom at Ottawa, deserves a place in the hall of fame of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE?

No Canadian ever worked the staid and conservative British press for one-half the free publicity that Hughie Green got, not even that other picturesque Canadian figure, Lord Beaverbrook, and every line of Hughie's publicity redounded to the benefit of a great Canadian industry. They know more about Canadian fish over there now than they do about their own. Hughie hadn't been ashore on British soil two hours before the reporters realized that a new star had swum into their ken, and after that it was simply a matter of sitting down and thinking out a new story for them. And Hughie—to use the vernacular—is some hand at the new thought. He is not only the leading single-handed fish salesman of the world, but the world's best compiler or inventor of fish stories. Anybody could sell fish in Spain on Friday, but Hughie can go into a Presbyterian settlement in Scotland and sell them fish seven days in the week, and he could make people in British Columbia believe that they really wanted to eat canned salmon.

A Scotchman—Of Course

BUT that all came later on, and it was a far cry from the time he arrived at Ottawa with that frozen whitefish in the brown paper parcel. It was not primarily a commercial undertaking, you will understand. No man born in Glasgow as Hughie was, is averse to looking after the bawbees, but he went to Ottawa as the Apostle of Fish to the World. He was born and brought up in the fish trade in Scotland. His father had been in it in a large way and had retired to far-off Saskatchewan with a competence, taking his husky sons with him. The boys had learned the trade from the bottom of the sea up; and Hughie himself, with his witty tongue and persuasive smile, had been a noted fish salesman in Glasgow, where they get up on a barrel in the open market and auction the fish off, and to do that, the auctioneer must be able to give the bare-bosomed and free-tongued fish wives as good as they send.

Mark Twain once wrote a story about a Southerner who went to Washington to collect payment for a little matter of twenty barrels of pork supplied to the troops during the war. He went in style and in a hurry, expecting to collect his money and start for home next day. His equipage was magnificent and included a coach and four, a footman, and a special dog. He quickly found himself involved in the coils of the circumlocution offices at Washington. Day by day went past with his claim still uncollected. By degrees he parted with all his costly equipage in order to live. Finally, Mark came upon him when he was about to leave for home with his claim still uncollected; he was disposing of his sole remaining asset with the remark: "Durn a dog, anyhow."

Major Green, the Canadian who sold millions of dollars worth of Canadian fish to the British War Office.

His experience was fairly representative of those who go to interview Governments in any country. Sometimes they come away from the official presence imagining they have secured what they went after. In turning the thing over in their minds on the train on the way home chilly doubts begin to creep in. Before they are home long all doubts are dissipated: they know they have got nothing but honeyed words. For years past the farmers of the West have been storming Ottawa, and about all they get for it was the privilege of spending ten nights in an upper berth.

He Arrives in Ottawa

BEFORE Hughie Green arrived at Ottawa with his brown paper parcel and his proposition of putting Canadian fish on the Canadian soldiers' menu, the endurance record of Government interviewers had been twelve days, and the man who stayed that long did so not because he was making any headway, but because his expenses were paid and he liked the board at the Chateau Laurier. In addition to the whitefish Hughie took down with him a strong Doric accent, and a pair (or a set, or a brace) of kilts for social functions. As an entertainer, Harry Lauder beats Hughie in the shape of his legs, and in that only. Lauder's voice isn't any better and his smile isn't in the same class, but he has funnier legs.

Hughie was going to run down to Ottawa, sell several million pounds of fish or direct the Government where they could buy them, receive the thanks of his grateful country and maybe a cheque, and go home on the next train. It was a simple and easy little matter, merely to have fish put on the menu of the soldiers, thereby supplying them with cheap nutritious, and palatable fare and at the same time do a good turn for the fishermen in the northern lakes. If there was anything left, Hughie didn't mind taking a share of it himself. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Hungry Soldiers—Cheap Fish—Patriotic and Economical Government—Prosperous Fishermen—also also poor Hughie Green.

You know those revolving doors which have become so popular in late years? Well, it was just like that, only those at Ottawa all empty out on the sidewalk again. Instead of letting you get in anywhere. Hughie started out with a good Chateau breakfast under his belt, even if it did cost enough to keep a northern fisherman for a year, because he calculated he could stand it for once. He had the fish with him in a brown paper parcel. He took the first office he came to in the east block. It did not seem to be a lucky shot.

The official there, who was an impressive looking person, listened to him through a monocle for the space of half a cigarette, and then sniffing at the brown paper parcel and with his face lighting up with intelligence exclaimed:

"Fish! He! Yes. See them at the Marine and Fisheries Department. Quite so! Quite so! Right—o."

And Hughie went out through the revolving doors.

IT took him two days to reach the nethermost caves of the Marine and Fisheries Department, but he considered it time well spent because he saw the Minister himself—the Minister that was, that is.

"Noo," said Hughie to himself, "this is whare I sud hae came for—r—st."

He pictured the department filled with hardy mariners smelling of salt herring, and with oil-skins and sou' westers hanging up behind the doors. He rolled in a "Yo-heave-ho my hearties" salutation but was met by a frigid air of legality. Barring the fact that the typewriter had her hair in Marcel waves, there was not a sign of the briny deep about the place, but as he was being shunted off with a letter of introduction to the Archives Department, the Minister himself entered, and Hughie followed him, with the faithful fish under his arm.

Telling It To the Marines

THE Minister did not deny that it was the Marine and Fisheries Department, but it was the naval end that was occupying his exclusive attention then. If Hughie had only had a model of a new torpedo boat, or a folding periscope he might give him some time, but he did not see that anything could be done with fish just at present. The Department, however, had recently issued a splendidly illustrated booklet, instructing the public on the value of fish as a food, a copy of which could be had by anyone on application. He would advise seeing the Department of Justice, he understood they had some queer fish to deal with there at times.

Being still new at the game of passing the buck, Hughie took the advice and his fish, and once more made the perilous passage through the revolving doors.

At the Justice Department, he got justice, but tempered with very little mercy. Some one next advised Colonel Black of the Militia Department. He saw him.

It must be admitted that the fish by this time had been feeling the effect of its absence from cold storage for a week, and the constant pressure of an arm growing hot with indignation. Every night he had placed it on the outside window ledge to renew the firmness of youth, but time was telling on it. Angus Gordon of the Chateau was threatening to take measures for the protection of his other guests, whose only interest in fish was that they didn't like the smell of it. Hughie's funds were running short. Things both fiscal and fishcal were approaching a crisis.

When he called on Colonel Black he thought it advisable to have the sample loosened up ready to be whipped out at the psychological moment. It was peeping coyly out of the end of the parcel. Colonel Black was a soldier of the old school: stout, red faced, monocled, and fussy.

"Ah!" he said, "Good morning. *Phew—w—!*"

"Good mor—n—ning," said Hughie. "I've juist cam doon frae Saskatoon to see aboot ma—e—nagin' for a diet of—"

"Ah! yes. Quite so. *Phew-w-w!*"

"Of fush for the Indians in the camps, ye ken an' this is a bit of a whitefish frae the northern lakes. Ye understan' that the Indians—"

"Ah! the Indians. *Phew—w—w!* Quite so, but, my dear sir I really—*Phew—w—w!* Oh, Lord! *Phew—w—!*"

"—an' this (proceeding to remove the paper) is a whitefush which I brocht wi'—"

"But really, you know, I do not wish to, ah, to see it. Not in my department, you know. Boots—shovels—shields—cross-belts—Ross rifles—anything but—*Phew—w—w!* Good morning! Lookins, bring me file No 4416 B., and put up all the windows——"

He Meets Sam Hughes

That was enough for Hughie. He had shaken hands with everybody now and delivered all his letters. He decided he would take the train back to Saskatoon, and let the troops eat meat twenty one times a week if the Government insisted, although they might all die of hardening of the arteries. But meantime the newspapermen around Ottawa had begun to take an interest in him and his scheme, and some one suggested that he go direct to Sam Hughes.

"Ay," said Hughie later, "yon's a man. I didna even show him the fush. I juist let him know what the idea was, ye understan', and the trouble I'd been experiencin'. He swore once and whacked a bell twice and the thing was done. 'Fish!' he said, 'that's good brain food, isn't it? God knows it's needed around here! Did you ever get any brains out of it? We'll try it. It looks good to me.'"

Fish, therefore, had arrived. Hughie was sent to Camp Hughes and began feeding the troops there. They thrived on it. In the autumn of 1915 he returned to Ottawa and saw Sir Sam again. He pointed out that it would be a good and economical move to feed the troops in Great Britain with fish, and there might also be a chance of introducing Canadian fish to the civil population there. Again Sir Sam saw the point. He had imagination. He thought the men would appreciate it, and sent a cable of inquiry to General Carson. The answer was satisfactory, and Hughie was ordered to get ready to go over and superintend operations.

"I'll make you a Captain," said Sir Sam. "You'll be Captain of the Fish Marines. First in history."

"Weel, Sir Sam, ye ken a Captain's no a verra big job for a mon wi' all this wor—r—k to dae."

"All right, I'll make you a major. Get your uniform."

Five weeks later, Major Green, as fine a looking officer as ever donned a uniform, and as well qualified for the work he had to do as anyone who could be found in the British Empire, was in Liverpool with his first consignment of 150 000 pounds of Canadian fish. He had hardly landed before the newspapermen scented good copy. It is said that Lord Beaverbrook, who owns the *Daily Express*, set the ball rolling. He put a reporter and a photographer on Hughie's trail.

The Trained Gold Fish

IN New York Hughie had acquired a suitable mascot for the new department of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. It was a gold fish, which he christened Maggie, and he carried it over with him in a glass bowl. Maggie caught the eye of the photographer.

"What have you there, Major?" he inquired.

"What! hae ye no heard o' Maggie? She's a trained fish. She loops the loop, wriggles her back fin, an' toss flip flaps in the water at wur—r—d o' command."

"Hold her up and I'll get her picture."

That started the trouble. The next day there appeared a picture in the *Daily Express* of a major in the British army committing the unspeakable indignity of being photographed in uniform holding up a fish, a gold fish, a trained gold-fish! The War Office very nearly had apoplexy. Major Green was at Shorncliffe superintending the distribution of the first issue of fish rations, which was the most important thing in the world to him then. He received a wire from Canadian Headquarters which read:

"Report at once. Explanation demanded."

It looked as though they really wanted him down at Headquarters but, remember, Hughie was a busy man. He wired back:

"Too busy looking after cooking of fish. Will report on Monday."

WHEN he finally reported, he realized that the matter was serious after all. He rather expected to be led out at dawn and shot, but the War Office was "no so ba—a—d."

"You know, Major Green, you are making a sort of joke of this business," said the Staff Officer. "Have you any explanation?"

"If you only knew the whole story, it's the biggest joke in the wo—r—ld," said the Major. "Noo if ye can see your way clear just tae leave me alone for a little while an' gang along i' ma own way I'll be makin' the British War Office use this Canadian fush, too. I gave up my contract tae feed the camps where I could have made twa thousand dollars a week tae pit on this uniform, but I have anither suit o' clothes wi' me, an' if ye don't like ma ways, I can tak this off."

The interview ended with an order for no further publicity until the Minister came over, which would be in a day or two.

Sir Sam Backs Him Up

WHEN Sir Sam arrived, he wanted to know what was doing.

"This Major Green you sent over—"

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh he's all right, but he—he's got a fish he calls Maggie which he says comes to the top of the water at the bugle call and—"

"Well, why can't he have a mascot as well as anyone else? A lot of these battalions took over bears and wolves, and whatever took their fancy. Why can't Green have his fish?"

"Well, you see, sir, we have had a communication from the War Office saying it is making a joke of the Army, and—"

"The War Office has no sense of humor. Now see here. Leave this man Green alone. If you all put your jobs as well as he puts over his fish, you will do damned well. Leave him alone."

With the "censorship" lifted, Hughie began his publicity campaign for Canadian fish. There was hardly a paper in the British Isles which failed to carry a story. He was an unfailing source of copy, and every week or two he pulled off a new "stunt." Some of the stories he gave out were grave, and some were gay, but all were so interesting that they could not be ignored, and all worked around to the point that Canada could feed the world with fish. He gave a luncheon for some hundreds of newspapermen at which the entire menu consisted of Canadian fish, including one specimen which had been in cold storage for two years. Flavored with Green's stories they pronounced it good, and went forth to herald the praises of Canadian fish, and of Canada's "Fishmonger General." That was a name that stuck. Major Green still gets letters delivered to him addressed "Fishmonger General, Canadian Army." It is on that that he bases his regret in not having asked for a General's uniform when he started out.

A Joke On The Public

HE was responsible for one of the greatest practical jokes perpetrated in Great Britain in years. Finding publicity lagging he got a week's leave, picked out the two biggest salmon in his stock—monsters of forty pounds—and went off ng to Scotland to what had once been a noted salmon stream but which had yielded nothing in recent years. A press photographer went with him. They put up at the local inn, where the proprietor had as his proudest possession a fish of about nineteen pounds, the record for the district, caught many years before, and now enclosed in a glass case on the wall.

"That's a fine fish," he remarked to Hughie, who was examining it critically.

"Oh it's no sae bad. I'm gaein' tae catch twa bigger ones to-morrow."

"You'll not catch any fish around here. No one has got a fish out of the Nith for twenty years."

"We'll see."

The fish were duly "caught," and a thrilling photograph taken of the operation, which appeared in illustrated papers all over the land. Ardent fishermen began to head for the Nith. Hughie has a framed letter from the inn proprietor asking him to stop the circulation of the story, as he could not any longer stand the doubts and recriminations of fishermen who had thronged his place to such an extent that they were sleeping on billiard tables and in outhouses—but catching no fish.

War Office Was Receptive

THE time was now ripe to approach the British War Office, to urge them to put fish on the menu of the British Tommy. The War Office was in a more or less receptive mood. The publicity had begun to have its effect. The officer in charge brightened up at the name of "Green."

"Ah!" he said. "You'll be the chap they call the Fishmonger General. And how is your little performing fish, Maggie?"

This was sufficient introduction. "Maggie" had done the trick. The War Office had a sense of humor. Officials from different quarters were summoned and Hughie had an audience, which was all he needed. They heard enough about Canadian fish to induce them to give the matter consideration. They cabled to the War Purchasing Commission in Canada to buy one and a half million pounds as a sample.

The "sample" was satisfactory, and further orders were placed with Canadian fishermen for 32 million pounds.

With the help of Sir T. B. Robinson, Agent General for Queensland, acting for the Imperial Board of Trade, he got the Australian and New Zealand forces eating our fish. If peace had not come, there is no saying to what dimensions this trade might not have grown.

At the time Sir Sam Hughes went out of office, preparations were under way to supply tinned fish to all the Allied armies, Major Green having consulted with their headquarter officials at Paris. But Sir Sam's successor was not interested in the matter of fish. A page of Hansard for April 11th, 1919, enshrines imperishably the famous name of "Maggie." Mr Devlin called the attention of the Acting Minister of Militia to her appearance in the British press and wanted an explanation. Mr. Kemp frigidly denied any acquaintance, and apparently lost all further interest in fish from that moment.

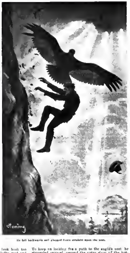
The SUN GAZER

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Kindred of the Wild," "Watchers of the Trails," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Charles G. D. Roberts is one of the best known of Canadian authors. He is famous, particularly, for his stories of the wild. "The Sun Gazer" is the first Roberts story to appear in* MACLEAN'S, *and it is fortunate that it has been possible to obtain the co-operation of Arthur Heming, Canada's animal artist.*



He fell backwards and glanced down straight upon the nest.

TO Jim Horner it seemed as if the great white headed eagle was in some way the uttered word of the mountain and the lake—of the lofty, solitary granite-crested peak and of the deep, solitary water at its base. As his canoe swept down the last mad rapid, and seemed to snatch breath again as it floated out upon the still water of the lake, Jim would rest his paddle across the gunwales and look up expectantly. First his keen, far-sighted grey eyes would sweep the blue arc of sky in search of the slow circling of wide, motionless wings. Then if the blue were empty of that far shape his glance would range at once to a dead pine standing sole on a naked and splintered shoulder of the mountain—which he knew as "Old Baldy." There he was almost sure to see the great bird sitting, motionless and majestic, staring at the sun. Floating idly and smoking, resting after his long battle with the rapids, he would watch till the immensity and the solitude would creep in upon his spirit and oppress him. Then at last, a shrill yelp far off and faint, but sinister, would come from the pine top, and the eagle, launching himself on open wings from his perch, would either wheel upward into the blue or flap away over the serried fir-tops to some ravine in the cliffs that hid his nest.

One day when Jim came down the river and stopped, as usual, to look for the great bird, he scanned in vain both sky and cliffside. At last he gave up the search and paddled on down the lake with a sense of loss. Something had vanished from the splendor of the solitude. But presently he heard, close overhead, the beat and whistle of vast wings; and looking up he saw the eagle passing above him, flying so low that he could catch the hard unwinking, timeless stare of its black and golden eyes as they looked down upon him with a sort of inscrutable challenge. He noted also a peculiarity which he had never seen in any other eagle. This one had a streak of almost black feathers immediately over its left eye, giving it a heavy and sinister eyebrow. The bird carried in the clutch of its talons a big glistening lake trout, probably snatched from the fish-hawk, and Jim was able to take note of the very set of its pinion feathers as the wind hummed in those tense webs. Flying with a massive power quite unlike the ease of his soaring, the eagle mounted gradually up the steep, passed the rocky shoulder with its watch-tower pine, and disappeared over the edge of a ledge which looked to Horner like a mere scratch across the face of the high mountains.

"That's where his nest is sure!" muttered Horner to himself. And remembering that cold challenge in the bird's yellow stare he suddenly decided that he wanted to see the eagle's nest. He had plenty of time. He was in no particular hurry to get back to the settlement and the gossip of the cross-roads store. He turned his canoe to land, lifted her out and hid her in the bushes, and struck back straight for the face of "Old Baldy."

THE lower slope was difficult to climb, a tangle of tumbled boulders and fallen trunks, mantled in the soundless gloom of the fir forest. Skilled woodsman though he was, Horner's progress was so slow, and the windless heat became so oppressive to his impatience that he was beginning to think of giving up the idle venture, when suddenly he came face to face with a perpendicular and impassable wall of cliff. This curt arrest to his progress was just what was needed to stiffen his wavering resolution. He understood the defiance which his ready fancy had read in the stare of the eagle. Well he had accepted the challenge. He would not be baffled by a rock. If he could not climb over it, he would go round it, but he would find the nest.

With an obstinate look in his eyes, Horner began to work his way along the foot of the cliff, toward the right. Taking advantage of every inch of ascent that he could gain, he at last found to his satisfaction that he had made sufficient height to clear the gloom of the woods. As he looked out over their tops a light breeze cooled his wet forehead and he pressed on with fresh vigor. Presently the slope grew a trifle easier, the foothold surer, and he mounted more rapidly. The steely lake and the rough edged black green sea of the fir tops began to unroll below him. At last he rounded an elbow of the steep, and there, before him, upthrust perhaps a hundred feet above his head, stood the outlying shoulder of rock crowned with its dead pine on which he was accustomed to see the eagle sitting. Even as he looked, motionless, there came a rushing of great wings, and suddenly there was the eagle himself erect on his high perch, and staring, as it seemed to Horner, straight into the sun.

When Horner resumed his climbing the great bird turned his head and gazed down upon him with an ironic fixity which betrayed neither dread nor wonder. Concluding that the nest would be lying somewhere within view of its owner's watch tower, Horner now turned his efforts towards reaching the dead pine. With infinite difficulty, and with a few bruises to arm and leg, he managed to cross the jagged crevice which partly separated the jutting rock-piece from the main face of the cliff. Then, laboriously and doggedly, he dragged himself up the splintered slope, still being forced around to the right till there fell away below him a gulf into which it was not good for the nerves to look. Feeling that a fate very different from that of Lot's wife might be his if he should let himself look back too indiscreetly, he kept his eyes upon the lofty goal and pressed on upwards with a haste that now grew a trifle feverish. It began to seem to him that the irony of the eagle's changeless stare might perhaps not be unjustified.

Not till Horner had conquered the steep and, panting but elated, gained the very foot of the pine did the eagle stir. Then spreading his wings with a slow disdain as if not dread but aversion to this unbidden visitor bade him go, he launched himself on a long, splendid sweep over the gulf, and then mounted on a spacious spiral to his inaccessible outlook in the blue. Leaning against the bleached and scarred trunk of the pine Horner watched this majestic departure for some minutes, recovering his breath and drinking deep the rare and vibrant air. Then he turned and scanned the face of the mountain.

THERE it lay in full view—the nest which he had climbed so far to find. It was not more than a hundred yards away. Yet, at first sight, it seemed hopelessly out of reach. The chasm separating the ledge on which it clung from the outlying rock of the pine was not more than twenty feet across, but its bottom was apparently somewhere in the roots of the mountain. There was no way of passing it at this point. But Horner had a faith that there was a way to be found over or around every obstacle in the world if only one kept on looking for it resolutely enough.

To keep on looking for a path to the eagle's nest he struggled onward around the outer slope of the buttress down a rugged incline and across a narrow and dizzy "saddle-back," which brought him presently upon another angle of the steep, facing south-east. Clinging with his toes and one hand, while he wiped his dripping forehead with his sleeve, he looked up and saw the whole height of the mountain, unbroken and daunting, stretched skyward above him.

But to Horner the solemn sight was not daunting in the least.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, grinning with satisfaction. "I hev circumvented that there precipice, sure's shootin'!"

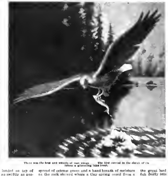
Of the world below he now had a view that was almost overpoweringly unrestricted, but of the mountain and his scene of operations, he could see only the stretch directly above him. A little calculation convinced him however, that all he had to do was to keep straight on up for perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, then, as soon as the slope would permit, work around to his left, and descend upon the nest from above. Incidentally he made up his mind that his return journey should be made by another face of the mountain—any other, rather than that by which he had rashly elected to come.

It seemed to Horner like a mile, that last hundred and fifty yards, but at last he calculated that he had gained enough in height. At the same time he felt the slope grow easier. Making his way toward the left, he came upon a narrow ledge, along which he could move easily sidewise, by clinging to the rock. Presently it widened to a path by which he could walk almost at ease with the wide wild solitude, dark-green laced with silver water-courses, spread like a stupendous amphitheatre far below him. It was the wilderness which he knew so well in detail, yet had never before seen as a whole, and the sight, for a few moments, held him in a kind of awed surprise. When he tore his gaze free from the majestic spectacle—there, some ten or twelve yards below his feet, he saw the object of his quest.

It was nothing much to boast of in the way of architecture, this nest of the King of the Air—a mere cart load of sticks and brush and coarse grass apparently tumbled at haphazard upon the narrow ledge. But, in fact, its foundations were so skilfully wedged into the crevices of the rock, its structure was so cunningly interwoven, that the fiercest winds which scourged that lofty nest were powerless against it. It was a secure throne, no matter what tempests might rage around it.

Sitting half erect on the nest were two eaglets almost full grown, and so nearly full feathered that Horner wondered why they did not take wing at his approach. He did not know that the period of helplessness with these younglings of royal birth lasted even after they looked as big and well able to take care of themselves as their parents. It was a surprise to him also to see that they were quite unlike their parents in color, being black all over from head to tail, instead of a rich brown with snow white head, neck, and tail. As he stared he slowly realized that the mystery of the rare "black eagle" was explained. He had seen one, once, flying heavily just above the tree tops, and imagined it a discovery of his own. But now he reached the just conclusion that it had been merely a youngster in its first plumage.

As he stared, the two young birds returned his gaze with interest, watching him with steady yellow undaunted eyes from under their flat fierce brows. With high shouldered wings half raised, they appeared quite ready to resent any familiarity which the strange intruder might be contemplating.



There was the beat and whistle of vast wings. The bird carried in the clutch of its talons a glistening lake trout.

HORNER lay face downward on his ledge and studied the perpendicular reach below him for a way to reach the next. He had no very definite idea what he wanted to do when he got there, possibly, if the undertaking seemed feasible, he might carry off one of the royal brood and amuse himself with trying to domesticate it. But, at any rate he hoped to add something by a closer inspection, to his rather inadequate knowledge of eagles.

And this hope, indeed, as he learned the next moment was not unjustified. Cautiously he was lowering himself over the edge feeling for the scanty and elusive foothold when all at once the air was filled with a rush of mighty wings which seemed about to overwhelm him. A rigid wing-tip buffeted him so sharply that he lost his hold on the ledge. With a yell of consternation which caused his assailant to veer off startled he fell backwards and plunged down straight upon the nest.

It was the nest only that saved him from instant death. Tough and elastic, it broke his fall, but at the same time its elasticity threw him off and on the rebound he went rolling and bumping on down the steep slopes below the ledge, with the screaming of the eagles in his ears, and a sickening sense in his heart that the sunlit world tumbling and turning somersaults before his blurred sight was his last view of life. Then to his dim surprise he was brought up with a thump and clutching desperately at a bush which scraped his face he lay still. At the same moment a flapping mass of feathers and flame claws landed on top of him but only to scramble off again as swiftly as possible with a hoarse squawk. He had struck one of the young eagles in his fall, hurled it from the nest, and brought it down with him to this lower ledge which had given him so timely a refuge.

For several minutes perhaps he lay clutching the bush desperately and staring straight upwards. Then he saw both parent eagles whirling excitedly, screaming and staring down at him, and then the edge of the nest, somewhat dilapidated by his strange assault, overhanging the ledge about thirty feet above him. At length his wits came back to him, and he cautiously turned his head to see if he was in danger of falling if he should relax his hold on the bush. He was in bewildering pain, which seemed distributed all over him, but in spite of it he laughed aloud, to find that the bush to which he hung so desperately, was in a little hollow on a spacious ledge, from which he could not have fallen by any chance. At that strange, uncomprehended sound of human laughter the eagles ceased their screaming for a few moments, and wheeled further aloof.

With great difficulty and anguish, Horner raised himself to a sitting position and tried to find out how seriously he was hurt. One leg was quite helpless. He felt it all over, and came to the conclusion that it was not actually broken, but for all the uses of a leg, for the present at least, it might as well have been putty except for the fact that it pained him abominably. His left arm and shoulder too seemed to be little more than useless incumbrances, and he wondered how so many bruises and sprains could find place on one place on one human body of no more than average size. However, having assured himself with infinite relief, that there were no bones broken, he set his teeth grimly and looked about to take account of the situation.

II

THE ledge on which he had found refuge was apparently an isolated one about fifty or sixty feet in length and vanishing with the face of the sheer cliff at either end. It had a width of perhaps twenty five feet, and its surface fairly level held some soil in its rocky hollows. Two or three dark green seedling firs, and a slim young silver birch, a patch or two of wind-beaten grass, and some clumps of harebells, azure as the clear sky overhead, softened the harshness of this tiny, high-flung terrace. In one spot, at the back, a spread of intense green and a hand breadth of moisture on the rock showed where a tiny spring oozed from a crevice to keep this lonely oasis in the granite alive and fresh.

At the farthest edge of the shelf and eyeing him with savage dread sat the young eagle, which had fallen with him. Horner noticed, with a kind of sympathy that even the bird, for all his wings, had not come out of the affair without some damage, for one of its black wings was not held up so snugly as the other. He hoped it was not broken. As he mused vaguely upon this unimportant question the pain so exhausted him that he sank back, and lay once more staring up at the eagles, who were still wheeling excitedly over the nest. In an exhaustion that was partly sleep and partly coma his eyes closed. When he opened them again the sun was hours lower and far advanced toward the west, so that the ledge was in shadow. His head was not perfectly clear, and his first thought was of getting himself back to the canoe. With excruciating effort he dragged himself to the edge of the terrace and looked down. The descent, at this point, was all but perpendicular for perhaps a hundred feet. In full possession of his powers he would find it difficult enough. In his present state, he saw dimly that he might just as well throw himself over as attempt it.

Not yet disheartened, however, he dragged himself slowly toward the other end of the terrace where the young eagle sat watching him. As he approached, the bird lifted its wings, as if about to launch himself over and dare the element which he had not yet learned to master. But one wing dropped, as if injured, and he knew the attempt would be fatal. Opening his beak angrily, he hopped away to the other end of the terrace. But Horner was paying no heed to birds at that moment. He was staring down the steep and realizing that this ledge, which had proved his refuge was now his prison, and not unlikely to become also his tomb.

Sinking back against a rock and gritting his teeth with pain, he strove to concentrate his attention upon the problem that confronted him. Was he to die of hunger on this high solitude before he could recover sufficiently to climb down? The thought stirred all his dogged determination. He would keep alive, and that was all there was about it. He would get well, and then the climbing down would be no great matter. This point settled, he dismissed it from his consideration, and turned his thoughts to ways and means. After all, there was that little thread of a spring trickling from the rock. He would have enough to drink. And as for food—how much worse it would have been had the ledge been a bare piece of rock? Here he had some grass, and the roots of herbs and bushes. A man could keep himself alive on such things if he had will enough. And, as a last resort, there was the young eagle! This idea, however, was anything but attractive to him, and it was with eyes of good-will rather than of appetite that he glanced at his fellow prisoner sitting motionless at the other extremity of the ledge.

"It'll be hard lines, pardner, if I should hev' to eat you, after all!" he muttered with a twisted kind of grin. "We're both of us in a hole, sure enough, an' I'll play fair as long's I kin!"

AS he mused, a great shadow passed over his head and looking up he saw one of the eagles hovering low above the ledge. It was the male, his old acquaintance, staring down at him from under that strange, black brow. He carried a large fish in his talons, and was plainly anxious to feed his captive young, but not quite ready to approach this mysterious man-creature who had been able to invade his eyrie as if with wings. Horner lay as still as a stone watching through half-closed lids. The young eagle, seeing food so near, opened its beak wide and croaked eagerly, while the mother bird larger but wilder and less resolute than her mate circled aloof with sharp cries of warning. At last, unable any longer to resist the appeals of his hungry youngster, the great bird swooped down over him, dropped the fish fairly into his clutches, and slanted away with a hurried flapping which betrayed his nervousness.

As the youngster fell ravenously upon his meal, tearing and gulping the fragments, Horner drew a deep breath.

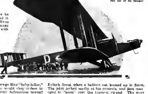
"That's where I come in, pardner," he explained.

Continued on page 67

BOMBING *the* BOCHE

Further Exploits of the Night Fliers

By Lieut. J. VERNON McKENZIE



A Handley Page being run out of its hangar

"UNDER no circumstances is the aerodrome at Speyerdorp to be attacked by any of our squadrons."

This notice posted on the bulletin board of the squadron one afternoon, naturally aroused the curiosity of everyone, and in searching for the *raison d'être* one of the most interesting stunts that almost came off, during the concluding days of the war, was disclosed.

The plan was daringly conceived by two officers, an English lieutenant and a Canadian captain who previously had won fame and a D.F.C. apiece, by bombing Mannheim from a height of 200 feet. Their idea was nothing less than landing in the Hun aerodrome, burning up the enemy's machines and hangars, and taking a chance on making a clean get-away!

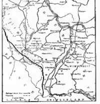
A specially-constructed Handley Page was to be used and fitted up so that besides the pilot and observer twelve men could be carried. Several of these men, probably eight, were to be armed with an English adaptation of the *Flammenwerfer* and the others were to be equipped with machine guns. On some suitable night—neither too dark nor too moon lit—these daring adventurers planned to glide down and land in the centre of Speyerdorp 'drome. On the majority of nights it is next to impossible to tell whether a machine is friend or foe until it is very close; in fact, on many a night even the members of a squadron cannot identify their fellows until they hear a voice shouting from the dark *after* the landing.

Having thus landed in the centre of the Hun 'drome, probably still unsuspected, the men armed with the flame-throwers were to rush forward and set enemy hangars and machines on fire. Meanwhile the machine gunners would keep off any attacking Huns and endeavor to protect the fire-squad enabling them gradually to effect a withdrawal to the waiting Handley. As soon as the Hun hangars, machines and gasoline reserve stocks were blazing merrily away and the invaders had scrambled back into the machine, the pilot and observer planned to take off quickly, and trust to the elements of surprise and dash and incidental confusion to enable all concerned to make a safe return!

This is another of those plans of which the breaking out of peace prevented the consummation. Speyerdorp was chosen because it was necessary in this coup to attack an enemy 'drome large enough to permit a landing and a take-off in the same direction (into wind, of course) without turning around for a fresh start.

Huns Got the First Handley

THE very first Handley Page built was landed in a German aerodrome—and stayed there. It was quite inadvertent, and was really one of the minor disasters of the war. For many months the fact was carefully concealed from the public but eventually it was admitted that a British pilot, early in 1917, flew a Handley Page over to France, got lost in a fog, came out of the fog just in time to see stretched below him an inviting-looking aerodrome, and immediately made a beautiful landing — at Lille. His astonishment and rage when he realized his machine was the only one there without a black cross on its wings and fuselage may be better imagined than described.



Near Nancy was the I.A.F. headquarters. The places marked with a small, hollow circle were bombed by the I.A.F. during 1918

He and his machine were taken into custody before he had time to get off again, and it was this machine which the Huns used as the model for their famous Gothas which raided London with such surprise effect July 7, 1917. They lost no time in copying a good thing when they got it.

A Canadian officer who was in the R.A.F. for nearly two years had an opportunity to discuss frankly with a well educated German bombing pilot, captured in one of the 1917 raids over England, some of the aspects of his 'business.' Just what kind of a man was the average Hun "baby-killer," as they were curiously called, who would obey orders to drop bombs indiscriminately over defenceless towns? This question has often been asked.

The 3rd German bombing squadron, stationed in flights at St. Denis Westrem, Gontrode and Mariakerke aerodromes, Belgium, with an establishment of about thirty machines, undertook practically all the aeroplane raids over England. It was outfitted after July, 1917, with Gothas, though its first raid over England took place May 25, 1917, in a smaller 'bus. The squadron commander who led the first raid was Hauptmann Brandenburg, but he did no more flying until 1918 as he broke his leg while flying to the Kaiser's headquarters in June to get his Iron Cross!

The martinet of Hun air leaders Klein, succeeded to the command, and he ordered others on raids in all sorts of weather, with the result that heavy casualties resulted from smashes in landing the unwieldy machines, and several were lost at sea.

London was always given as the objective, but many a Hun crew lost their nerve after they had passed the North Foreland, and started for the mouth of the Thames. The stout-hearts pushed on, but at the first sound of gun fire many others released their bombs promiscuously and made for home. Until German Air Headquarters refused to accept their reports, they stated 'the bombs fell among hostile shipping.'

London defenses soon became effective. The anti-aircraft barrage was perfected so that very few Huns got through it. Scout machines attacked them at all stages of the journey. Even after these had been encountered, there was still another peril. There were suspended from balloons, thousands of feet above London a vast system of nets which would have cut the most powerful machine in two. These were known as "balloon aprons." The Huns never knew quite where these nets were, as several were hung in far-out suburbs. After every trip the danger of the "aprons" was magnified. In one of the early 1918 raids a Riesen Gotha (a "super" machine) struck the cable of one of these nets with its left wing tip, spun half around, and dropped 600 feet before the terror stricken pilot could regain control.

Another machine was being hotly chased by a British Scout when a balloon net loomed up in front. The pilot jerked madly at his controls, and just managed to 'zoom' over the topmost strand. The more mobile pursuer jerked his "joy stick" back and went 'over the top' too, hot after his huge quarry.

During the last raid over London, Whit Monday, 1918, the Germans lost seven machines shot down, and three more crashed on landing.

This May raid 'put the wind up' the German Air Headquarters to such an extent that orders for future raids were countermanded and no more took place.

An insight into the character of the Gotha crews—the best pilots refused the work—is gained from a semi-official British report which says:

"When orders came through for an attack on England two hours before the start runners were sent post haste to search the brothels and drinking shops of Ghent to warn the personnel. They were a motley and blackguardly lot—officers hated by the men and every one detested by the civil populations around their aerodromes on whom they forced their unwelcome attention.

"They returned (from Ghent) to the aerodromes to find the machines already run out from the hangars by the ground personnel and at five-minute intervals they rose in the darkness for the two and one-half hour flight to the Thames. It was common enough for several of these pilots to find at the moment of starting a "defect" sufficient to send them back for their beer.

"Of the machines which started one-fourth never reached the English coast, and of those that crossed one half turned back before reaching London. . . .

"They bombed the fortifications of London as an assassin might throw a grenade into a crowded theatre—certain of hitting something, but whether it was the shelter of women and children or a veterans hospital they cared not. Their object was moral effect. The result was a moral effect in their own ranks which led to mutiny."

The Spirit of the British

BRITISH pilots were instructed to bomb their objectives or certain specified military alternatives—NEVER to indulge in indiscriminate bombing. In the light of the above on German morale—and morality—contrast what General Trenchard, head of the Independent Air Force has to say of British bombers:

"The courage and determination shown by the pilots and observers were magnificent. There were cases in which a squadron lost the greater part of its machines on a raid, but this in no wise damped the other squadrons' keenness to avenge their comrades and to attack the same target again and at once.

"Even when a squadron lost the greater part of its machines, the pilots instead of taking it as a defeat for the Force at once turned it into a victory by attacking the same targets again with the utmost determination. I never saw, even when our losses were heaviest, any wavering in their determination to get well into Germany.

"On several occasions the machines with only five and a quarter hours' petrol were out for that time, in one case a formation was out for five hours and thirty minutes, and it only just managed to clear the front line trenches on its homeward journey. A *miscalculation of five minutes would have lost the whole formation.*"

"WHAT'S your ceiling?" That is a question which meant more to the day bombers than the night birds, for the former frequently had to fight all the way out to their objective and then all the way back. A squadron's "ceiling" is the utmost height which it can count on attaining, and therefore if a British squadron had a ceiling 1,000 feet-2,000 feet higher than the enemy, they could conduct their bombing with immunity.

July 31, 1918, No. 99 squadron, with nine machines, started to raid Mainz and while passing south of Saarbrücken were attacked by forty hostile scouts. Four of our machines were shot down. The others reached Saarbrücken, dropped bombs on the station and on their return lost three more machines. Thus, only two out of nine, got back.

Some squadrons later got machines which enabled them to extend their ceiling so that they could fly 1,000 feet or more higher than the Huns. But they showed a disinclination to keep such a ceiling, the Canadian pilots especially, actually preferred to *fly lower* so that they *could fight*. And there were plenty of British pilots and observers simply spoiling for a fight. One Bruce County, Ontario, boy, Lieut. Don Stewart, accounted for half a dozen Huns this way.

A Canadian Exploit in Italy

IN Italy bombing and machine gun strafeing went hand in hand, and the British soon obtained such an extraordinary supremacy that a fight on anything like even terms became a novelty.

One Toronto aviator, Lieut. W. W. McBain, now a Dental student, was always looking for excitement, and one day got all that he was looking for and then some.

"What'll we do to-day?" he asked his Flight Commander on a bright morning last summer, when things were dull.

"Oh take a few 'pills,' and drop them in the 'Tag' wherever you can find any Austrian lorries or ammunition wagons," he was instructed.

So 'Mac' set out for the "Tag"—that is, the Tagliamento. He was flying a "Camel," and carried four twenty-pound bombs. His next twenty-four hours were certainly crowded with incident.

"After flying for a short time around 1,000 feet," said 'Mac' telling his story next day, "I spotted twenty wagons, and came down to 200 feet to have a good look. I dropped my 'eggs' one by one as I swooped down over the convoy and sure made a scatteration.

"Then I did a hair-pin turn, and came back over the same road to treat them to a few bursts from my Vickers. But they were right there with that machine gun stuff too and from both sides of the road started pumping lead into my 'bus. None of them got a 'bull' on me however, and soon all quit but one persistent beggar. He got right on, and his first shot went through my induction pipe. A second later he zipped one through the engine and then followed this up by shooting the elbow off the induction pipe.

"The flames shot back into my face and nearly blinded me. I saw I was over a wood, and decided to pancake on top of it. Just then I caught a glimpse of a bare spot on the edge of the woods, and managed to side-slip on to it.

"I landed right side up and started to burn the machine. Some of the Austrian machine gunners came at me before I could finish the job, and I hiked across the fields, like the very devil, and you must remember like a Polar bear.

"I spotted an Italian (this being occupied territory) and gasped

"'Inglese Aviatore! Inglese Aviatore!'

"He shook his head; he didn't have the nerve to help me. So I scrambled along a few more fields and met another Italian, and with my last breath panted

"'Inglese Aviatore!'

"He took me into a house near by, put some old, dirty rags on me, hid my own clothes, and then hustled me away to another shack a mile further on, to throw my pursuers off my track.

"When I got there a Sicilian came up, with about a fortnight's growth of beard—and kissed me on both cheeks, welcoming me until my face was almost raw. Then his daughter ventured in, timidly, and I thought if she'd give me the same dose it would be like the 'Italian balm' I'd heard of—but she was too shy.

"I was hidden in an attic room, no windows, and given a meagre meal. At eight some Italian scouts who had worked their way through a break in the line came to the house, and after several hours' creeping and crawling under their guidance, I got back to our side."

Finding the Lost Yank

ANOTHER Canadian Lieut. Norman Hemley, D.F.C., of Oshawa, Ontario, and Red Deer, Alta., had a peculiar adventure. He went off one morning in company with a Yank named Redner to 'show him' the latter on his first trip over the line. They toddled off, dropped their "pills," and then became separated in a cloud. Hemley flew around for an hour or so, but couldn't locate Redner and went home.

"Where's Yank?" he was greeted with as he taxi-ed in toward the Flight hangar.

"Dunno; isn't he back?"

"No chance, guess he's 'pipped'; thought you'd have him in tow," said the Flight Commander.

Hemley said nothing, but had some more gasoline put in, and then took off without orders. He wanted to locate Redner if possible.

He dropped out of a cloud and found himself in the middle of eleven Hun Scouts. A 'dog-fight' ensued and in the melee 'Hem' shot down one or two of his opponents, had his middle finger carried off by a bullet, but managed to stagger home.

"There he found that Yank also had met the same bunch of scouts, and his plane had been shot in almost every conceivable place, but he had had the luck of a beginner backed up with plenty of pluck, and he also had eluded the Austrians.

"Was Yank hit?" asked 'Hem' as he climbed out of the 'bus, staggering a bit through loss of blood, a khaki handkerchief wrapped around one hand where only a stump of a finger showed.

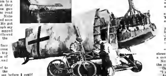
"Nary a scratch," said the Flight Commander. "You're sure a couple of lucky devils."

The Austrian Who Came Back

ONE Austrian aviator bore a charmed life on this front. Only three trips did he make over the line—and twice he was shot down. His very first venture over the lines he met Major Barker, V.C.,—who afterwards became famous for his fight in France, single-handed, with sixty Huns.

Barker slipped a few bullets through his opponent's tank, and the machine fell in flames. But the Austrian jumped out in a parachute, and floated safely to earth!

A few weeks' rest and back he came to fight another day, carrying some bombs to drop on a British 'drome. His second trip was comparatively uneventful; he merely got a few holes in his wings.



Two [illegible] Highlanders examining the [illegible] "Tin Lizzie" of the air—a Hun machine armored—it is supposed to be proof against our M.G. bullets when it was trench-strafeing and doing low bombing. In the upper left hand corner is shown a snapshot of a Handley-Page which landed "on its nose."

The third time over with his load of "eggs" he got mixed up with some British 'Archies,' and his bus flopped helplessly toward the earth.

"Three's a goner," said one of the A. A. battery that scored the hit.

But this wasn't true, a few seconds later a part of the machine was seen to detach itself from the main mass and the astonished anti-aircraft chaps saw the Austrian pilot float down serenely, almost on top of them, and land with scarcely a bump!

He was taken to the British squadron mess where he was wined, dined—and pumped—and here he related his unique adventures.

ONE Canadian, a member of 20 squadron in France was shot down in flames from 10,000 feet, and lived to tell the tale. This was Lieut. "Bill" Bickett, formerly of the 128th Battalion, Regina. But he didn't come down in a parachute!

Almost exactly two years ago, while flying in an F.E., and carrying a few bombs to place where they'd do most good, Lt. Bickett who was the observer and his pilot got mixed up with some Huns and had their gasoline tank shot through when at 10,000 feet. The old 'bus burst into flames, and, as it was a 'pusher—engine and propeller behind—the pilot put her into a nose dive.

Bickett turned around in his seat—which was in front—and played the fire extinguisher on his pilot's face to keep off the flames. In a very few seconds they were down to 4,000 feet but it was getting mighty hot, particularly as the tank was under the pilot's seat and the flames were roaring around him.

"Let's jump, Bill!" cried the pilot.

"No chance; let's stick it," shouted Bickett, and held the pilot down with his hands. The latter gritted his teeth and kept partial control of the 'bus. Bickett in telling me the story a few months later said:

"When we got down to 2,000 feet the engine dropped out of the machine, its supports burned away. At 400 feet the bottom of the nacelle fell out of my cock pit and I clung to the sides. The last thing I remember is at about 100 feet where the pilot, with a last desperate effort managed to flatten out. We managed to land, more or less intact, and waked up several days later in a hospital, side by side in nice white beds."

After a few months in the hospital, to recover from several burns and broken bones, both men were discharged, and in the autumn of 1918, Bickett was passed "Fit G.S." for the Infantry!

Now I believe he's back safe in Saskatchewan, after one of the most hair-raising of the war's aerial experiences.

ONE British pilot had the 'distinction' of bombing both the Portuguese and R.F.C., G.H.Q., during the same night. No. — squadron was instructed to do some night flying, and as they had never flown after dark before the pilots went up for practice flights. One chap took along four 20-pound bombs, and after a short time got lost in the mist.

He flew until he decided he was well over the lines, and pulled his bomb release gear. He then headed back for the home aerodrome, the mist having vanished. Just to make assurance doubly sure—as pilots don't like to land with bombs on—he pulled the bomb "toggle" again. He couldn't see any familiar landmarks so landed in a snow-covered field that he spotted.

Some men came doubling up to him, and he informed them that he was lost. They gave him his directions and then said:

"Some blithering idiot has been dropping bombs near here, the searchlights spotted him as one of our own chaps. Two bombs dropped 100 yards from G.H.Q., and got the General out of bed."

"That's too bad," said G——. "Awfully careless of anyone, y' know, cheer oh," and he took off, narrowly missing a snow bank.

Next morning he was summoned early to the major's orderly room.

"Did you bomb G.H.Q. last night?"

"I'm afraid I did, sir," G—— admitted.

"And here's a message from Signals saying that about twenty minutes earlier some one bombed the Portuguese front line trenches. Our squadron was the only one in this locality flying last night, and all the machines were home at that hour but yours. Well?"

G—— rubbed his nose thoughtfully, and then said:

"I guess I'm 'it' again, sir. I thought I was well over in Hun land."

"Well, you made a rotten start, you didn't do any harm to the Portuguese, except to put the everlasting breeze up them," the C.O. remarked.

It's not yet safe to ask G—— who bombed G.H.Q.? As for the Portuguese ——. One Canadian who did no flying but accomplished a great deal for the R.A.F. in England and France, is Lt.-Col. Fetherstonhaugh, well-known as an engineer in the West and along the T. and N.O. railway. He supervised the building of

Continued on page 71

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION—

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Is Prohibition Pendulum Swinging Back?

Will Canada
Become 'bone' dry?
Go back to the open bar? or
Effect a compromise, as by the sanctioning of beer and wine licenses?

SIR THOMAS WHITE, acting Premier of Canada, stated on March 14 that the "Government's war policy of preventing the manufacture, importation, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors above a certain strength for the duration of the war and one year afterward would be made further effective by validating legislation during the present session.

But —

Before this duration-and-a-year more law lapses four of the provinces, at least, are likely to submit to their respective voters referenda which conflict with the Dominion legislation.

Between April 1 and 15, the province of Quebec will vote on a plebiscite which, according to the Toronto *Globe*, will decide "whether or not the drinking of 5 per cent. beer and 13 per cent. wines be allowed."

It is semi-officially stated that a somewhat similar referendum may be submitted to the people of Ontario in September next. In what form it will be submitted, has not been announced. A number of Ontario newspapers believe that it will not be a straight issue on the question of repeal or continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act, and agree with the Kitchener *News Record* that "there will in all probability be an alternative covering light beer and wines."

A "Moderate Party" which will work for amendment of the existing prohibition law, has been formed in British Columbia with Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C., K.C.M.G., as one of the leading members of its executive. Its object, says the Vancouver *Province*, is not to obtain the return of the bar, but to advocate

"... that the Government retain the sale and control of spirituous liquors and heavy wines to be sold under proper restrictions and regulations in quantities having a reasonable limit; that the sale of beer and light wines be permitted under proper regulations, and that the penalties for intoxication be increased."

In New Brunswick there is a movement on foot for "an increase in the alcoholic percentage of beer now permitted," but Premier Foster has announced, says the St. John *Standard*, "that there will be no increase ... until the matter has been referred to the people of New Brunswick."

In the other two Maritime provinces and also the three prairie provinces editorial writers are taking no interest in the prohibition question which indicates that it is a three sided issue.

Until 1919 was several weeks advanced there seemed to be little doubt but that Canada would be 'bone dry' May 1, when the province of Quebec was due to come into alignment with the other eight. As recently as February 8, the Toronto *Globe*, in an editorial headed "The Courage of Sir Lomer," takes occasion to congratulate the Quebec Premier in the following words:

"Great pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government of Quebec for such a modification of the law as would permit the issue of wine and beer licenses after May 1st, when the saloons of Quebec Province must close under the prohibitory law. It is greatly to the credit of Sir Lomer Gouin that he resisted the pressure which came not only from men engaged in the liquor traffic who have long been his political friends but also from a considerable element of the working-men of the Province."

Less than a month later the Gouin Government introduced its bill for a "beer and wine" referendum.

"The swing toward temperance in Quebec has been wonderfully rapid," says the Toronto *Globe*, but it adds that in this province "prohibition needs friends."

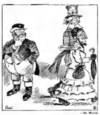
The campaign in Quebec against prohibition was initiated by the brewers and distillers, who placed page ads in most of the provincial newspapers, some of them signed by an impressive array of names of prominent lawyers, doctors, merchants, and judges, giving the "wet" side of the argument. The Quebec *Telegraph* suggested that the "neutrals" get together and form a party of their own:

"It is a rather remarkable feature of the campaigns for and against prohibitory liquor legislation that, after all, a comparatively small proportion of the population is concerned in the battle on either side. The man of moderate opinions is found in neither camp. He is only benevolently neutral. And yet he finds with him probably the great majority of the population.

"Would it not be well to change this anomalous situation? The one way to do it is to organize a moderate party, a middle party, a center party, call it what you will, but a party representing the great bulk of the people who are opposed to intemperance and the abusive influences of liquor and the open bar as they have been seen in the past, but who yet believe these things should, and can, be eliminated without trenching upon the elements of personal liberty and natural law."

The *Telegraph* continues its campaign to "avoid extremes," and a few days later says:

"What we want is an enthusiastic movement for a policy of moderation. A man need not be an extremist to be an enthusiast. And we believe that the policy we have advocated for a moderate settlement of the liquor problem should enlist the hearty endorsation of the great mass of the people who hate abuses but love freedom."



—By Morris

John Bull: "I wonder what in all Sammy sees in 'er?"

The Quebec *Chronicle* appears to favor prohibition—if it can be enacted and enforced and says:

"No one would be the worse for it and many people would be the better if a sufficient majority of the population were prepared to accept and enforce the principle of prohibition but, failing such a majority, it is evident that the premature application of the principle would only lead to worse abuse.

"If it is open to question whether opinion is prepared to sanction complete abstinence, there is little doubt of its readiness to accept the abolition of spirits so long as beer and wines are retained, and this is at least a step upward."

The French-Canadian press do not, as a whole, come out strongly in favor of beer and wine licenses, but they unite in asserting that a referendum on the question must be submitted to the electorate. "The provincial Government," says *La Tribune* of Sherbrooke, "has adopted the only logical solution in the circumstances. Public opinion is too divided on the question of wine and beer for the Government to accept the responsibility of passing a law which would offer violence to the will of the people."

L'Evenement, of Quebec states that the majority of the provincial legislature favor beer and wine licenses, but that such a majority prevails throughout the constituencies it is not so certain. It expresses its own views quite frankly:

"We will be satisfied with a definite law forbidding the sale of *strong* alcoholic drinks, and permitting the sale of wine and beer, but we are absolutely opposed to the maintenance of the bar even of those where light beers only might be sold."

Henri Bourassa's paper, *Le Devoir*, has only words of the highest praise for the anti-alcoholic campaign of education being conducted in Quebec.

Several French Canadian papers, including *Le Droit*, of Ottawa, *La Semaine Religieuse*, of Quebec, and *l'Action Catholique* point out that the rigour of prohibition must not be such as to interfere with the celebration of the sacraments. *Le Droit* quotes Cardinal Gibbons to the effect that "if the Catholic religion has need of alcoholic drinks for their sacraments, then suppress the sacraments." This journal suggests that "under the cover of the prohibition struggle there is an endeavor to strike a mortal blow at the Catholic religion in preventing the 'legal' celebration of the sacrament." *L'Action Catholique* affirms its belief that the extremists (Prohibitionists) intend to make it impossible for the priest, the doctor, and the manufacturer to procure alcohol; it advises the formation of a party "les moderes", and appeals to all its readers to aid in the rigid enforcement of the Scott Act now largely in force in the province of Quebec.

The Montreal *Standard* warns the prohibitionists that "the present is not a good time to tyrannize."

"The Quebec Government is being denounced in prohibition circles for leaving the question of light wines and beers to be decided by the people of the province. This, despite the fact that the bar is to be abolished in its few remaining centres and strong drink for beverage purposes forbidden sale anywhere. The attitude is stern and unbending and calculated to antagonize moderate persons even of the teetotal class."

Ontario newspapers expect that the next six months will see a campaign between the prohibitionists and the party the Windsor, Ont., *Border Cities Star* has dubbed 'the half wets.' "There is a re-action against prohibition," says the Hamilton *Herald*; "the anti-prohibition tide in the Government is running strong," remarks the Peterborough *Examiner*; "there is a rising feeling against prohibition," thinks the Kingston *Standard*; the existing law "disgusts the people with prohibition legislation," asserts the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*; "the present law," the Toronto *World* believes, "has been brought more or less into contempt," owing to the maladministration of the Ontario Temperance Act.

No one believes the "open bar" will ever return. The Guelph *Herald* says:

"Someone asked the other day if there was the slightest likelihood of the bars coming back in Ontario. Not the slightest chance in the world. There may be an agitation to continue the sale of light wines and beers, but I doubt if it will succeed."

The St. Catharines *Journal* believes it possible that "a restricted sale under licensed depots might be a half way measure that would meet with the support of the majority," but emphasizes that:

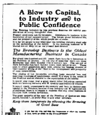
"So far as the *Journal* has been able to interpret public opinion there is no widespread desire to have the Province go back to the open bar."

"Beer and wine licenses," asserts the Toronto *Globe*, "mean the return of the bar. Does Ontario want that?" Ontario doesn't, in the opinion of the Toronto *Star*, which says:

"Various proposals for compromise will doubtless be put forward, but the vote of Ontario will probably be for a prohibition that prohibits. The vote, when it is taken, will, under the Act, be between prohibition as we have it or a return to the high license law which was suspended in 1918? Is there any doubt as to the result of such a vote?"

There is general satisfaction with the announcement that a referendum will be held. "Prohibition has nothing to fear from a campaign of education," asserts the Toronto *Globe*.

"This is the most satisfactory way of dealing with the subject, provided that the terms of the referendum are really wide-open, and provide no means for either the prohibition party or the liquor interests for jockeying," says the Kingston *Standard*.



A Blow to Capital, to Industry *and* to Public Confidence

[illegible]

The Brewing Business is the Oldest Manufacturing Business in Canada

[illegible]

Keep them temperate by allowing the Brewing of Good Beer

[illegible]

QUEBEC BREWERS ASSOCIATION

[illegible]

Quebec Province brewers conducted their campaign for beer and wine referendum principally through the medium of page ads in the newspapers. This is a specimen ad. Note coat of arms.

The Peterborough *Review* expresses itself similarly:

"No Government without a direct mandate would be justified in fastening upon the Province a measure so drastic and one in which the line of popular cleavage is so clearly defined."

"The only just way," says the London *Free Press*. "The voters will have the opportunity of expressing their wish to continue or discontinue the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicants. What does Mrs. Grundy say?"

Each province, with the possible exception of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, agrees that whatever particular and individual brand of prohibition act now exists in its locality is not being adequately enforced. The Toronto *World* claims that such inadequate administration as exists in Ontario "gives a set back to prohibition." It is "poor man's prohibition," thinks the *World*, since the "rich man with a fairly inexhaustible stock of booze in his cellar can laugh at the laws. Before Toronto became 'bone' dry many wealthy men brought in liquor from Quebec to the value of $10,000, $20,000, or even $30,000 and stocked it for their own use. less fortunate members of the community have to get a bottle of rot-gut from a bootlegger at eight dollars a bottle."

"Those who desire to purchase liquor should not find the possession of much wealth a necessary qualification," argues the Brantford *Expositor*.

The difficulties of enforcement are universally recognized. The Toronto *Globe* says:

"It is exasperating to the people of Ontario to find that liquor is still pouring into the Province."

The Toronto *World* believes that:

"... the difficulties of the provincial authorities were greatly increased by the action of the Dominion Government in prohibiting inter-provincial traffic. The cornerstone of the Ontario Temperance Act was the right of the householder to freely import and when that right was taken away by the Dominion Government the carefully constructed provincial statute fell into hopeless confusion."

The Toronto and provincial press almost every day for several months have carried stories of seizures of wet goods imported in the guise of "machinery," "soap," etc., from Quebec. This situation apparently tickled the risibilities of the Vancouver *Daily Times* humorist who writes in delightful vein under the "shocked" heading "What? In Toronto?"

"We confess to being greatly shocked by the numerous reports of the seizure of liquor illegally imported into Toronto from Montreal. Illicit transactions in Western Canada are bad enough, but we always have learned from Toronto to look for more or less of that sort of thing in the West where, unhappily, the less righteous dwell.

"To think that in Toronto itself, the model and exemplar to which we have been urged so often to raise our eyes, the headquarters of the numerous uplift movements which having first purged their own field of all iniquity, extended their ramifications into the realms of the less godly, is almost heart-rending. We did not imagine there was a solitary individual in that community who would ever dream of violating the prohibition law; indeed all along we have felt confident that if there was one place in America where the final vestige of a thirst would disappear immediately the prohibitory ordinances appeared in the official gazettes, where devotees of Bacchus would be converted into stern abstainers overnight, it was Toronto."

Considerable 'grouching' is done by many editorial writers at various inequalities of the Ontario Temperance Act. The London *Advertiser* objects because the fine for breaking the law is so much higher when the "booze is on you, than when it is in you."

The Toronto *Globe*, Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*, the Brockville *Recorder and Times*, and many other papers score a law which encourages the employment of "decoys and hirelings" for the purpose of ensnaring some luckless person into making an illegal sale. "People recoil at such debasing tactics," says the *Recorder and Times*.

"No respectable person will countenance the bootlegger. At the same time the public does not approve of paying out inducements for people breaking the law in order to seduce someone else away from the path of rectitude."

New Brunswick, says the St. John *Standard*, may expect a referendum on the strength of the beer to be allowed—but "not until the soldiers have returned." The Fredericton *Gleaner* believes:

"The Government amendment to the Liquor Act will apparently be based upon the principle that if we must have liquor the best is none too good, and we must have the best at a moderate price. Poor liquor or bad liquor is worse than poor codfish; it is abominable, and we should not be obliged to use it."

Nova Scotia anticipates no change in the law, but the Sydney, N.S., *Record* scores the "liquor interests" for continuing to ship it into the province:

"Liquor interests continue to make shipments as often as they can escape detection. What other business in this or any other civilized country would deliberately and persistently follow the policy of law breaking? There is none. The rum business stands alone as utterly lawless and utterly heartless."

Prince Edward Island papers agree that the Prohibition Commission has carried on its work "faithfully, methodically and unostentatiously." "Under the new act," says the Charlottetown *Guardian*, "the administration is out of politics, and complete control of the liquor traffic is practicable as it never had been heretofore." Complaint that illegal shipments into the Island are being made is also alleged.

In Manitoba there have been many arrests for breach of the Manitoba Temperance Act, and "bootleggers have involved some five hundred well known Winnipeg people in an embarrassing scandal" by their confessions, says the Winnipeg *Telegram*. The *Telegram* gave a blow to its sentiments on the prohibition question in a recent issue when it "played up" very prominently a despatch from England to the effect that the workers wanted more beer, under the heading "Prohibition is not popular in England."

Saskatchewan papers report numbers of arrests and convictions of bootleggers, but the daily papers do not express any degree of dissatisfaction with the current temperance act. The Moose Jaw *Times* believes that "prohibition has made good."

In Alberta "Sixty per cent. of the men in the province break the liquor act without a qualm," says the Lethbridge *Herald*, quoting the attorney general of the province as its authority. "Breaking the law to get possession of liquor has come to be considered differently from breaking other laws," concludes the *Herald*, which adds, however:

"Despite in many places a lax enforcement of the law and much bootlegging, prohibition sentiment has advanced. The good that has come out of prohibition, and that will come out, much offsets apparent evil. Prohibition has come to stay."

The Calgary *Albertan* is of like mind:

"The Liquor Act is not well enforced in the province. But conditions even under a liquor act not very well enforced are very much better than before the act came into force. There is a very great improvement in conditions."

Continued on page 84

Dry Humor

The making of corkscrews joins the lost arts.—*Exchange.*

* * *

The chief objection to the various brews of near beer is that they are so near and yet so far.—*Exchange.*

* * *

It's going to be a lonesome old world with nothing left but peace and prohibition.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

* * *

After July 1 no burglars' outfit will be complete in the United States without a corkscrew.—Vancouver *Province.*

* * *

Liquor interests in the Provincial Conservative party are making a barrel of trouble for the Premier.—Toronto *Globe.*

* * *

The $200 fine for the bottle ON you can scarcely be matched up with the $10 fine for the bottle IN you.—London *Advertiser.*

* * *

Beer and wine may be temperance beverages when taken separately, but we shudder to think of a mixture.—Ottawa *Journal-Press.*

* * *

There is dry humor in the circumstance that a deputation waited on Hon. N. W. Rowell yesterday and asked for stronger beer.—Toronto *Globe.*

* * *

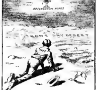
Husbands will stay home more when prohibition goes into effect. Some wives will like that.—New York *Evening Sun.* And some will not!—Border Cities (Windsor) *Star.*

* * *

William Jennings Bryan wants the whole world to be dry. We wonder if he intends to try for the presidency of the League of Nations on the Prohibition ticket.—Saskatoon *Star.*

* * *

After July first it will be quite a sight to see some of the husky beer throwers in the city get out and get real jobs where they will have to do a man's work.—Montreal *Herald-Telegraph.*



—Harding in the Brooklyn "Eagle"

THE MIRAGE

It would be a matter of hard luck if someone would offer a glass of beer to those fellows wearing a "No beer, no work" button. They'd have to go to work.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

* * *

If Quebec gets a beer and wine license and all the United States and the rest of Canada goes dry, Quebec won't need any publicity department to point out its advantages as a tourist centre.—Ottawa *Journal-Press.*

* * *

"How dry is a bone?" asks an exchange given to getting at the basic facts in anything. By reading one of the average speeches in Hansard a tolerably correct answer can be found to the query.—Peterborough *Review.*

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Political Apathy Cost Thousands of Lives

How Cabinet Dallied With the Dardanelles Problem

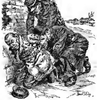
MOST interesting disclosures are being made by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., in the course of a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He tells, for instance, how inefficient the old War Cabinet system was, both under the Asquith Liberal Administration and later under the Coalition. The statement has often been made that the General Staff was hampered by the interference of the politicians and this point is established by Major-General Callwell most conclusively. He writes, in part:

The question whether the Dardanelles venture was or was not to be proceeded with was perpetually under discussion in Government circles and at the War Office during the autumn of 1915, and from the moment when it became apparent that the large reinforcements demanded by Sir I. Hamilton could not be spared, the view of soldiers in Whitehall that evacuation was the only possible course hardened from day to day. Our rulers, however, halted between two opinions. On his taking over the command late in October General Monro, after reviewing the situation on the spot, pronounced himself uncompromisingly in favor of withdrawal. Lord Kitchener thereupon left for the Ægean, and nothing happened for about three weeks. But on the 23rd of November my chief, Sir A. Murray, summoned me after a meeting of the War Council, to say that that body wished me to repair straightway to Paris and to make General Gallieni, the War Minister, acquainted with a decision which they had just arrived at—viz., that the Gallipoli Peninsula was to be abandoned without further ado. The full Cabinet would meet on the morrow (the 24th) to endorse the decision. That afternoon Mr. Asquith, who was acting as Secretary of State for War in the absence of Lord Kitchener, sent for me and repeated these instructions.

I left by the morning boat-train next day, having wired to our military attaché to arrange, if possible, an interview with General Gallieni that evening, and he met me at the Gare du Nord, bearer of an invitation to dinner from the War Minister and of a telegram from General Murray intimating that the Cabinet, having met as arranged, had been unable to come to a decision, but were going to have another try on the morrow. Here was a contingency that was not covered by instructions and for which one was not prepared, but I decided to tell General Gallieni exactly how matters stood.

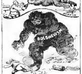
A fresh wire came to hand from the War Office on the following afternoon, announcing that the Cabinet had again been unable to clinch the business but contemplated a further seance two days later, the 27th. On the afternoon of the 27th, however, a message arrived from General Murray to say that our rulers had yet again failed to make up their minds, and that the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to return to the War Office. General Gallieni, when the position of affairs was explained to him, was most sympathetic, quoted somebody's dictum that "la politique ne pas d'entrailles," and hinted that he did not always find it quite plain sailing with his own gang. Still there it was. The Twenty Three had thrown the War Council over (it was then composed of Messrs. Asquith, Bonar Law, Lloyd George, and Balfour and Lord Grey, assisted by the First Sea Lord and the C.I.G.S.), and they were leaving our army marooned on the Gallipoli Peninsula with the winter approaching apace in a position growing more and more precarious owing to Serbian collapse and Bulgarian accession to the enemy cause, having freed the great artery of communications connecting Germany with the Golden Horn.

Enough to make Peel or Gladstone or the late Lord Salisbury turn in their graves, the War Cabinet plan, with its Minutes of Proceedings and its discussions in the presence of goodness knows who, does seem preferable to the time-honored procedure at junctures when the situation of the State requires the Powers that Be to get a move on. Politicians when they came to be received up into the supreme council used to take themselves and their deliberations very seriously indeed before Mr. Lloyd George's iconoclastic innovations. There was an atmosphere of mystery about Cabinet meetings at the Prime Minister's house which was exceedingly impressive, and which made it all the more extraordinary in the early days of the war, that whenever the gathering by any accident made up its mind about anything that was in the least interesting, everybody outside knew all about it within twenty-four hours. Officers of high standing and in the confidence of the General Staff would come to the War Office to inquire about prospective operations in which they were to be concerned and one wondered why they did not go to the Carlton or the Ritz, where they would have heard all about it under much more attractive conditions. I was summoned to stand by at 10 Downing Street one day, when the Cabinet was sitting soon after the Coalition Government was formed, and when Lord Kitchener happened to be away in France, on the chance of being wanted. After an interminable hour—during the luncheon hour, too—Mr. Henderson, who was a very recent acquisition, emerged stealthily from the council chamber after the manner of the conspirator in an Adelphi drama (although he did not quite look the part), and intimated that my services were not required. In obedience to an unwritten law the last joined member was always expected to do odd jobs of this sort, just as at some schools the bottom boy of the form is called upon by the form master to perform certain menial offices *pro bono republico*.



GIVING HIM DOPE?

German Criminal (to Allied Police): "Here, I say, stop! You're hurting me!" (Aside) If I only whine enough I may be able to wriggle out of this yet.



George Matthew Adams

Can Germany Put the Cork Back in the Bottle?

From the "Spokesman Review" (Spokane, Wash.)

Most officers who served at the War Office during the prolonged hostilities enjoyed occasional breaks in their monotonous existence in the form of visits to Paris or the Western Front on some duty or other, or to Italy, or the United States, or even to Egypt and far-off Mesopotamia, and it was my good fortune to be sent on a couple of missions to Russia in 1916. What especially struck one out there at that time were the almost illimitable possibilities of that empire in view of the prospective campaign of 1917 and the danger of everything being wrecked by an internal upheaval. The British Government have been derided for their handling of the Balkan problem in 1915, but any blunders of which they may have been guilty in dealing with what was an extraordinarily complex situation in that cockpit of clashing nationalities pale into insignificance when compared to their lamentable bungling of Russian affairs during the months before the cataclysm of March 1917. They were admirably served on the Neva, at the "Stavka," and in the field—an ambassador trusted on all hands in the country, the head of our military mission a *persona gratissima* with the Emperor, our military attachés and other officers who were accredited to armies masters, all of them, of the language and with their fingers ever on the pulse of military sentiment on the fighting fronts. The revolution may have been inevitable, but it might have been delayed until the war came to an end, and would perhaps never have taken so hideous a form as it has had our Government turned its opportunities to account.

Russians of pre-revolutionary days were masters of the art of entertaining guests of their country, but no experience that left a more vivid impression on one's mind than did their princely hospitality was that of a gathering of fur-clad figures on a hill top not far from Erzerum. There, on the very site of his triumph, a Colonel explained to us in detail how with a mere handful of troops he had, in the mid-winter of 1914, routed three Ottoman army corps and had thereby transformed a situation which was full of menace to Transcaucasia into one which became rich in promise. News of this dramatic feat of arms reached the War Office at the time, but without particulars. That the victor of this field, a field won by a masterpiece of soldiership, should remain a simple colonel suggested a singular indifference on the part of authorities at the heart of the empire to what wonders of the marches accomplished in peace and war. That pow wow in an icy blast amid the snow recalled the Grand Duke Nicholas's appeal to Lord Kitchener that we should make some effort to take pressure off his inadequate and hard pressed forces in Armenia, an appeal which landed us in the Dardanelles Campaign, and it further recalled the fact that the Colonel's feat near Sarikamish had put an end to all need for British intervention almost before the Grand Duke made his appeal. The Russian victory, the details of which were explained to us that day by its creator, was gained on a date preceding by some weeks the Allies' naval attempt to conquer the Dardanelles single-handed.

The Cohort of the Damned

A Strange French Aerial Company Made Up of Mentally Unbalanced Men

THIS was the picturesque name which the French gave to a group of aviators mentally unbalanced through strain—but still 'carrying on.'

These fliers were totally unable to maintain discipline, but were brave to the point of recklessness and instead of transferring them to another branch of the service, as was done by the British in similar cases, the French military authorities grouped them, isolated the group, and allowed its members to fight in their own way, with picturesque results, as narrated by Douglas Reid, in *Popular Mechanics*.

Now that the war is over, Mr. Reid says it is proposed that this unique cohort shall be used to police the Algerian deserts. The peculiarities that led to its formation were first noticed among French fliers, he says, when French aviators, following the example of the Germans, began to fly in squadrons, or "circuses." He writes:

"As soon as the French began to send up these circuses they discovered trouble. A certain number of the airmen refused to fly in formation. Either from impatience or a mistaken sense of the dramatic, they would break away from the squadron, disregard the orders of the flight commander, and dart away erratically to do battle on their own account. Others seized with a strange eccentricity, would persist in doing stunts in formation, causing accidents from collisions, breaking up the carefully planned battle-line, and ruining the attack of the squadron. Punishment for these irresponsible fliers did not cure them. So the French air-service set psychologists and trained nerve specialists to study the offenders.

"These scientists discovered that the insubordinates were slightly unbalanced mentally, that their daily labors under extreme nerve tension and constant excitement had carried them beyond complete sanity. Slavish and monotonous employment in desperate air fights, the daily absorption in this strange new occupation had combined, with the peculiar effect of swiftly changing air pressure on their nerves, to make them abnormally reckless.

"'The Machine' was too much for their strength of mind.

"At approximately the same time the British Royal Flying Corps began to study its own men of this type. It followed practice of discharging such 'unmanageables' from the service, sending them into the infantry or upon destroyers in the Grand Fleet. Its technical name for them was 'wild men.'

"The French, however, always a race with more understanding of genius and temperament than the Anglo-Saxon peoples, forbore to cashier these fliers. It realized that they were men far better than their German opponents, that individually they were the best aces of all in an air-duel, for their very disregard of rules and regulations, their very carelessness of death made them terrible foes. So it organized a special corps, called 'The Cohort of the Damned,' filling it entirely with these untrustworthy pilots, placed it apart from all organized *escadrilles*, forbade its members to approach the regular branches of the service, isolated it entirely at a point near the front-line trenches, furnished it with the best equipment, and turned it free to fight at its own sweet will.

"Lonely and tragic, this band fought for the rest of the war, its members dying rapidly out of the air, but a constant flood of new fliers coming to take their place, as the nerves of pilots here and there among the disciplined *escadrilles* gave way and made their owners fit only for this reckless company.

"The execution these half mad men of the 'Damned' wrought in German ranks was astounding, but no records could be kept of the number they shot down, on account of their lack of organization and the irresponsibility of their testimony. Captured Germans, however, are known to have reported that their own fliers swore fervently and wrote their wills when ordered to occupy that part of the line opposite the 'Cohort.'

"The statement is made that France at one time had three of these strange groups, but there is definite information only upon the one and original band. This, on one occasion, had over one hundred members, but the figure is not of great value, since the lifetime of the fliers was particularly short.

"In the last year of the war, too, the number which the Government was forced to consign to this isolation grew less and less due to the greater knowledge of fliers' air temperament obtained by the special corps of scientific men attached to the hangars. Psychologists learned how to treat the dementia when it made its first appearance, and it was found that frequent vacations spent far in the south of France in complete rest, would in the majority of cases, allay the nerve strain and keep the men tractable and efficient.

"'The Cohort of the Damned' at present, it is understood, is to be kept in service after the mustering out of the other French forces. It is deemed impossible to return the men to civil life, as their hunger for excitement and craving for thrill would immediately cause them to be disturbers of the peace. Still 'wild men' peaceful pursuits would have no avenue for their satisfaction, and they would become criminals from sheer force of nerve strain or, at the least, they would be speed-crazy chauffeurs.

"Consequently the French Army will send these across into Algeria to be used in policing the desert wastes, holding the native tribes in check. One of them using an airplane to traverse the parched and dangerous deserts, will be worth more than a regiment of cavalry, the branch that garrisoned the province before the war.

"France has the tenderest affection for these unfortunate heroes and has decorated them with all the honors given more sane fliers. It will maintain luxurious quarters for them in their African exile, it is said, and will grant them large increases in pay over the regular branches of military service.

"In succeeding years the French people, with their love of the picturesque and tragic in literature, will write much of this terrible and beautiful 'Cohort.'"

The Secret Plans of the Allied Command

Campaign Was Planned in 1917 That Led to Ultimate Victory

DISCUSSING the question "How the War Was Won," in *Harper's Magazine*, General Malleterre, military critic of the Paris *Temps*, attributes the successful outcome to three factors: first, the blockade of the British fleet; second, the American aid, and third, the unity of command. There is, of course, nothing novel about this summary, but the General, who was in a position to observe developments closely, clothes his argument with very interesting information. The most interesting bit of information that he gives is to the effect that the Allied command had plans laid late in 1917 for a successful offensive, but which they could not disclose. Thus they stood the brunt of disapproval during the dark days when the German offensive was at its height, knowing that they could beat the foe off and that victory would be theirs, but unable to issue any message of reassurance. Here is how he describes this remarkable situation:

The Germans saw it as clearly as we did. But they were more ready than we were from the material point of view. For their offensive they chose a means that was very simple, very rapid of fabrication. Their capture of the front was based on the use of poisonous gas and a light accompaniment of infantry. They had the idea: to permit the infantry to pass we must destroy not the obstacle but the defender. If there are no more defenders to hold the lines of trenches and the barbed wire entanglements, the obstacle has little importance. It is an affair of a few hours or of a few days to destroy it. It is done freely since there is no one to prevent the destruction. The essential thing is to destroy the defenders. If the trenches are untenable and if the defenders are annihilated, we can go through as we like. It was with rolling barrage fire, timed at ten minute intervals, alternating poisonous gas with shrapnel, that the Germans acted against the Fifth English Army in March, 1918, and against the French troops at the Chemin des Dames. The defenders of the advance positions were annihilated. The German infantry moved forward with light infantry cannon and portable *minenwerfer* behind the rolling barrage fire. As we could bring up no reinforcements, the Germans had a free hand to destroy the obstacles in their path. Thus they traversed with ease lines which had been considered practically impregnable, during years of costly fighting. By combining gas and rolling barrage with the fire of the portable cannon, the Germans opened the two pockets of Montdidier and the Marne.

But while the Germans were organizing their offensive in this way, we on our side were studying also means of destroying the enemy infantry. The immobile phase of the war was over. We knew now that the strongest systems of defensive positions could be pierced. The question of poisonous gases, which we had long been studying, was fortunately already solved. Only we did not have the same facilities for manufacturing them as the Germans, who had before the war become past masters in the science of military chemistry. But since the surprise of the Cambrésis, we had to offset German superiority in poisonous gases, a justified conviction of the efficacy of tanks with which we had long been experimenting.

For more than two years the question of an easily portable cannon to accompany infantry in the assault, had been vigorously discussed in the press. Lively and even bitter controversies had arisen concerning the type of cannon. I maintained (and this was the opinion also of General Pétain) that the infantrymen should be provided with a light cannon to accompany them when they took the offensive. Difference of opinion was particularly marked about the range of this cannon. Some wanted it to be very short, five or six hundred meters, and others argued for a longer distance. There was too much indecision, and we lost time in experimenting with the different types proposed. But from the day we saw the effect produced by the tanks at the surprise of the Cambrésis we hesitated no longer. In November, 1917, our General Staff decided on the intensive construction of light tanks. This remained a secret. The discussion was purposely continued in regard to other ways of providing the infantry with an accompanying artillery, and the question of tanks was left in the dark.

In the month of March we did not yet have enough tanks. General Pétain and General Foch, in spite of the critical moment, refused to use the tanks we had already constructed. Why risk acquainting the Germans with the superiority of our new tanks? Why allow them to be destroyed uselessly? So it must not be thought that we were surprised by the events. It is necessary to insist upon the fact that we were aware of the German preparation for a decisive offensive. Each division returning from Russia was identified, and we were informed of the massing of troops in the Ardennes. It was known to us also that the Germans were training particularly along the lines of the more effective use of material and were working out an entirely new system of attack.

Too much has been written about British 'muddling through" and French "improvisation." The criticism in Parliament and press after the German offensive of the spring was hard for our generals to bear. They could not answer it, and thus reveal to the enemy their hand. It was fortunate that the military authorities, who were responsible for the prosecution of the war, enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the French and British Governments. During the whole winter our factories had been performing the gigantic task of turning out the material demanded by our leaders. In France and Great Britain, and in America as well, not only the tanks but also the other material had been quietly, though feverishly, amassed. The great objection to the light infantry cannon was its weight, and this inconvenience was not overcome by dividing it between two or three soldiers. When one puts on the shoulders of an infantryman a weight of from fifty to sixty pounds in addition to what he has to carry his burden becomes difficult. The infantryman understands and accepts the mitrailleuse or a light cannon on wheels. More complicated and heavier artillery bothers him. The light tank has solved the problem. It moves by its own means in admirable conditions, crossing trenches, impervious to the rain of steel, is not stopped by machine gun nests, and goes through the deepest shell holes with the greatest ease. The Renault model fulfilled our hopes of a cannon to accompany the infantry with the advantage of being armor plated.

During the German offensive of March and April we had to withstand an assault that was expected. The great merit of our high command, the great merit of Pétain and Foch, is that the price of resistance was paid. Not for one moment did our leaders allow themselves to be dismayed. Although they had to relent, losing tens of thousands of prisoners and valuable war material and abandoning for a second time territory that had been dearly rewon, they maintained their grip on the armies and upon the country, and waited patiently for the effective military aid of the United States, and at the same time for the new material needed for the irresistible counter-offensive.

WORLD WAR
BETCHA I COULD DO IT IF I TRIED
DECLARATION OF WAR
DIPLOMAT

The Red Terror in Russia

Story of a Thousand Executions Each Day

WHETHER or not the Bolshevik Government of Russia has any justification, whether the Allied nations should intervene or leave the Russians to straighten out their own affairs, it is a matter of history that the Soviet rule has brought about a Red Terror that exceeds even the bloody scenes of the French Revolution. The world has gleaned something of what has occurred, but it is only now that authoritative stories by men who were in Russia when the storm of death broke are coming out. Such a narrative appears in the current issue of *World's Work* from the pen of a well known correspondent, Arno Dosch Fleurot. He writes in part:

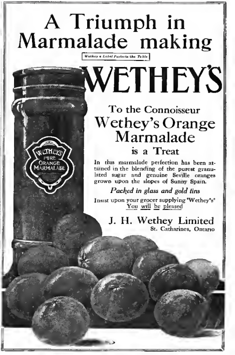
The next most terrible thing about the terror is that it was undertaken by the Bolshevik as a political move. They put it into execution coldly, tried it out as an experiment on what the great Socialist newspaper, the *Vorwaerts*, referred to as 'as the living body of society.' Recently in Copenhagen I met a Bolshevik from Moscow and I asked him about the terror. "Most of us think now it was a mistake," he replied calmly. "A fine time to discover your mistake," I replied, "after you have murdered between 25,000 and 50,000 people." It was in Copenhagen I made this bitter comment. In Moscow I should not have dared.

The red terror really began with Ouritzky's death, that is to say, began on a scale that attracted foreign attention. But from the moment the Extraordinary Commission came into being several months previously it began exercising an arbitrary rule and terrorized everyone who fell under its displeasure. It would be more correct to say the red terror began with the dictature of the proletariat, but that the mass murders began only when the Bolsheviki felt their power threatened after the Fifth All Russian Soviet at Moscow, July 5th, when the fanatic little Maria Spiridonova made Lenine quail before her slinging words by saying that the Bolsheviki had failed; that the peasants were all against them, only a small portion of the workmen were with them, and that they were backed by the hooligans and the worst elements in the population. For that little Spiridonova has been in jail ever since, though the charge against her is that she was in the plot that resulted in the murder of the German Ambassador Mirbach.

As Spiridonova was the leader of the left Social Revolutionists who helped the Bolsheviki stabilize their power during the winter and joined with them in driving out the Constitutional Assembly, the disaffection of the mad little woman was a severe blow to them. It meant that eventually all the peasants would be against them, and some immediately. They could not count on remaining dictators of Russia more than a few weeks without extraordinary procedure. Then they adopted the terror programme. Trotzky, Zinoviev, Carl Radek, Sverdloff, all with consciences as hard as nails, had long been for it, and now they were able to talk down the rest whose consciences were no better but who were inclined to believe that those who live by the sword are likely to die by the sword. I have often heard a distinction made in favor of Lenine in this respect, but it is undeserved. He supported all the decrees of the terror.

I cannot write about the terror coldly because I lived it; my friends were victims of it. Night after night I lay and waited for them to come and take me too. For some reason, not quite clear though, they left us Americans alone. I have no idea what help or shelter they could have expected from the 'Imperial American Government.'

Life under these conditions in Russia was not bearable and individuals set about fighting terror with terror. One young man killed Ouritzky. A young woman tried to kill Lenine. "The White Terror," cried the Bolsheviki, "we must



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fight it with the Red Terror." The same old dishonest way of turning things. They had by this time a goodly number of hostages, not only in Moscow and Petrograd, but in the provincial cities and the small towns everywhere and killed hundreds in vengeance. Most of these murdered hostages had never seen or heard of the attempted assassination. The record of terrorism in the provinces of Russia never can be told.

As I am here in Berlin, with none of my documentary proofs, I cannot cite from the Bolshevist papers. But in the month of September these official organs were full of the lists of hostages killed "to fight the White Terror." The Bolsheviki blind with their own rage set down in their own official organs, the *Pravda* and *Isvestia* of Moscow, and the *Commune* and *Pravda* of Petrograd, the records of their own killings. I can only give out of my memory the one definite figure, 512 shot to avenge the death of Ouritzky, the scoundrel whose rascality they later discovered. But when they discovered it, there was no regret at the hostages slaughtered because they wanted to kill them as "bourjoey" hostages anyhow. It was indifferent to them whether they killed them because Ouritzky, or Ouritzky's dog was killed.

Then in September came the culminating act of the Bolshevist Government, the manifest of September written by Carl Radek, the most terrible document of which the brain of man was ever guilty. I will not attempt to quote it as I have not the manifest before me, but the tenor of it was that every workman or peasant was immediately to kill without parley any one whom he suspected of counter revolutionary tendencies. This threw down every bar, laid the way wide open to personal vengeance, plunder, and anarchy. The death and suffering that has occurred in Russia on account of this sweeping manifest passes all possibility of reckoning. It ended the last bit of justice between man and man in Russia. It turned loose anarchy in a situation filled with hate. It turned every man against his neighbor, made every house a fortress, and assured the deaths of tens of thousands of the only people who could possibly reconstruct Russia.

The Extraordinary Commission did its best to reduce the capable portion of the Russian population. It set about it systematically, even arresting people by occupation. The Russian engineers, for instance, are essential to the carrying on of that vast scattered country, and the Bolsheviki began in September arresting them on any flimsy excuse and executing them out of hand. There was little pretense of trial, the Tribunal under Krylenko and the Extraordinary Commission presided over during the worst of the Terror by a little Lett fanatic named Peters, divided up the work of signing death warrants and were only occasionally interrupted in the orderly procedure of their assassinations by persistent pleaders for mercy, but the automatic pistols worked in the cellars of the Lubianka and the other prisons of Russia without ceasing. There is no use trying to give figures. The actual deaths from the Red Terror must surpass all estimates. By one kind of terrorism or another, the deaths in Russia in the autumn of 1918 must have averaged a thousand a day. As the total deaths of the French Revolution from the fall of the Bastille to the beheading of Robespierre was only about ten thousand, the difference is noticeable. Except for the affair of the Conciergerie, there was also in France some pretense at trial. Nor was there anything to match the manifest of September, the product of Radek, the Austrian.

Next Government Will Be Labor?

Former Lloyd George Lieutenant Declares This is Inevitable

IT is freely predicted by those who have studied the matter that the ultimate triumph of the Labor Party in Great Britain is only a matter of time. Despite the enormous majority with which the Lloyd George Government was returned to power it is possible to extract from the election figures the fact that the Labor Party commanded a very heavy vote. When it is considered that the number of soldiers who voted was small, the question as to what will happen when they get back and have a chance to assert themselves becomes one of vital import.

It is significant that so prominent a figure as Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who was a member of the Lloyd George Cabinet before the last election, comes out with a flat prediction that the next Government will be Labor. Writing in the *English Review*, he says:

I see that the industrial constituency which I should have contested as a Lloyd George man if I had elected to stay in the Coalition Government returned the ticketed candidate who stood because I did not stand by a majority of over 10,000. By way of contrast, I was defeated at South Tottenham, where I stood for Labor, by 553 votes.

There it is in a nutshell. I had only to go to —— and shout, "What's the matter with Lloyd George?" to be returned, *and any other man could have done the same.* The Prime Minister has carried on his back into Parliament a great majority which includes an amazing collection of reactionaries, war profiteers, dummies, and worse, who counted for nothing to the small part of the electorate which "returned" them. The votes, especially the votes of middle-class women, were for that peculiar figure—Lloyd George. The man of action has triumphed, and when I reflect on the incorrigible dullness and inertia which characterize our governing classes as a whole, and the rarity with which mankind anywhere throws up a leader of men, I pay to a lost hope of democracy the passing tribute of a sigh.

In circumstances dictated by its foes organized labor did remarkably well at the election. The new Franchise Act, full of absurdities and anomalies, which afford a lively demonstration of the "progressive" value of Coalition legislation in domestic affairs, enlarged the membership of the House of Commons to 707, of which number British seats account for 602. The official list of Labor Party candidates before me aggregates 359, so that as many as 243 seats in Great Britain were uncontested by Labor. Yet the Party scored 2,375,202 votes, while the Coalitionists, who contested all the 602 seats, scored 5,096,233 votes. Comparing seats contested with the *Times* analysis of the voting we get:

Labor contesting 359 seats obtained 2,375,202 votes.

Coalition contesting 602 seats obtained 3,484,269 Unionist votes, 1,450,443 "Liberal" votes, and 161,521 "N.D.P." votes.

There is little doubt that if the Labor Party had been in a position to contest every seat in Great Britain it would have scored at least 1,600,000 more votes, giving a voting strength, even in the existing conditions, of about 4,000,000 against the Coalition's 5,100,000.

But, as is well known, a large proportion of the Labor candidatures were undertaken at the last moment from scratch with little money and less organization. In my own case I had thirteen working days from the date of my first meeting to polling-day, and I started without a vestige of organization. There was a large number of similar cases, nearly a hundred Labor candidatures being endorsed in the few weeks immediately preceding the election. Often there was not money enough to go round in the new enormous electorates. Leisured men, able to give time freely to canvassing and other voluntary work are in the nature of the case, unknown to the Labor forces. Vehicles are not to be had. Labor has no daily Press and that fact alone makes its electoral record astonishing. Thus at every point the cards are marked against us.

Now that the war is over the question "Who shall control us?" is no less urgent. Parliament at Westminster must remain a mockery of Government while the ownership which alone confers full power to rule remains in private hands. If the stimulus of patriotism did not move our capitalists to save us in war, what can we to expect of private ownership in peace? The answer is written plainly in our inefficient industries and the filthy purlieus of our great cities. Our factories as a whole lag far behind the achievements of science, and our cities degrade the workers whose labor is so largely wasted in working inefficient plants and in useless or even maleficent employment.

Tories, Liberals, Conservatives, Unionists, Free Traders, Protectionists, Reformers, with Coalition labels or without—it matters little what they are called—they all stand for selling shipyards, factories, warehouses, engines, machinery, wagons, etc., worth hundreds of millions of pounds, which the nation to save itself in war and with which the nation might begin forthwith to save its people in peace. We have the chance to "reconstruct" industry by modernizing its methods, changing its motive and enlisting its productive agents as partners instead of serfs. Tories and Liberals alike are determined that the experiment shall not be tried. The factories and ships are up for sale even as I write. Buy, buy—who will buy?

But let those who buy and those who sell alike take notice. As surely as the day follows the night a Labor Government will be in power in this country within a few years. It will be the first duty of that Government to restore to public ownership that which is being most improperly sold. If a private electric power monopoly is set up it will be promptly dethroned. If our railways are bought out at an outrageous price there will have to be restitution. Mr. Lloyd George has promised the capitalists they shall not be plundered. The Labor Party promises the people that capitalists shall not be allowed much longer to plunder them as they have been plundered in this war.

The issue is clear and the battle joined. The Minority Parliament elected under fraudulent conditions in December is doomed even before it meets. The gigantic Coalition majority represents less than one fourth of the electorate. The situation which consequently arises is one of grave difficulty and danger, and it is the plain duty of the Prime Minister to give an immediate pledge that a new General Election shall be held as soon as the soldiers are demobilized and in a position to record their votes.

Are We Communicating With Mars?

Marconi and Tesla Both Report Receiving Messages

TWO of the brightest scientists the age has produced, Marconi and Tesla, believe that communications are being received from the planet Mars. One of them, Tesla, has been endeavoring to reply to Mars for years and is convinced that his messages must have been received there. This is not a report coming from visionaries or sensation mongers. The work of Marconi and Tesla has been so remarkable that credence must be given to anything they say and the world must be prepared to accept as at any rate credible the suggestion that we may soon be exchanging intelligible messages with the sister planet.

When the brilliant electrician, Nikola Tesla, was informed by a newspaper reporter some weeks ago that William Marconi had received strong wireless signals seeming to come from beyond the earth, something like corroboration resulted. Nikola Tesla, as he is quoted in the New York *Evening Post*, remembered that years ago he recorded extra

Do You Remember
The Old Corn Doctor?

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

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It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

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Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and tonight. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

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planetary signals in his laboratory at Colorado Springs. These extra-planetary signals were barely perceptible at the time but their measured regularity was such that they could not, in Tesla's opinion, have been accidental static disturbances. They possessed order. Mr Tesla admits that he could not say with certainty that they came from Mars, although as quoted in the New York newspaper this remains his belief. In our solar system, he adds, Venus, the earth and Mars represent respectively youth, full growth and old age.

"Venus, with its mountains rising dozens of miles into the atmosphere is probably as yet unfitted for such existence as ours, but Mars must have passed through all terrestrial states and conditions.

"Civilized existence rests on the development of the mechanical arts. The force of gravity of Mars being only two-fifths of that on the earth all mechanical problems must be much easier of solution. The planet being much smaller, the contact between individuals and the mutual exchange of ideas must have been much quicker. There are many other reasons why intellectual life on that planet should have been phenomenal in its evolution."

Tesla is certain that the signals he transmitted in reply to those he detected years ago must have produced disturbances on the planet Mars. Whether there were instruments there to receive them or intelligence to recognize them as interplanetary messages is another question. He thinks the first step in communication with another planet must be made through the science of mathematics, as suggested by Marconi. Tesla feels that it will be difficult, however, to advance far by means of cosmic Esperanto because conversation can not be carried on with figures. It is not likely that anywhere in the universe there can be "knowledge without form." In mental or in physical vision is comprised the foundation of all knowledge. Now pictures have been transmitted by telegraph. Why not by wireless?

Granted always that on some of the neighboring planets there exist intelligent beings, as far advanced in civilization as we, or farther advanced, who understand wireless telegraphy, we should be able to flash pictures—say of the human face—by wireless, and receive in return pictures by wireless. When that step is taken the whole riddle of interplanetary communication is solved.

"Now, a speculation of this sort will always seem foolish, visionary, and idle unless we start from the premise that other planets of the universe are inhabited by life-form just as intelligent as the human beings of this world. I assume that such is the case. In fact, it is a mathematical certainty. It is ridiculous to think that life has not developed on the innumerable planets surrounding us."

In view of the fact that Mars is but thirty-five million miles from the earth when the two planets come closest together Tesla says it would take a radio impulse less than five minutes to flash between the pole. The minimum distance between the planets was reached in 1909. "We shall again be within a hailing distance of 35,000,000 miles from Mars in 1924."

PARIS, ONT.

There are seven children, my husband and myself and you ought to see the hot time here when your book gets in. They all want to read it at once. We much enjoy its stories, also the recipes, to say nothing of all the other interesting things it contains. MRS. T. W. H.

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I have certainly received a great deal of information from your magazine and have been greatly delighted with the continued stories. It is the best magazine of its kind published. M. D.

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Making Over a Nation

How Japan is Endeavoring to Rebuild Korea

JAPAN has a problem of very deep significance on her hands in the handling of Korea. It is the policy of Japan to denationalize Korea, to rebuild the dependency into a new Japan. Walter E. Weyl discusses this policy in *Harper's Magazine* and, while paying tribute to the wonderful improvements that have been brought about in the country, he expresses a doubt as to the ultimate outcome. He says, in part:

It is of course natural that Japan, having so recently absorbed Korea, should try by one means or another to conquer the wills and secure the adherence of the nation. For Japan everything depends on Korea. The Korean peninsula lies nearest to Japan; it is like a dagger pointed at Japan's heart. It was through Korea that Japan first came into contact with the old culture of China. It was Korea that the hardy islanders over two hundred years ago overran and sought to conquer. For the mastery of Korea Japan fought two great and victorious wars against China and Russia. Thereafter Japan assumed a protectorate in order to preserve Korean independence, and a few years later put an end to that independence. To-day Japan rules as absolutely in Korea as does Great Britain in Malta.

To lose Korea is to lose Japan's causeway to Asia, to surrender all dominion over the continent, to sink again to the status of a small island power. If, on the other hand, the Koreans can be converted into loyal Nipponese, Japan will have straddled the sea and will have one foot planted firmly on the mainland.

How is one to gain the loyalty of such a subject people, or indeed is such a thing at all possible? Japan is trying in many ways, by repression, by education, by a show of force, by a display of superiority, by good works, by promises.

That Japan has vastly improved the economic and cultural conditions of Korea is obvious even to the most careless traveler. From the car window one sees the once bare mountains covered with young trees planted by the million by the wise Japanese. Roads have been built and improved, railroads constructed, agriculture extended and made more intensive, and splendid technical schools have been established. The Japanese are introducing science, method, and careful administration into the country. In the little trade schools, in the schools for sericulture, in the agricultural experiment stations, Koreans are gaining a new insight into the art of making a living. Though taxes and prices are higher than before, the country is more prosperous and the lot of the average Korean has been improved. The city of Seoul has been transformed, Occidentalized. The task of modernizing Korea has only begun, but the progress is already astonishing.

From the point of view of this economic development, Japanese rule in Korea could hardly be more successful. Everything is done to improve conditions, and whether this is done primarily for Koreans or for Japanese makes little difference so long as the result is good.

Of all the gifts of Japan to Korea none has been better or more fruitful than security. The Korean peasant or business man no longer fears that what he earns and saves will be taken from him. He knows that taxes, although heavy, will be definite and that there will be no illegal extortion. He can therefore afford to become a more efficient worker in agricultural and industrial arts. He can afford to improve his lot and advance. Koreans need no longer fear to be economically ambitious.

It would be effrontery for me to pass judgment on this question, and it is dangerous even to hazard a guess as to the outcome. Perhaps one ought not even to approach the problem in this didactic spirit. It is a moving spectacle, a vast drama, and it is perhaps for us the spectators not to forecast the outcome or to celebrate, not to hiss the villain or applaud the hero, but to look—and learn. For what is now being tried in Korea, despite certain new circumstances, is no new thing under the sun. We have seen something like this before in Judea, in Persia, in Gaul, in Britain, in Ireland, India, Egypt, Alsace and Poland.

Yet one cannot quite help guessing, and it is at least permissible to ask questions. And the one most significant and searching question seems to be this: Can you supersede a language, a civilization, and an ancient tradition in a compact, growing people like the Koreans? In another thirty years the Korean population will probably be doubled, and children will be born faster than they can be taught Japanese. The school equipment must be vastly increased indeed if a real change of tongues is to be accomplished, and even then the language spoken at home will be Korean. What language the business men use is not significant compared with what the peasants speak. Can the denationalization of Korean nationality be accomplished, therefore, in fifty years or in a hundred or in two hundred? And time is an element in the problem. If Korea is to be a bulwark of Japan, it must be composed of loyal people. The chances are that with the growth of education, with new ideas of democracy and nationality seeping in from abroad, Korea, if it is to be forcibly Japanized, will be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Prussia, with a six-to-one population, failed to Prussianize Poland. Can Japan, with only a three-to-one ascendancy, Japanize Korea?

New Life of Deposed Princess

She Has Made Her Home in the United States and is Working There

THERE is an interesting contribution in the current issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* from one of the European princesses who was thrown on her own resources when, in the general shuffle, her father lost his throne. She has made her home in the United States and has secured a position incognito. Necessarily, the article is anonymous.

When my father ceased to be sovereign I felt more delighted than anything else, because for one thing I was glad he was relieved of the many responsibilities which had weighed him down.

I imagined, too, that I would find myself free to live the life I liked, to go about relieved from the trammels of an etiquette I had always disliked. I pictured to myself a condition wherein I would have plenty of money and people would be eager to make me forget that my position had undergone a change. But this was a short-lived illusion; a few days convinced me that very different experiences were staring me in the face, and that it was for me to accommodate myself to circumstances which my imagination had never pictured.

Remember, please, that I had always had persons beside me eager to help with their advice, and either to accept any suggestions I might make to them as to this or that, or ready to offer me suggestions of their own for any plan I might have had in my mind. But, as in the twinkling of an eye, these people disappeared or seemed to be afraid to talk with me, seemed indeed to hold me at arm's length and to dread being associated with me.

I realized then that I stood absolutely for myself in the world.

I turned to see what other princesses, who, like myself, had undergone a change in their existence, were doing, but most of them appeared to be so frightened by the magnitude of the disaster which had overtaken them that they could not find the mental energy even to think; they simply succumbed and cried like babies for the loss of the soft things of the world which now were no longer theirs!

I saw the question I had to face: What was to become of me? What was I to do in the altered conditions of life in which events, over which—at least as far as I was concerned—I had no control, had thrown me? I had not been taught how to earn my living, and yet it appeared to my anxious eyes that I had to do it. We still had money left, but why should not that in time be wrested from us too?

I had received a careful education, but as I was to learn to my sorrow, a princess' education is about as useless to her as the numerous high-sounding titles to which she has been born.

I realized now that it was an education "de parade," one eminently useful in a drawing-room, but more burden than anything else in the new society which was organizing itself upon the ruins of the one in which we had taken a leading part.

I began to look around me, and to try to come to some decision as to my future. I began to study the local newspaper and look in its columns for advertisements of different situations which I might be able to fill. There were quantities of them, of course. So I made a try.

I wrote letters in answer to the most likely ones, dressed in simple clothes, and veiled, I started in search of a position.

At first the novelty of the situation attracted me and I laughed at it myself and wondered what my ancestors would have said, had they seen me go out without a lady in waiting or a chamberlain to accompany me, and make my way through the town in the streets of which I had never before shown myself otherwise than in a carriage with outriders. Not a soul recognized me, and that gave me hope. My photograph was in thousands of the homes I passed, I thought, and yet they knew me not!

Day after day passed, and I came back with a feeling of utter helplessness in my heart and bewilderment in my mind. No one seemed to want me. All the accomplishments of which I had been so proud were absolutely useless encumbrances in that practical, businesslike life in which I had imagined I might find a place.

It did not matter in the least that I could talk several languages, play the piano, sing and draw. I had not a diploma, therefore I could neither be a governess, nor a private secretary, nor a clerk in any public institution. I had received the careful education of a royal princess, and I was a useless being in a society which no longer had any use for princesses, and which did not even believe that they could ever become any help to it!

My heart sank when I remembered how many girls of my class were finding themselves in a like position. I thought of the fate that awaited my cousins and girlish friends and all the members of the royal families connected with my own. The days of our idleness were certainly over!

I sought counsel of my father, but could get no practical suggestion from him except to "wait." He was too entirely crushed under the magnitude of the catastrophe in which he had found himself involved.

I sought one of the few faithful attendants still left to us; but he also could give me no answer, vaguely murmuring that I might think of marrying some millionaire. Not much help in that!

I determined to shut out that past when I lived as with a veil stretched out before my eyes, preventing me from seeing things as they really were—poverty, crime, and the struggle for life of millions of human creatures for whom the world had shown itself a cruel stepmother. I made up my mind to become useful to others where formerly people had been useful to me. So I began.

With my resolve I put away my rank and name. I became as it really was one, a new person with a new identity.

I resolved that henceforth I would forget the fact that my birth had put me for a time outside the common interests of mankind.

What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

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Soldiers Will Enter Politics

American Veterans Intend to Take a Hand in Government

WRITING in the *Saturday Evening Post* Sam Blythe predicts that the American soldier will play a big part in American politics from now on. He confirms his position by telling what the soldiers are thinking and saying and doing. They are coming back he declares to "show the country a few things." He writes in part, as follows:

The idea that these soldiers would be able to exert a great political influence after the war spread easily and rapidly and the reason for that was simple, notwithstanding the lack of previous political thought. These men had been taken out of civil life, where they had worked and played and lived as individuals, each for himself and fused into a great solidarity of thought and action. They were organized, disciplined, directed and used effectively in the mass. The men who were thus knit into the fighting machine learned, first of all, that unity of action compelled by organization is the way to get results. They didn't know it but they learned the lesson of homogeneity as opposed to heterogeneity. Hence if things can be done by means of organization in war, things can be done by means of organization in peace also—all sorts of things for the benefit of the men who did the fighting and for the men who were ready to fight when their turns came, including political things.

He goes on to show that the private has become not a little disgusted at the way certain things were run in the army. He did not get his pay regularly, his mail was held up, the system of promotion displeased him and he objected to the distinctions drawn between officer and private. He has become convinced, therefore, that things higher up need reforming and he is going to use his influence toward having things run better. He then deals with the line that after war organization will take.

The Canadians have already organized their Comrades of the Great War, which will be a powerful political factor in the Dominion. After Lloyd George declared for a general election following the armistice I talked to a number of British soldiers, possibly a hundred, at different times. Elaborate preparations had been made by the British Government so the British soldiers might vote in the field. Blanks were sent to them, and they were urged to exercise their suffrages. Most of those I talked to told me they had thrown away their blanks and did not intend to vote. The election has been held since then and I suppose statistics are made showing just how many soldiers did vote. I have no record of that. The soldiers I talked to were of the opinion that Lloyd George had snapped an election on them, that he was shrewdly and politically trying for the indorsement he received so overwhelmingly through virtue of the victorious armistice.

"Wait until a year or so from now," they all said. "Wait until we get out of the army and back home to England where we can do as we please, and we'll take a hand in their business."

These are the ideas that the American soldier, as I found him—and I made it my business to talk politics with a great number of them, both officers and privates—holds, tentatively for the most part, but conservatively so far as getting an organization is concerned. He has some grievances. He sees some rewards to be obtained. And among the best minds there is the concerted opinion that inasmuch as their experiences have shown them the governmental lacks in the business of war there probably are governmental lacks in other directions and places—lacks that it may fall to them to remedy.

The big fact of it is that this war and our entry into it have caused hundreds and thousands of young men who never gave the matter a thought before, to ask themselves—and one another—just what this thing called government is—this power that can seize them, put them in an army, send them to France, make them fight, get them wounded and killed, submit them to rigid limitations as to life and conduct—what is this thing called government anyhow? What makes it? Where does it get its power? Who is responsible for it?

Dimly, gropingly they are beginning to know that government derives its powers from such as they, instruments of it in its exemplification in war and in peace—that they are the government. When they get the full realization of this and sense the method of enforcing governmental powers on governmental persons—officials—they will be quick to avail themselves of that method for which they themselves hold so formidable an agent—organization and concerted endeavor, quick to try to impress their own thoughts upon it, to shape it to their own ends and uses so far as may be.

Finally and there need be no misconception on this, the men who fought that war for us, and the men who were ready to fight it, but especially the two million who were in France, are coming home with this firmly in their minds. They are against war. They know that the so-called glory of it is swallowed up in death and disease and in nameless horrors and hardships. They are against militarism because militarism means war. They are against militarism because they know what militarism means, having had experience of it. They know and, knowing, will be guided by what they know.

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Man a Machine
"CLOGGED-UP"
By Walter Walgrove

IF YOU had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it clogged up and acted badly, even if it would "go" at all.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thorough way, it will even though "dust tight," produce in itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that you compel an "unclean" watch, auto or any other machine to run, waste seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple primitive but rigorous laws of nature, but who does and who can?

If we were all farmers and labored in the fields from morning till night, or lumbermen chopping trees the day long—if we were able to earn our salt in one of the few, the very few occupations which call into play every muscle and joint which nature has supplied for the purpose of effectually throwing off our waste which our systems naturally create and accumulate—

If in addition to this we ate, drank and slept in strict accordance with exacting Mother Nature's demands, no one would have cause to say "I have Spring Fever," "I feel Yellow," "I am Blue," "I am Nervous"—but show me one who violates any of her laws who can truthfully say "I am never afflicted with any of these."

Are you ever so afflicted?

The life we live is to a great extent artificial. Many of us endeavor in our spare time to satisfy Nature's requirements as far as possible by exercise, but does this suffice? Does this absolutely obviate for you all the mild and serious ailments to which you are subject? If it does not, as is doubtless the case, what further is required?

Man of to-day is as near a machine as he probably ever can become and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now if your watch or auto was "clogged up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

Their first thought is of the drug shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether Nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons has said: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, has said: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

This waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the interiors cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, warm Water which if properly introduced is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and immediately very expensive disease, Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well known fact that the blood in circulating comes in contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty four hours and taking up by absorption the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, why people should take them and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line has made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject.

Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Doctor Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife.

All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Suite 249, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

It will be very interesting to every one as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be reviewed by this brief article.

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¶ Any place that is good enough for you to drop into in search of a casing, tube or some gasoline, oil or free air, is a good enough place for us to sell Dunlop Tires. In these days when tire service is priceless—it is something to know that Dunlop Distribution is of the most far-reaching character—the most successful "Tire-When-It's-Wanted" co-operation ever achieved in Canada

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The Secret of Beautiful White Teeth

A New Kind of Socialism

All Industry to be Organized Into Guilds

A NEW variety of socialism has sprung up in England and has found a very ready acceptance among those socialistically inclined who are, by the way, a very numerous class to-day. It is called Guild Socialism and is a combination of the modern day Public Ownership with the old idea of Guilds. The basic idea of Guild-Socialism is outlined very succinctly by Father Paul Bull, C.R., in *The Churchman*. He defines it as follows:

"1. The object of the National Guilds League is to abolish the wage system and to establish self-government in industry through a system of national guilds, working in conjunction with the State.

"2. The State would take the place of the capitalists buying them out by guaranteeing them an income for a period of years.

"3. The State, while retaining ownership of the capital so acquired, would lease it to the guild for each particular industry.

"4. There would be two kinds of guilds:

(a) Civil guilds consisting of existing civil services, the Army, the Navy, the whole personnel engaged in education, the public health services (including the medical profession).

(b) Industrial guilds, which would emanate out of the Trades Unions of to-day and include everyone who was engaged in the industry, both brain and manual workers.

Beyond the guilds would lie a number of occupations insusceptible of guild organization—journalism, art, literature, etc., whose members would live, as they do to-day, by their wits.

"5. The State would represent the consumers who own all the capital and means of production. The guild would represent the producers who manage every detail of the industry, pay, hours of labor, holidays and promotion. The consumers would be represented by the State in Parliament and Municipalities and the producers in the Guild Congress. The smooth working of the plan would depend on a balance of power between the two. The State would make its demand on the guild for what it needed, and supply capital for the expansion of the industry. The guild would pay an annual tax to the national budget in lieu of rent, and would have the entire control and arrangement of wages, hours of labor, election of foremen, managers, and all in authority. The Guild Congress would negotiate with the State on behalf of the guilds in fixing taxation, prices and other matters affecting both producers and consumers. It is of supreme importance to keep steadily in mind at every point under this system that *most consumers will also be producers, and all producers will be consumers*; so that the State and the Guild Congress do not represent two hostile classes, such as Capital and Labor, but in the main two aspects of the same persons, e.g., the worker on the railway is a producer in the matter of transit, but he is a consumer in the matter of food supply, housing, etc. This will be the best security for the harmonious working of the system.

"6. In matters of dispute, each guild will retain the power to strike, and the State in conjunction with the other guilds will deal with it by a just and righteous judgment, and raising the tax on the offending guild, and in the last resort by cutting off supplies."

The Man Behind Bolshevism

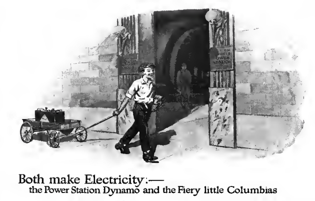
A Sketch of Radek the Apostle of Violence

ONE of the most sinister figures of the times is Radek the Bolshevik who has had charge of the work of carrying the Bolshevistic propaganda into other countries. He is in many respects a remarkable man, not the least of his accomplishments being his ability to elude the watchful eyes of the police wherever he goes. An intimate picture of the man is given in *Current Opinion*:

No attraction of opposites could be more striking than that between Nicolai Lenin and Karl Radek, the Damon and Pythias of Bolshevism. In their devotion to the republic of the Soviets they are one. In all else they are as the poles asunder, for Lenin inclines to moderation and Radek is the most fanatical of Spartacides.

Lenin, we learn from our French contemporary, is of goodly size physically. Radek is a pale, slim youth when not in one of his countless disguises. Lenin is well groomed, quietly dressed, his linen always white and starched. Radek is true to Bolshevism in the picturesqueness of his madly synthesized attire, the collar soiling, the hair a bush atop of the skull, the coat looking as if it had been slept in. Lenin evidently has a [illegible] tailor, but Radek looks as if he had attired himself out of the stock of a theatrical costumer who specialized in the period of the Robespierre terror. Lenin is bald. Radek has almost as much hair as Trotzky, unless we are to assume that the real Radek is never seen through his perfect disguises. Some journalists accuse him of running regularly across to Paris in false wig and whiskers, equipped with forged passports, that bear the most suspicious scrutiny. Lenin looks hungry and emaciated. Radek has lots of neck, but his huge head neutralizes that accident. One would deem Lenin a country doctor. Radek looks like a metropolitan actor. Lenin has spectacles, a notebook and lead pencil that he chews nervously. No one ever saw Radek with such a professorial apparatus even when disguised, although he can give a marvelous imitation of a stuttering Englishman. Lenin is mild and smiling. Radek looks violent even in repose and when in action his gestures make him look like a windmill. Lenin is satisfied and confident. He explains himself in a subdued tone and the air of profound conviction shows that no argument could move him. Radek is nervous of speech, declamatory, argumentative, shouting proletarian ideas with a wave of a substantial fist. Lenin is no Jew, despite many statements that he is, but Radek is a Jew to the finger-tips. Lenin, again, is a true native Russian, whereas Radek is a Galician Pole who has been Germanized, but Germanized romantically, even poetically.

Radek's occupation is that of traveling man for Bolshevism, its agent in the field, and thus he shows markedly the difference between his temperament and that of the contemplative Lenin. All conspiracies must be hatched by the people's "commissars" at headquarters, but Radek is the only man with authority to actualize, realize, dramatize them in the name and with the authority of the Soviet republic. Radek will undertake to overthrow any bourgeois government anywhere, but he is true to Bolshevism and will never set to work until Lenin gives the order. Whether he is leading his bands through the Thiergarten at Berlin or blowing up the royal palace at Bucharest, Radek, the man of action, knows neither fear nor defeat, and he shouts his hatred of the bourgeoisie with a fury that makes Lenin seem tame. Radek in public is a [illegible] of invective



Both make Electricity:—

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THE big dynamo whirling in the power station makes electricity for the big jobs—to light the city, to run the factory full of machines, to propel the street cars

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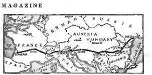

A Road Across Europe

Bordeaux-Odessa Railroad Planned Via Lyons and Bucharest

DIRECT communication between the Atlantic and the Black Sea by rail is one of the "after war" problems. This railway would link up Bordeaux, Lyons, Turin, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Belgrade, Bucharest, Galatz, and Odessa, the Russian wheat port. This would open up South-eastern Europe as a market to the rest of the world, and throw into the discard Germany's vaunted Berlin to Bagdad railway.

The Italians are now studying the plans of this road, and the Italians, Serbians, Roumanians, Ukrainians, Russians, British and Americans are vitally interested. The map given here shows the proposed route.

Is the Ex-Kaiser Haunted?

White Woman of Brandenburg is Said to be Visiting Him

IS the ex-Kaiser haunted by the hereditary ghost of the Hohenzollerns, the "White Woman of Brandenburg?" The rumor has spread through the army that the shade has been seen around Amerongen where the once haughty wearer of the Mailed Fist is hiding. The story as it is referred to in the New York *Sun* is given for what it is worth:

I don't know whether the interesting story that the ex-Kaiser has escaped the vengeance of the Allies only to find himself hag-ridden by the "White Woman of Brandenburg," who, you may remember, is the hereditary ghost of the Hohenzollerns, has reached New York yet, but it is common talk among the French soldiers here, particularly among the contingents from the eastern departments. They tell it in the most matter-of-fact way to explain and justify the report that the Kaiser is losing his mind.

"*Eh bien!*" one old poilu said to me when I told him that the guards had been doubled around the Kaiser's place of refuge to keep out kidnappers, "but they can not keep out the White Lady of Brandenburg."

Of course I had heard the story. Everybody has who has read Miss Mühlbach. But I asked the vieillard what he meant.

"The White Woman of Brandenburg is after him and will get him," he said. "If the Allies won't make him pay for his crimes, she will."

A few days later I ran across the story from another poilu who told me that he had heard that the ghost had appeared in broad daylight while his ex-Majesty was chopping wood among Wilhelm oaks of seven years' growth.

The story of the White Woman of Brandenburg, or simply "The White Woman," as she is most often called, is one of the oldest and best known of the countless legends that grew and flourished about the House of Hohenzollern during the generations it lorded it over Prussia and the Mark of Brandenburg.

Great Britain's Day

A Tribute of Admiration to the British Empire

THE United States lately devoted a day to celebration in honor of the part Great Britain played in the war. The *North American Review's War Weekly* thus contrasts "The Day" and "Der Tag" as anticipated by the enemy:

The Day demonstrates the solidarity of the British Empire. That is one of the most impressive and most significant facts in human history. It was not only the foes and the indifferent friends of England who confidently predicted the dissolution of that empire under the stress of war. Her own statesmen, even so intense an imperialist as Disraeli, looked for the refusal of the self-governing colonies to exert themselves in war for the United Kingdom, and their consequent secession from the Empire. Read to-day the refutation of those forebodings in the record of the Canadians at Ypres and the Anzacs at Gallipoli—yes, and in the record of Pathans and Sikhs and Ghoorkas on the plains of Mesopotamia and amid the hills of France.

We say that the rallying of all members of the empire to the support of the United Kingdom is impressive. It is unprecedented in human history. But greater still is its significance. It is a vindication of the virtue of British imperial government and of the world-wide democracy of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Russian Empire falls to pieces. The Austrian Empire is shattered. The German Empire, despite the "Fatherland" traditions, trembles upon the verge of dissolution. The reason is plain. Each member thinks that it could govern itself better than the empire has governed it. But every member of the immeasurably greater British Empire finds that the Imperial Government is doing better for it than it could hope to do for itself unaided, and so the furnace heat and anvil strokes of war but serve to weld them all together the more indissolubly.

The Day reminds us of the triumphant efficiency of sea power. There is more credit than we can well express to be given to many of the factors which made for victory in the great war, but to none more than to those silent watchers of the solitary deep who, day and night, winter and summer, year after year girt England with a girdling ring of tempered steel, through which there could be neither ingress to supply nor egress to ravage, and so maintained the freedom of the seas for the peaceful commerce of the nations and kept the sealanes safe for the feeding of the nations and for the transport of our soldiers to do battle with the Beast. The British fleet has been the world's salvation. It has been America's salvation and it is well that we give this day to grateful commemoration of the fact. Nor should we ignore the very practical lesson of that fleet's preparedness. It was the one militant factor among all the Allies that was prepared. If only there had been comparable readiness of all the other factors, how vastly different the outcome would have been!

The Day commemorates the swift demonstration of a military and industrial efficiency unrivalled in the history of the world. Grim humor recalls the Kaiser's sneer at the "contemptible little army." He little thought of the potentialities which lay behind the martyred few of Mons and Ypres. The Day reminds us that before the all-prepared Hunnish legions could triumph over that "contemptible little army" more than eight millions of free men rallied beneath the British flag with a perfection of discipline and equipment surpassing that of Germany herself, of whom four fifths came from the United Kingdom.

Great Britain was not attacked. She had nothing to regain. But she had pledged herself to maintain the integrity of Belgium and in certain contingencies to stand with France, and these pledges were not in her sight "scraps of paper." There never was a moment's question or hesitation. The moment faith and honor required it, her decision was made. German hatred raged against her with "Gott strafe England!" solely because of her faith and loyalty. Germany railed against her as "treacherous" simply because she was not treacherous but true. Germany had vainly and widely counted upon England's being as false and hypocritical as she was herself and as selfish and sordid and it was the climax of her disappointment and exasperation to find that such was not the case. Never before had history seen a nobler example of a nation risking its all and incurring immeasurable tragedy and sacrifice just for the sake of keeping faith and honor true.

It is indeed the crowning glory of this Day that the world wide democracy of the British Empire and the world-wide empire of the American Republic are so closely united in mind and heart and spirit, in sympathy and in aims and ideals, that no alliance is needed to assure their invincible co-operation. It is in that vein that we to-day raise everywhere the Union Jack by the side of the Stars and Stripes and pay the eager tribute of grateful reverence to the great name of England round and round."

Why Hohenzollern Failed

A Study of Bankruptcy in National Administration

LOOKING at the question of running the German Empire as a "business proposition," Bruce Barton, in the *American Magazine*, tells why W. Hohenzollern failed to "put it over":

So the shutters are put up at the house of Hohenzollern & Co. which for so many years prospered in business and grew great. And as the shutters the receivers strike his name, a warning where little business men like me, in prosperity may read and profit by the reading.

The owner of this concern thought he knew more about everything than other men knew about anything. (Thus runs the writeup.)

"His success made him proud and arrogant when it should have made him more modest, and humble and reverent.

He never learned the meaning of enough. He did not know when he was well off. He overreached himself and in his greed for more lost even that which he had.

He underestimated both his employees and his competitors and the intelligence in them which he scorned was too much for him in the day of reckoning.

He relied upon lies, and the Truth which he crushed to earth rose up to compass his undoing.

Gift Suggestions
AT EASTERTIDE

ONE'S thoughts are again directed to the ever-increasing custom of giving gifts.

* * *

IN the short space of time which now divides us and this Biblical season, consideration will be given as to the nature of the gifts you will feel disposed to purchase.

* * *

LET us therefore remind you of the perpetuity of gifts in jewellery, gold and silver, and also of the fact that our merchandise has a world-wide reputation for quality and endurance.

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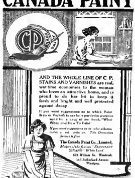

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The Sultan Takes Hold

Once Again is Power in Turkey Vested in the Potentate

THE world has been so engrossed in watching the supreme drama at Paris that developments of an unusual nature in Turkey have passed almost unnoticed. Perhaps the most interesting feature there has been the overthrow of the young Turks and the active seizure of leadership by the Sultan, who formerly was a figure-head in every sense of the word.

When Mehmet VI came to the throne he made up his mind to assert himself, and he has been doing nothing else ever since, to follow the account of him in the London *Post*. He has intelligence and strength of character and his first act was to reduce the powerful Enver from his supreme post of control over the land and naval forces. Mehmet sternly reproves all who do not at once recognize his authority and he is said to have ordered some rather summary executions. He made a great ado over the exclusion of the people from the first Selamlik of his reign. Now the crowd comes in as it can. His energy and self-assertion are the more amazing from the fact that during his years of obscuration an idea prevailed that he was weak and vacillating. The Sultan insists upon reading every document before he signs it and his Government is assuming more and more of a personal character. His principal advisers are Achmed Riza Bey and Tewfik. At last accounts Enver, Talaat and Djemal were fugitives in Berlin, resisting the efforts of the new Government at Constantinople to bring them back for execution. There seems little doubt that the new Sultan will give the former advisers of his dead and gone predecessor short shrift. Already the task of keeping him in some sort of tutelage is proving difficult for the powers, and the Paris *Humanité*, with all respect for President Wilson and his advisers at Washington, thinks they will find it no easy matter to manage the Turkish Government while swayed by so assertive a potentate advised by a coterie of traditional Hamidians.

This Year's Automobiles

Influence of the Liberty Motor on Automobile Motors

IS it possible to use the design of the Liberty motor with its immense horse-power for automobile motors? Such is the subject of discussion in an article in *Collier's*, by Lucian Cary, which treats also of French, British and American automobile design.

The writer says in part:

Just after the armistice was signed I overheard in a subway train a prophecy about this year's automobiles.

Said one strap hanger: "I suppose now they'll be using these Liberty engines for automobiles."

Said the other strap hanger: "Sure, every car'll have to have a Liberty motor."

Of course when you think twice about it you perceive the absurdity of fitting an ordinary car with a motor that develops some four hundred and fifty horse-power. A Liberty motor under full load uses from thirty five to forty gallons of gasoline an hour. A Liberty motor is ten times as powerful as the average automobile motor. No touring car could possibly use so much power. If that much power were turned loose in a touring car something would have to break. All the world's speed records might be broken first, but after that— Would there be premonitory cracks about the time you passed two miles a minute or would everything go up in one tremendous bang as you approached three miles a minute? If the fenders held they would certainly lift the car aloft on the air.

But there is something in the idea that the design of the Liberty motor might be borrowed for automobile motors. It will be borrowed. Or rather it will be adapted. It is not feasible to make a precise copy of the Liberty motor on a small scale.

Anybody who compares British, Italian, French, German and American cars will see the man behind the engineer and the nation behind the man. An automobile is really an expression of nationality as well as an expression of applied knowledge. How else can you explain the striking differences in the cars produced by different nations? Nowadays technical knowledge is universal.

In a sense American cars are less distinctive than foreign cars. The American public is insatiable. We have every kind of car (save one) and everything in a car. The moment a European designer turns up something desirable our manufacturers borrow it or adopt it or improve on it. European manufacturers are somewhat slower to borrow improvements from us because their public is less insistent. Thus an English automobile paper that has just come to hand seriously questions whether or not the British manufacturers will furnish electric starters on their after-the-war models. Imagine that discussion in America where for years all cars except those in which cost has been cut to the last minimum have had self starters as a matter of course. But the complete-to-the-last-ward character of American cars is really no more striking than their power. British and French and German designers have always built a few powerful cars. But the average foreign car as used in foreign countries is about half as powerful as the average American car.

During the war I saw in an English technical journal a critical but appreciative description of an Italian light car. Though the engine was only half the size of a Ford engine and the car was very small, it was high grade, costing nearly $1,500 before the war (the one type of car referred to above that we do not produce in America).

The next month there was an equally critical and rather more appreciative description of an American car. The car in question is one of high-grade but by no means either the largest or most expensive type of car manufactured in America. Its price was then less than $2,500. The English expert noted with interest and frequently with enthusiasm the differences between American and British practice. But the thing that impressed him most was the amount of car the purchaser got for his money—the amount of material and the amount of fine workmanship.

I might go on, pointing out the uncommon skill with which the leading Italian designers have made the lines of their motor cars express the idea of sturdiness and speed at the same time. Or the constantly increasing "snappiness" of American design. Or the French insistence on long-stroke motors. But I want to get back to the question of adapting airplane engine practice to automobiles.

When you consider copying the Liberty motor for automobiles you are at once struck with the fact that the cost has been run 'way up and the weight way down. The cost factor is multiplied by the weight factor. The light weight means short life—short, that is for an automobile. It would be quite stupid to sacrifice length of life in gaining light weight to any such degree in designing an automobile motor for commercial manufacture.

Just the same there are features of Liberty motor design which are bound to be adapted to automobiles. The valves are in the head. This gives the best possible shape for the combustion chamber and thus increases the efficiency of the explosive charge. Top valves have long been popular in this country, much more popular than in England, and these American designers who have avoided them have done so only in order to gain the slightly superior quietness of the L or T head engine.

Another distinctive feature of the Liberty engine is the built up cylinder. The typical automobile motor of the day has cylinders and water jackets of cast iron. Sometimes the whole block of cylinders and water jackets is cast in one piece, sometimes the cylinders are cast in pairs, sometimes they are cast singly.

The cylinders of the Liberty motor are separate units—steel cylinders with light steel water jackets. These built up cylinders are more expensive than cast-iron cylinders, but they are much lighter in weight; there are also some slight advantages in steel as a lining for cylinders. It is not at all unlikely that makers of large and expensive cars will adopt the built up cylinder, but its advantages in small cars seems doubtful.

The aluminum piston, already a common feature of American design, has probably come to stay. Aluminum pistons reduce reciprocating weight. If you stop to think how fast the pistons in a high speed engine shoot back and forth running to two complete stops hundreds of times a second you will realize how desirable it is to make pistons as light as possible, reducing vibration and the strain on the mechanism. Aluminum has other advantages, for one its superiority in conducting heat. The cooler the piston the less oil is burned and the less carbon is deposited in the cylinder.

But generally speaking the design, construction and materials of the Liberty motor can be much more freely copied by the makers of big and expensive cars than by makers of medium or low priced cars.

Changes in automobile design are bound to come slowly, however. It will be a year or two before manufacturers can take full advantage of the knowledge gained in airplane work and in their experimental rooms during the war. The members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce voted against holding the National Automobile Show this year on this very account. There wasn't time to bring out anything new. The New York and Chicago dealers' shows will no doubt present a number of interesting things but these are likely to be minor refinements rather than serious changes. The real revelation will hardly come before next winter if then.

The fact is that automobile manufacturers are going to be busy meeting the demand for cars this spring and summer.

The whole elaborate process of suspending one of our largest industries and teaching us to do without its product was all but complete when Germany surrendered. The next day the equally elaborate process of putting this industry back into its old relation to American prosperity was begun. It was rather a tense period—that. All the elaborate connections by which the small streams of an industry unite with the great streams were broken. Organizations built up over years had been gradually disrupted; arrangements for materials, parts, accessories were discontinued; factories were tooled up for the production of something else. The more completely a manufacturer had turned his plant over to war work the greater his difficulties in returning to his old peace time production.

Shattered in the middle of November the automobile industry was actively recovering on the first of December; now it is proceeding under a pressure it has never known before to meet the spring demand.

By April most manufacturers hope to be making as many cars as they ever made and to be farther behind with their orders. The rate of production will in all probability increase for a year or two before it catches up with the demand so nearly dammed up last fall and now opening to full flood.

After next winter we may see even greater changes in the automobile than the mere adaptation of the Liberty motor.

The search for a cheaper fuel than gasoline continues. Kerosene will certainly be widely used unless a still cheaper fuel is made possible by a new kind of engine before the public is thor-

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Good Work Done In Canada

A Defense of Officers Who Were Retained as Instructors

IN the *Canadian Military Gazette*, Colonel A. T. Thompson takes up the cudgels on behalf of the officers and men who have suffered the galling fate of being compelled to do duty in Canada throughout the war, and in the course of his article he brings to light some new facts.

At the first call to arms, 33,000 men rushed to Valcartier. Of this magnificent fighting material, most of it very raw, an army for service against one of the most highly trained forces the world has ever seen had to be made, and that in a short time. No one realized that this force, which, at that time, to us seemed so large, was the small advance guard to that mighty army which Canada was destined to send to Europe—had we done so many of our best men, who were allowed to depart with the first contingent, would have been returned to Canada for training purposes.

As it was, the whole instructional cadre reported at Valcartier, which was right, and all those of the different branches except the infantry, went overseas while sixty per cent. of the infantry instructors did likewise, which was wrong. Nor did it stop there. An almost equal inroad was made into the ranks of our various highly-trained staffs, and all of these officers, with the exception of one district, were permitted to go overseas.

Visualize for a moment, what all this means—33,000 men take all the instructional cadre in Canada except 40 per cent. of the infantry, practically all the district staffs and a large part of headquarters, and leave to the small residue the raising, equipping and training of half a million men. No wonder the Militia Department awoke to this mistake and forbade any more of these classes to go.

And what has it done this little band of hard working, silent, deserving and much misunderstood men? It raised and despatched the second, third and fourth Divisions and thousands of reinforcements besides, in all some 290 battalions (including Pioneer and Forestry) of infantry, 87 batteries and other units of artillery, cavalry, engineers, signallers, machine gunners, Army Service Corps, etc. Canada does not yet begin to realize all she owes to these patient, patriotic men. Their portion has been, so far, indifference and, in some cases insulting and sarcastic references and abuse. Of this they themselves are painfully conscious and so they have had to do their enormous task under the bitter feeling of personal wrong—a handicap indeed.

A concrete example demonstrates the way in which these officers and men have been placed at a disadvantage both as to rank and pay. In one small section of the instructional staff three junior warrant officers were allowed to proceed overseas. Two of these have become lieutenant-colonels, with decorations, and the third a captain, though they were no better men than many other warrant officers who were equally anxious to go, but were ordered to remain in Canada and who have received no honors and no promotion, many of them senior to the fortunate trio before war brought them their reward.

This is, in itself, hard enough for the unfortunate victims of circumstances, but when added to it is the coldness and sometimes the open sneering of the public it is almost past endurance. Further they are deprived of the privileges which come to the returned soldier, for example joining the G.W.V.A., wearing a button which means something, and equal participation in the War Service Gratuity.

Colonel Thompson concludes his article by hoping that, during the present session of the House, the Minister of Militia will make very clear the facts and figures briefly stated in this article, and that the press of Canada will give great prominence to his statement, to the end that a crying injustice may be wiped away and a deserving class of hard working and patriotic soldiers completely vindicated.

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tion of struts and wires and permits the increase of the gap and gives a higher factor of safety. The result is a very attractive little airplane, equipped with 40-horse-power engine capable of carrying two passengers at a speed of from 70 to 80 miles an hour. A most remarkable feature is that this airplane will make about 22 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Having a span of only 18 feet, and weighing only 350 pounds, complete with motor and having a landing speed of only 37 miles an hour, this plane can land on and start from almost any country road. It is expected to sell at about $2,000.

British M.P.'s.---Sartorially

Some Dress Eccentricities Which Have Amused the Commons

SIR HENRY LUCY—better known perhaps, as "Toby, M.P." of *Punch*—writes in *Cornhill Magazine* under the title "An Eleven of All England" of the portraits which he has presented recently to the famous old Reform Club London, England. "Toby" diverts his readers attention during the course of this fascinating article, from portraits to sartorial surprises which have, from time to time, served to lighten and brighten proceedings in the staid old British House of Commons. He refers among others, to Joseph Cowen, once a North of England political giant, and says:

The picture (in the Reform Club group) preserves the costume in which he walked the streets of Newcastle, in no detail altered when he went to the House of Commons. A striking bit of color is supplied by the red shirt cuffs visible beneath his coat-sleeves. On his knees rests the soft felt hat whose appearance within range of the Speaker's eye forty years ago fluttered the dove cote of the House of Commons. At that time there prevailed a rule that made the tall silk hat an indispensable appendage to men's out-of-door attire.

Since then much has happened in the way of loosening the bonds of sartorial etiquette. I remember the thrill of pained astonishment that ran through the House when one afternoon, in summer-time, Lord Randolph Churchill, flinging himself down on his corner seat below the gangway, on the Opposition benches, held out to full view a pair of tan-colored shoes! Later still in an exceptionally hot summer, waistcoats were discarded even on the Treasury bench. Cummerbunds were openly worn by Secretaries of State.

In this connection one recalls the picture incidentally drawn by Wraxall in memories dating something more than a century earlier. Ministers at that time took their places and their part in debate arrayed in full Court dress, equipped with the sword which to-day even Sheriffs, attending to present a petition at the Bar of the House, are peremptorily ordered to leave in charge of the door-keeper as if it were a wet umbrella. The gossip of the close of the eighteenth century tells how on one occasion, George III's favorite Prime Minister, Lord North, rising from his place on the Treasury bench with intent to quit the House behind the Speaker's chair, holding his sword horizontally in his left hand as if it were a lance, carried off on the point of the scabbard the wig of a colleague at the end of the bench who at the moment, happened to be sitting with head bent downwards in meditative mood.

But that is a long time ago—a far cry from Joseph Cowen's felt hat, or Lord Randolph's tan shoes. Both, on their appearance, regarded as startling anachronisms, are now commonplaces of daily life in the Commons. Since Cowen's soft felt hat appeared on the scene we have had Keir Hardie's tweed cap, and the billycock built on the model of the roof of a Swiss chalet under which, before he went to the war and rose to the rank of Colonel, John Ward walked about the Lobby in the House of Commons. A more costly structure, as became a member of his family, was a hat constructed of finest Panama with which for a while Mr. Rothschild dazzled the eyes of his fellow members. Its flight through the lobbies was, however, meteoric. It excited such marked attention that the Member for Aylesbury, most modest of men, shrinking from the prominence attained, dispensed with a structure which in conception and construction, had evidently cost him some thought.

Using Tanks for Peace Purposes

They Are Employed on Towpaths in France

TANKS are substituting for mules and doing other odd jobs in France, says the *Illustrated World*. The large tanks are not so mobile as they might be and endeavors are now being made to make the 'Whippet' an instrument of civilian constructiveness.

"The tanks—the immortal tanks—which first lumbered over the top at the battle of the Somme in 1916, and caused the German soldiers to rub their eyes and look twice, are now startling the peasants of Northern France. Any day some of these huge fellows may be seen rumbling and roaring along the banks of the canals with which this region is criss-crossed. From fortresses they have been turned into mechanical mules engaged in hauling freight-laden barges along sluggish waterways.

When Ludendorff's army ran away after Chateau Thierry, he did not leave a horse or a mule behind him. Quick communication had to be restored in the evacuated territory and with such parts of the railway lines as remained worked to capacity for army needs, the Allies had in addition upon their hands the great problem of feeding the non-combatants. The canals, though closed in many places with wrecked bridges and low water released because of broken dikes, still were capable of rendering transportation service. Everywhere long lines of abandoned barges were idle. But without mules or horses, how were they to be utilized?

"Some ingenious mind hit upon the idea of the tanks. So these monsters, fresh from the hot pursuit of the enemy, were recalled in many instances. Their function was changed from that of the proud warrior to humble towpath mule.

"There was not time, nor indeed was there need to alter materially the equipment. The armor was retained, only the guns, big and little, were removed. Thus suddenly the hum and bustle of industrial life again appeared in a novel form along the desolate stretches of waterways.

"The big tanks are capable of hauling many tons of foodstuffs and other supplies loaded on barges, chained or roped together. These noisy workers are performing their task admirably. In fact, they circumvent troubles that would stop a mule. Quite frequently the walls of the canals are badly broken or shell craters wipe out the path. Sometimes, too, great masses of stone or brick from gun wrecked buildings present a barrier. The tanks surmount these obstacles with the same nonchalance they showed in going over the battered no-man's land across the German trenches."

Liebknecht Was Clubbed to Death

Prussian Officers Carried Out Murder of Extremist Leader

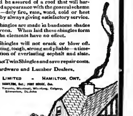
WHEN Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg died the world in general heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed as though the danger that Bolshevism might engulf Germany had passed. Sober second thoughts, however, leave people not so sure. It begins to look as though the old order is established still at Berlin, that the autocratic idea is still in the saddle. And men are beginning to remember that during the war the only man in Kaiserdom who had the courage to charge Germany with having started the carnage was Karl Liebknecht. Is it possible that the Spartacans were, after all, actuated with a desire to make the revolution really democratic? The question will not down.

And now comes the *Daily Telegraph* (London) with a story to the effect that Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were in reality clubbed to death deliberately in order to get them out of the way. An English correspondent tells this story:

When in my message describing the scene at Liebknecht's grave I tried to give you a hint of some deeper horror which was accountable for the extreme nervous tension among the mourners and which had a very close connection with the deaths of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, I had only the thinnest thread, hardly amounting to evidence, on which to found my suspicion that behind the tragedies of these two deaths there was being deliberately hidden a truth which must ultimately come out and would prove the facts to be of such a horrible character as scarcely to be believable. But a short hour ago I chanced on one who has given me what in all solemnity he assures me is the story of what actually took place. In themselves, as I have said, the facts are dreadful and revolting, but apart from the matter of the fate of the two victims immediately concerned, the whole awful story has a very grave bearing on the wider question of the true condition of Germany and the relative power of the various parties of the old military regime and the present Government—a condition which may be very different from the picture presented to the outside world, if one only knew what may possibly be going on beneath the froth of general elections.

My informant claims to have been an eye-witness of the incidents which he describes. He was staying, he says, at the Eden Hotel, where the horrible affair took place, and he returned there on the night of the tragedy at 10.30 to find an armed sentry guarding the door. The sentry told him that Liebknecht had been arrested and that it was intended to beat him to death. In the immediate neighborhood of the hotel nobody was to be seen. Thus the story circulated in the official report about the "infuriated crowds" was false and the crowd existed only in the imagination of the military authorities who spread the report. When he entered the hotel he found a group of eight military officers and half a dozen civilians. There was an air of expectancy about them, and in about fifteen minutes Rosa Luxemburg appeared, accompanied by the *Kriminal Wachtmeister* (Chief of the Criminal Police). A few minutes later Liebknecht came down stairs, after having been questioned by the military. He was guarded by armed soldiers.

Just when Liebknecht was passing the narrator of this affair, an officer of the Guards Cavalry suddenly sprang toward him, shouting: "Is that fellow still alive?" The officer then joined the military escort, which left the hotel with both prisoners. In about fifteen minutes he returned and said that Liebknecht had been beaten to death with the butt-



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ends of rifles. The blows were struck from behind and at the second blow Liebknecht collapsed. Again the story circulated about Liebknecht's attempt to escape appears to have been invented by the authorities concerned and to be a downright lie. According to a statement made by one of the sentries, Liebknecht was deliberately murdered by the soldiers, who were encouraged to this deed by their officers.

The next step taken was to compel all civilians to leave the hall of the hotel while the military and hotel employees were assembled alone. These employees afterward declared quite independently of each other that Rosa Luxemburg had also been beaten down at the entrance to the hotel by soldiers and officers. There was no sign of any enraged crowd. My informant states that the official declaration of the Guards Cavalry Schützen Division was one complete untruth from beginning to end. A major who was present in the hotel could easily have investigated the affair, but caused a false statement to be issued instead of the truth. Later on the manager of the hotel was ordered to assemble all the employees and to read this false report aloud to them. In this way the employees were intimidated by that militarism which is by some supposed to have been thrust forever out of Germany.

The soldiers declared that they had thrown the body of Rosa Luxemburg into the canal. On the day following these terrible events all the officers who knew about them had disappeared from the hotel. The whole affair has now been placed in the hands of an impartial committee which is working in conjunction with members of the Independent Socialist Committee. My informant is of opinion that while Liebknecht's body was being carried away in a car some revolver-shots—probably blank cartridges—were fired toward the car in order to give some sort of reality to the story of Liebknecht's flight. The struggle of the military officers for the maintenance of their old position is getting constantly fiercer, and is assuming the shape of a movement for removing the soldiers' councils and upholding the old system of subordination. The old spirit of militarism has, in fact, revived and in a form which supplies a reason for caution. The attitude of the officers is intelligible enough. The majority of them are professional soldiers, and since the breakdown of military force have lacked occupation and, in some cases, even the wherewithal to live. To them the revival of militarism means the possibility of gaining a living again and since many of the returned soldiers are unable to find employment in trade or industry, they are only too willing to join the army and again become professionals. Recruiting for the army which is to be used against the Poles has provided a welcome opportunity to these men. It is obvious that these soldiers are willing to submit to the reinstitution of the old discipline and the dissolution of the Berlin *Sicherheits Wehr* (Safety Force) will drive numbers of others into the new recruited army under rules which the revolution was meant to remove.

What Conquered the U-Boats

The Two Chief Weapons Used in Defeating the Submarines

THE U-Boats' comparative immunity from attack disappeared when the depth bomb and submarine mine were brought fully into play. Robert G. Skerrett in *Munsey's* gives an interesting account of how these two weapons were successfully employed in combating the depredations of the Hun pirates. He says:

The campaign against the submarine has had two phases, defensive and offensive. The mine barrage represents the former; the most effective weapon of the latter has been the depth bomb. The gun can reach its target only on the surface and is foiled when the enemy submerges; the depth bomb follows him under the waves and inevitably destroys him if he is within its radius of action when it explodes.

This new and formidable weapon is virtually an unanchored mine which has only to be dropped overboard in the general neighborhood of the unseen foe to do its destructive work. From a bomb carrying perhaps forty pounds of high explosive it has matured to the size of a steel container capable of holding more than two hundred pounds of TNT.

Knowing how disturbing, if not destructive, a neighboring subaqueous blast might be to a submarine, the experts asked, soon after the outbreak of hostilities:

"Why not attack the hiding U-boat with mines, which could be dropped in the general vicinity of the hostile craft?"

The depth bomb was the logical development, and the advent of TNT gave the ordnance engineer a more potent destructive agent.

The story is told of a freighter that tried to destroy a U-boat in the Mediterranean by means of a depth-charge and escaped self-destruction by only a narrow margin. She was traveling at comparatively low speed when she surprised a submarine just poking its periscope out of the depths for an observation. As the merchantman got her stern over where the U-boat had ducked, she cast loose a large bomb. Before she could move onward far enough to be out of harm's reach, the charge detonated and the violently upblown sea tore part of the vessel's after body away.

The submarine, when she dives, leaves a trail at the surface which to the practised eye tells something of her movements under water. Air caught in various parts of the under-sea craft rises from the fleeing enemy, and this, together with a film of oil, suffices to betray the general course of the hidden foe for some distance. At the right moment the pursuing destroyer drops the steel-cased depth-charge over her own stern, and by the time the bomb has sunk to the exploding depth the destroyer is well away from the column of upheaved water.

One of America's most valuable contributions to the improved or perfected depth bomb is a cunningly devised apparatus which makes it possible to adjust the firing mechanism so that it will operate at submergences of two hundred or even three hundred feet.

The best and surest sign of a telling hit is the prominent appearance of an area of disturbed water, produced by large quantities of air escaping from the crippled craft. This indicates that the sea has broken into the living and operative compartments of the boat.

It is said that the British not long ago devised a new order of submarine attack in their campaign against Germany's submarines. This is in the form of a shell, charged with high explosive, which can be fired from a naval rifle. The ordinary projectile ricochets, or bounds back into the air when it strikes the sea, much as a thrown oyster shell skips over the water. The new missile dives when it strikes the waves and travels for a considerable distance after plunging out of sight.

After reaching a fixed depth, or after going for a certain distance beneath the water, it explodes automatically. It is also detonated if, on its submerged journey, it meets a solid body. When it explodes, depending upon the size of its charge of trinitrotoluol, it acts substantially like a depth bomb in its effect upon a near-by U-boat.

The pursuing destroyer or other armed surface vessel does not have to run in close upon the U-boat in order to attack it with much prospect of success. The moment a submarine is discovered thousands of yards away, a curtain of fire of these diving shells can be dropped in her proximity. The problem is not then one of striking the small tube of the periscope or scoring upon a trifling area of exposed conning tower. All that is necessary is to drop the projectiles within a couple of hundred feet of the target and the missiles will do their dire work with deadly certainty.

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U.S. Labor Denies Bolshevism

Samuel Gompers Announces Stand Taken by Organized Labor

AN important statement is made by Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, in an article in *McClure's Magazine* in which he definitely disassociates organized labor in the United States from Bolshevism. He writes:

I do not know that I am entitled to very great credit because I am not a Bolshevik. With my understanding of American institutions and American opportunities I repeat that the man who would not be a patriot in defense of the institutions of our country would be undeserving the privilege of living in this country.

It is true that we have discussed democracy. We have used that term glibly and often without understanding. It is true that we have discussed freedom, and often without understanding. I have had the opportunity of travel in Germany. I have never heard any people so vociferously and enthusiastically sing and shout the terms of freedom and democracy as did the German people.

Freedom is not a condition; nor is democracy a condition. Freedom is the exercise, the functioning of freedom, the practice of freedom, the practice of democracy. All that society can give, all that Government can give, is the opportunity for freedom. It depends upon the people to be intelligent and grow into the feeling, the exercise and practice of the function of freedom. It was because the principles of freedom and democracy were menaced by the system of autocracy and militarism that the people of our country and the peoples of other countries and of the democracies of the world rallied around their banners and declared and made good their willingness to make the supreme sacrifice for the principles, the institutions and the practice of freedom which were threatened to be overwhelmed and crushed.

If I thought that Bolshevism was the right road to go, that it meant freedom, justice and the principles of humane society and living conditions, I would join the Bolsheviki. *It is because I know that the whole scheme leads to nowhere, that it is destructive in its efforts and in its every activity, that it compels reaction and brings about a situation worse than the one it has undertaken to displace, that I oppose and fight it.*

The American labor movement is founded upon the historic development of conditions of industry and commerce in our country based upon the ideas and the ideals of American institutions. It is a movement that is rational, natural, orderly and yet insistent that the rights to which the workers are entitled shall be fully accorded.

The American labor movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor and our trade unions is this:

> We believe in progress, we believe that all the fruits and the results of the genius of past ages and of to-day do not belong to any particular class, that they belong in truth as a fair share and opportunity for a fair share to every man and woman who gives service to society and who aids civilization.

If society stands like a stone wall against that concept as a united body, against that presentation of thought and ideas, no one knows with what we may have to contend later.

The workers of America made many sacrifices during the war. Many of our employers and financiers reaped enormous profits out of the war. There are some lessons which this war has taught. There are some advantages which the workers have gained and these must not be sacrificed upon the altar of greed and gain.

The standards of life of the American working people must not be lowered. Labor can not live decently on a wage less than it now receives without bringing down the standard of living. Wages must not be reduced. In many instances they must be increased to enable the wage-earner to live in health and comfort. Hours of work must not be lengthened but shortened. The workers of our country must be given leisure and opportunity for the improvement of mind and body and spirit.

Our American Bourbons must understand that the day of absolutism is in industry as in politics is at an end. Having defeated political autocracy abroad, the workers will not consent to have industrial autocracy enthroned at home. We insist that a better time shall come into the work and the lives of the working people and of all the people of our country.

We hope to bring about a better day and a better time, to see to it that this Republic of ours shall grow industrially, agriculturally, commercially, financially, spiritually, humanely.

Did Switzerland Save Allied Cause?

The Story of a Diplomatic Struggle That Ended Well

THERE was a time when Switzerland held the fate of the Allies in her hands. So at least declares Samuel Hopkins Adams writing in *Collier's Weekly*. Here was the situation as he saw it:

Switzerland has no seaport. There was no way of obtaining outside supplies except through warring countries which were extremely busy with other considerations. Switzerland's food was getting low, her business was waning, her herds and crops were deteriorating at an alarming rate and she had no coal. Far-reaching propaganda was being carried on by the Kaiser's emissaries. It is said that there were more than fifteen hundred German propagandists, secret agents, and spies in Berne alone.

A large portion of the country's German-speaking populace naturally leaned toward the Central Powers. For a time the German element appeared to be gaining the upper hand, and either by pressure of residual influences or by a well timed coup there was danger that the Swiss Government might be turned from its policy of defensive neutrality, which would have been fatal to the hopes of the Allies. For the German armies, augmented by the forces withdrawn from the east after Russia's collapse, now outnumbered the French and were taxing their utmost powers of resistance. Should the Swiss army withdraw from the German frontier the mere fear of a Hun advance through the neutral territory would have compelled an extension and re-enforcement of the French lines along the Swiss border, and this, in the face of a superior enemy force, the French could not afford. Had Switzerland yielded still further to pressure and either joined Germany or, having demobilized, tacitly permitted her to go through, pleading helplessness as did Luxemburg, the right flank of the French army would have crumpled under the new assault, Paris would have been taken, and the way opened to a complete German victory. What would have been the subsequent fate of Switzerland at the hands of a conquering Germany is another question, and one which, operating potently upon the minds of those most concerned, constituted an incentive to continued neutrality.

Meantime the problem was becoming poignant for the shut-in republic: how to live through to the end of the struggle. Her representatives went to the Allies to present their desperate case. Translated from the formula of international comity into the everyday language of give and take the conversations would run about in this wise:

Said Switzerland to the Allies: "We are short of food. We have no coal. We have no ships nor any avenues of supply. What will you do for us?"

Said the Allies to Switzerland: "We have not enough coal for ourselves. Food is scarce. Our own people are on short rations. We lack ships properly to move the munitions and supplies for our own people."

To which Switzerland replied: "What can we do? You tell us that we must maintain our defenses against the Germans and that we should not deal with them. Thus we have no alternative but to die. If you cannot or will not help we must do something for ourselves at once."

The Allies knew well what this might mean at its worst. It might mean a yielding to the constantly urged German propaganda backed by German promises. They were even promising food though they had none which they could send to the Swiss, anything to persuade their neighbors to the Hun argument. 'Get your mobilized men back to the land if you expect to escape starvation. The Allies will do nothing for you. You must look to yourselves and trust to our good faith.'

So the Allies countered by saying to the Swiss: "Why do you sell food to the Germans? Why do your skilled workmen make munitions for them?"

"Because we must have their coal," said the Swiss. "We are freezing."

It is difficult to withstand the logic of a radical necessity. The Allies abandoned that line of logic and tried another. 'Suppose,' they proposed, "we manage to get food to you even though we stint ourselves to do so, what guaranty have we that you will not turn it over to Germany in exchange for coal?'

As a matter of fact, Germany had been forcing Switzerland's hand by demanding, in return for the coal which the little republic must have and could get nowhere else but from Germany (France having lost her mines in the Hun advance and England having her hands full in supplying the French), cattle, milk, and other essential foods which the Swiss could ill spare from their own stock. To the Allies' demand the Swiss therefore responded frankly: "Better go hungry than freeze to death. Unless you can get coal to us we must trade with Germany for it."

This was the crux of the situation as presented to the War Trade Board at Washington by the Swiss representatives in the early winter of 1917. Would the United States stand by and see a helpless nation either starved into a more or less open German liaison or, as alternative, compelled to face the danger of revolution inspired alike by Germany and hunger? Now, because without its license no smallest article may be exported from this country, the War Trade Board practically controlled the supply situation for Europe, exercising a power which made its compulsions felt in the farthest corners of the world. And this power could be turned to the uses of diplomacy and of humanity as well in this case. The War Trade Board lost no time—there was none to be lost—in bringing the matter before the Allied Conference and went back to the Swiss representatives with this reply:

'We will send the food to enable you to hang on.'

But here intruded another difficulty. The shipments must land either at a west coast French port or go down into the Mediterranean to the south coast of France. Either way they must traverse the 'barred zones' which the Germans had established for their submarine depredations.

"How can we guarantee these shipments to you?" asked the Allies, "when the submarines may sink them in transit?"

"That will be all right," replied the Swiss confidently. "The Germans have promised us safe conducts for vessels going to Cette."

For a time that worked well. The vessels landed at the port of Cette and the food got through to Switzerland. But the German spies there presently awoke to the fact that this food was just as much ammunition against them.

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since the Swiss, with their future assured, were constantly less amenable to their influence and the hope of corrupting either the Government, the army or the people into relaxing their jealous guardianship of Swiss soil waned. Suddenly the submarines began to run amuck and sink Swiss cargoes. Switzerland protested vigorously. Safe-conduct had been granted and now here was food that they needed being sent to the ocean's bottom. What about the pledged faith of the German Government? Said the Germans:

"That's all very well for you. You get the food, and the Americans get from you the instruments and chronometers that you manufacture, and lumber which they need for their building operations in France. But what do we get out of it?"

The Swiss answered:

"You represent yourselves as our friends and sympathizers in the privations which you say the Allies have forced upon us. Now that food is sent to us will you cut it off and see us starve?"

"Will you trade the food you get, or part of it, for our coal?" demanded the Germans.

"There will be barely enough for ourselves," returned the Swiss truthfully.

Here was a problem for Hun diplomacy. If German subs now with official authorization sunk food destined for Swiss stomachs, Germany's protestations of friendship would appear equally empty. On the other hand, if she lived up to the safe-conduct, the condition of want which was her strongest card since it would sooner or later force the demobilization of the Swiss army, would be alleviated. So she paltered and her submarine commanders went out and sent American food destined for Swiss mouths to the bottom of the sea—"in error," as the German diplomats explained, since they "could not distinguish these ships from other enemy craft."

Now the struggle of diplomacy reached its crucial stage. Shipments promised by the Allies and anxiously awaited by the Swiss failed to arrive.

"See how the Allies have tricked you!" proclaimed the Hun propagandists at Berne. "You may gorge yourselves on false promises and eat empty words or starve."

To which the American representative to the hungry republic replied: "We have sent the food and the Germans have sunk it."

"Lies, all lies!" cried the Germans. "They have diverted the supplies which should have come to you to the luxurious French and the fat and overfed English."

"What about that abrogated safe conduct?" retorted the Americans.

But the Huns had the best of it. The hard facts argued their case. The food as promised was not there. Part of it had arrived but not enough. The German propaganda for demobilization of the Swiss army took on new vigor. The army itself was restive. Anti-Ally and even anti-American sentiment found expression among politicians and in the press.

There was just one answer from the Allies to the Germans that the Swiss were of the temper to understand—food, promptly delivered.

Meantime the War Trade Board had been busy with the Swiss problem at the Washington end. And its brief deliberations culminated in positive action. It determined to get food to Switzerland if it had to mount a gun on every box. It went to the Shipping Board and said: "We must have ships at any cost for Switzerland." It said to the navy: "We must have convoys for the Swiss food ships"; and to the Food Administration: "Is the supply ready?" knowing that it would be at call. It got them all—food, ships, convoys—and the powerful influence of publicity, for it at once spread abroad through the press of Switzerland the glad news that at last food was assured. The American Government had determined to get it over if it took the entire American navy to convoy it! Subs or no subs, the Swiss might count upon it. In vain the fifteen hundred mouthpieces shouted: "Fraud! Lies! American brag!" Day after day the press was kept supplied with that news which the public was most eager to hear, the tidings of food on the way across the ocean. And when the first of the convoyed consignments arrived the Hun plot was shattered. In this phase, food if it had not won the war had at least saved it from being lost.

It got there none too soon. Shortly after came the April drive. Then had the German element in Switzerland prevailed to the extent of bringing about a relaxation of the Swiss military readiness the German army might have come through and history have been written to a different purport. But the German army on the border was faced always with that line of active, warlike mountain fighters, probably the best natural marksmen in Europe. So the chance for German victory from this source—a chance for weeks and months almost within the grasp of their diplomacy—was gone.

Racial Disturbances in South Africa

The Reason For the Hostility of Boer Nationalists

A STRIKING contrast is presented between the achievements of the South African troops in various theatres of the war and the anti-British agitation of the Nationalist party in South Africa. On the one hand we have the brilliant exploit of the conquest of German South West Africa, the undying fame earned by the South Africans at Delville Wood in the battle of the Somme and in many other fights on the Western front, and finally the conquest of German East Africa. On the other hand we have the incitement of Dutch national feeling against Great Britain by the Nationalist party under the leadership of Gen. Hertzog, substitution of the "vierkleur," the Dutch National flag for the Union Jack at Nationalist meetings, the singing of the Volkslied instead of the National Anthem, and many similar incidents.

In the *New Republic* R. F. Alfred Hoernlé seeks to discover the deep-lying causes of the Nationalists' antagonism. This is the conclusion at which he arrives:

What is serious and vital in the "republican" movement of the Nationalists is not the republicanism, but the anti-imperialism. Allegiance to a British king would be a small matter, if the fate and policy of South Africa did not in vital respects depend on decisions taken in the British Parliament—decisions by which the Union is bound, but in the making of which, for all its "self-government," it has had no share.

The most ingenious and workable solution along the lines of a looser association, which has so far been mooted in Dutch circles, calls for complete autonomy for every dominion parliament in the sense of abolition of all control or veto by the British Parliament, subject, in case of a deadlock, to appeal to an international court of arbitration.

It may be asked why the advocates of this scheme should be willing to submit to an international court, but not to, say, an imperial council on which representatives of South Africa would have equal seat and vote with the representatives of the other members of the Empire. It is possible only to hazard a guess at the answer. Some, no doubt, foresee that a closer union of the British dominions will but accelerate the disintegration and loss of Dutch ways and language, of

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Dutch cultural traditions. But the profoundest reason, not often openly confessed, lies probably in the fear of the Dutch that the pressure of public opinion in the Empire will force upon them a more liberal policy towards the negroes. The typical Dutchman, though not normally unkind in the treatment of natives, yet views them as nothing but "schepsels" (creatures), little better than animals, useful for their manual labor in field and mine, but not to be educated, not to be enfranchised, on no account to be admitted to an equality with the white men. Aristotle's famous phrase "slaves by nature" hits off his point of view. The traditional British policy, which prevailed before the days of the Union in the Cape Colony and which aims at educating the native for citizenship, and admitting him progressively to the exercise of political rights, fills the Boer with deep distrust and aversion. Just before the outbreak of the war an act was passed—ostensibly for the purpose of preparing for the segregation of the white and black races by preventing the further acquisition of land by either race—the effect of which was to turn the numerous native squatters on Boer farms at one stroke into serfs bound to the soil. Meanwhile nothing has been done towards effecting segregation or delimiting adequate native territories and a sense of injustice and suspicion has been created in the native mind throughout South Africa which only the war has prevented from attracting the attention it deserves. A small nation which is liable to exploit its autonomy in favor of racial dominion of white over black, needs watching lest its policy be sinister for the future of the white man in Africa.

Is Prohibition Pendulum Swinging Back?

Continued from page 24b

"The conditions in this province under prohibition at the worst have been infinitely better than they were under the license system at its best," asserts the Edmonton *Bulletin*.

The "moderates" are extending their organization throughout British Columbia, and working for amendments, as indicated at the commencement of this article. The Port Alberni, B.C., *News* welcomes the formation of this party, under the heading "Have no more use for the Prohibition Act," and says it is "the opinion of the members that the present Prohibition Act has proved a failure." But it doesn't want the bar back.

Despite the fact that "1,600 out the 1,999 labor organizations in Canada" have petitioned for more and stronger beer, there appears to be no certainty that the majority of labor men will be found opposing prohibition. The U.S. "no work, no beer" slogan has not yet cropped up in Canada. The Kingston *Standard* says this labor petition is "a further indication of public opinion" and the Border Cities *Star* says that "a plausible showing is made." The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* remarks that "the appearance of organized labor, in both the United States and Canada, behind the demand for stronger beer is one of the curious facts of the situation."

"The Federations of Labor in Alberta and British Columbia" have made significant declarations in favor of prohibition," says the Toronto *Globe*. In addition, in Alberta "the Great War Veterans, the Liberal Convention, the Western Canada Lumbermen and the United Farmers have declared for prohibition," announces the Lethbridge *Herald*.

The Toronto *Globe* asserts that this movement of the labor men for more and stronger beer is being 'engineered by the brewers'" and says:

"The stronger beer movement is not attaining the proportions of a tidal wave. Those who are engineering it—the brewers and the brewery workers—have not had the expected response from the Labor Unions.

"There should be no pretense that (these petitions) represent spontaneous and unanimous desire and demand by the trades unionists of Canada. They will be the product of "active propaganda" by the brewery interests, regarded with indifference or open hostility by many thousands in the ranks of organized Labor."

This "indirect, insidious, and plausible" method of propaganda is asserted by the *Christian Guardian* to be under way both in the United States and Canada. The *Guardian* says:

"The liquor men, however, dare not come out into the open as to do so would defeat the very object they have in view. If a wealthy brewer were to appeal to a generous public to allow the poor man his beer, the public would simply smile. If a millionaire distiller were to argue that liquor was good for 'flu' we should view it as a joke.

"And so we have letters from workingmen, from church members, urging the claims of the old."

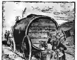
A Dominion-wide campaign is anticipated by the Prohibitionists and George A. Warburton, one of the two prime movers in the Committee of One Hundred Campaign in Ontario, is now vice president of the Dominion Prohibition Committee. This committee, according to the Toronto *News*, asserts:

1. That there is an insidious and far reaching propaganda now being carried on which aims to discredit the Prohibitory Laws and restore liquor-drinking for the personal profit of the Liquor-Seller.
2. That the liquor people are behind a propaganda in the ranks of Labor that seeks to show that Prohibition is generally opposed by working people.
3. That the Liquor Interests are working behind the scenes in the political parties and by underground methods, to discredit and oust from office any public man who is an outspoken prohibitionist. Watch for the evidence of this and prevent the success of their schemes.

The Edmonton *Bulletin* is wholeheartedly for Dominion-wide prohibition:

"The enactment of Dominion legislation which will absolutely and permanently forbid the manufacture, importation and storage under private auspices of any kind of intoxicating liquor is the only means by which provincial legislation can be supplemented to the point of thorough efficiency."

AN ENGLISH NOTION OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN VEHICLE.



—"Evening News" (London)
Uncle Sam—"Here's how!"

The Prohibition Committee, says the Toronto *Globe*, does not desire a 'snap verdict,' as its opponents claim, but asks that "the vote on this question be taken at a date to be fixed by the Government of Canada at least six months prior to the day of voting."

Toronto *Saturday Night* is definitely and whole-souledly opposed to prohibition but pictures the "fate" of the United States as more despairing—from the "wet" standpoint—than that of Canada. In the Dominion the *Saturday Night* believes there's still "hope":

"Much as we in Canada may resent the annoyances, injustices and hypocrisies to which pseudo-prohibition has given rise, we are not in an impasse where a law, however onerous and unworkable, is practically irrevocable and incapable of amendment.

"When it is remembered that in all that makes for good citizenship, business morality and humane civilization, the opponents of prohibition are at least the equals and very frequently the superiors of the 'drys' the tyrannical nature of the laws can be realized."

"Dallying with the Demon," H. F. Gadsby calls his recent effusion on the temperance question. "Prohibition at Ottawa," he writes, "is not a moral question—it is a political one. It will be decided on the question of the greatest good for the greatest number—of votes. Union Government is not going to give Canada any more Prohibition than she actually wants. The drys say, 'Nail it down for another year, that's all they ask.'"

"Parliament shows a new frame of mind toward prohibition this session which leads to certain honest questions. Did somebody slip something over on us while the casualty lists blinded our eyes with tears? Did the cold water people get by while we were looking the other way? Was prohibition a mood—all blue—or was it a conviction? Did we give up drink because giving up things was the fashion—horse races, baseball, banquets, time, money—all as nothing compared with the lives our boys gave up on the battle field? Did we give it up because it was the easiest, safest, long distance way of martyrizing ourselves—of suffering something for the war which implied personal discomfort? Why did we give it up? And when we gave it up did we mean it?"

MONTREAL.

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This war experience is supported by scientific opinion, and some misconceptions are set right in the following extract from the *Canada Lancet*:—

> "Candy and Chocolate are nutritious, stimulating foods. There is not the least scientific foundation for the opinion that eating candy is injurious to the teeth. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth through impaired nutrition than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from overuse.
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> "In like manner there is little foundation for the common opinion that the consumption of candy causes digestive troubles."

Candy brings sunshine into the lives of children. Children are fond of candy because their bodies require fuel which candy best produces. Not only eat it yourself, but encourage your children to eat candy in rational quantities.

Candy is a Splendid Food.

THE
CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE
INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

27

Reconstruction in Turkey

Continued from page 31

"But what,' I urged, 'do you do with them? What steps do you take?"

"We send them all," replied the little man, pulling at his pipe and growing obviously drowsy as he spoke, "to Woodrow Wilson. He can deal with them. He is the great conciliator of the world. Let him have—how do you say it in English, it is a Turkish phrase?—let him have his stomach full of conciliation."

Abdul dozed on his cushions for a moment. Then he reopened his eyes.

"Is there anything else you want to know," he asked, "before I retire to the inner harem?"

"Just one thing," I said. "If you don't mind. How do you stand internationally? Are you coming into the new League of Nations?"

The Sultan shook his head.

"No," he said, "we're not coming in. We are starting a new league of our own."

"And who are in it?"

"Ourselves, and the Armenians—and let me see—the Irish, are they not, Toomuch?—and the Bulgarians—are there any others, Toomuch?"

"There is talk," said the secretary, "of the Yoko-Hebrovians and the Scarooviana—"

"Who are they?" I asked.

"We don't know," said Abdul, testily. "They wrote to us. They seem all right. Haven't you got a lot of people in your league that you never heard of?"

"I see," I said. "And what is the scheme that your league is formed on?"

"Very simple," said the Sultan. "Each member of the league gives word to all the other members. Then they all take an oath together. Then they all sign it. That is absolutely binding."

He rolled back on his cushions in an evident state of boredom and weariness.

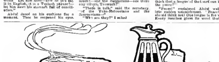
"But surely," I protested, "you don't think that a league of that sort can keep the peace?"

"Peace!" exclaimed Abdul, waking into sudden astonishment. "Peace! I should think not! Our league is for war. Every member gives its word that at the first convenient opportunity it will knock the stuffing out of any of the others that it can."

The little Sultan again subsided. Then he rose with some difficulty from his cushions.

"Toomuch," he said, "take the inquisitive fellow out into the town, take him to the Bosphorus, take him to the island where the dogs are, take him anywhere." He paused to whisper a few instructions into the ear of the Secretary. "You understand," he said, "well take him. As for me"—he gave a great yawn as he shuffled away, "I am about to withdraw into my inner harem. Good bye. I regret that I cannot invite you in."

"So do I," I said. "Good bye."



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Has War Wiped Out Disease?

Doctors Eradicate Many Causes of Death

IN a book that he has recently published, "The Doctor in War," Woods Hutchinson, M.D., makes the statement that "the war is the first war in which the doctor was given a free hand and he responded by almost wiping out disease." He goes on to say that the medical service proved their usefulness by bringing the death rate from it in the camps lower than that at home, in saving 90 per cent. of the wounded and sending 80 per cent. of them back to the firing-line within forty days and making the death rate from all causes the lowest on record—barely 5 per cent. per annum, and for the past two years under 2 per cent. Only 2 per cent. of the wounded are crippled or permanently disabled, a vast improvement since the "vulgar brawls" which culminated at Agincourt, when the issue was decided by showers of arrows at fifty paces, or by sword, spear, and battle axe and the average loss in killed and wounded was anywhere from 15 to 30 per cent. of the forces engaged. The soldier's worst enemy enlists with him, for what killed most men in war was not bullets but "bugs," not the sword but the streptococcus. "Whenever you mobilize and call to the colors a thousand men," says Dr. Hutchinson, "you call with them at least twenty million tubercle bacilli, ten billion typhoid, five billion pneumonia and a couple of million dysentery germs." Besides these the hosts of the Hun may be regarded as negligible. Inoculation protected our Armies against typhoid, splendid feeding with plenty of meat and fat against pneumonia and consumption, fly-campaigns against dysentery and diarrhoea, shower-baths and clean underwear against spotted typhus, and quarantine against measles, [illegible] diphtheria and influenza. Only three "new inventions in the disease line" appeared—trench fever, trench nephritis, and trench feet, and all three were brought down to slight proportions by properly drained trenches, loose comfortable foot- and leg wear, regular washing and greasing of the feet every night and clean socks and plenty of them.

For some time the aviator was regarded as a man apart, and the heavy mortality among flying men as inseparable from the profession. But after some hundreds of patients were already dead it was discovered that a large share of the distressing mortality was not due to enemy fire or to machine defects but to accidents occurring inside the flyer himself. A Commission appointed to investigate found that the causes could be classified as follows: enemy gun-fire and other fighting casualties 2 per cent., engine trouble and defects of construction 8 per cent., heart failure, loss of consciousness, or other sudden breakdown of the aviator himself 60 per cent. Here was work for the doctors with a vengeance; they grappled with it firmly, and one of the things they found was that while the born flyer, as Dr. Hutchinson says, was "a distinctly rare avis" and a touch of genius was required to make an ace, for nine-tenths of the routine work an aviator is required to do all that is needed is "a man wid two hands an' two feet and all his teeth in his head," as Mulvaney put it. But that man must be well cared for from the first, and there is sound sense in the argument for a special Aviation Medical Corps which shall have charge of the aviator from the moment of his admission to the service till he needs "warning off" to save his life.

Too Much Wilson

British Editor Would End President's Leadership

IT is a very apparent fact that Woodrow Wilson is playing a big part in the Peace negotiations. To many it appears that he is playing the part of a world mediator, bent on finding the way by which perpetual peace may be ensured. To others he appears in the role of an impracticable dreamer. Among the latter is L. J. Maxse, the hard-hitting editor of the *National Review* (London), who takes exception to the President's course in an article headed "Too Much Wilson." He says:

If Europe stood in need of a mentor at this moment President Wilson would be the right man in the right place, but ordinary people who do not move and live and have their being in Ministerial circles are at a loss to understand why nations that during the terrible ordeal of these five years have established their moral might as well as their material and military greatness, like France and Britain, to say nothing of Italy and others who have been bled almost white in repelling the assaults of the common enemy of mankind, should be regarded as incapable of regulating their own affairs, and as unworthy of that "self determination" of which we hear so much. It is hardly fair to peoples who have laid down their lives by the hundred thousand, and lavished their treasure by the hundred million, that their statesmen should efface themselves and invite the American Superman to settle every European problem. Nor is it fair to place President Wilson in a false position from which there must come a rude awakening, as it is not humanly possible that those who have not paid the piper should call the tune at this juncture of the world's history.

Had the Great War lasted another year or two, as was anticipated by the shrewdest judges in London and in Paris, we should all have inevitably submitted with the best possible grace to an American Peace drafted in, and dictated from, Washington. In that eventuality the White House would have been the arbiter of the situation by force of circumstances. In 1919 the American Army, which its officers regarded as raw material last year (though there was never any question as to the zeal and capacity of the rank and file), would have developed into a formidable fighting machine after it had bought its bloody experience like every European army. The American Navy and the American Mercantile Marine would have become equally important factors. The air would have been thick with the American aeroplanes, which hardly appeared in 1918. Englishmen eagerly anticipated America's growing share of the war in the near future. We are not a jealous or an envious people, and should have cheerfully conceded the decisive role to our American associates—whom we may not call Allies—in the campaigns of 1919 and 1920, with all the political consequences that would have followed from an American victory in the field. But as it happened the enemy collapsed infinitely sooner than was expected under the incomparable leading and hammer-blows of Foch and Haig. It would take a fool to underrate the influence of the presence of the great American force in France, while on more than one occasion American troops gave us a taste of what to expect from a trained American Army. But by common consent of the Allies—Marshal Foch has most handsomely made acknowledgment—the lion's share of the last campaign fell on the British, whose record from August to November will live for all time in military history. This is in no way to detract from the genius of Foch, whose praise is on the lips of every British soldier who has come home this winter. But without the magnificent tenacity of Sir Douglas Haig's armies, which went from victory to victory against superior numbers, the illustrious French soldier would be the

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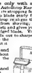

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first to recognize that the war must have dragged on for another year or two. The freshness of our war worn divisions much below strength amazed every one. Britons are not boastful and would not rob one laurel from any Allied army, but as our politicians are as modest in referring to the achievements of our Fighting Men as they are vainglorious over their own performances as "winners of the war," it is the duty of the conscientious chronicler to restore perspective by emphasizing the facts. It is not only that injustice is done to the British Army and the British Navy by slurring over these magnificent rôles by crediting their labors to others. Injustice is also done to the British nation and the British Empire whose interests are nowadays treated as negligible by British statesmen unless they happen to suit the whim of a passing President in whose election no Briton had any voice.

Mr. Wilson strikes one as speaking from the fullness of his heart upon the subjects he cares about. He is genuinely convinced that Europe is out of date, that the time has come to create a new world—one gigantic United States—in which arbitration will replace armaments and the law be administered under the auspices of a Supreme Court. It is a magnificent conception, though hardly realisable until mankind ceases to be human. One cannot but admire the courage with which the President parades these lofty ideas, while the superficial success which has attended his propaganda is striking. But then his intercourse has been confined to the tired sections of the various countries he has visited. It is only natural that weary Mandarins should succumb to the dream of a League of Nations, but outside official circles it is not a popular subject, and though Mr. Wilson has been told otherwise it, as a matter of fact, "cut no ice" whatsoever at the British General Election. Beyond the ranks of professional politicians and journalists "in touch" with them, apart from a few "cranks," it is not easy to meet any one who regards the League of Nations as anything more than a topic for public men and leader writers. It has not yet touched the Man in the Street, and is never mentioned by the Lady in the Tube.

For these as for other reasons our Press is serving ill, nor is it assisting the American people by kotowing to President Wilson. Our "boomsters" are animated by the purest motives and fondly imagine they are promoting Anglo-American friendship. They are doing the reverse. They are unwittingly playing the enemy's game in encouraging the delusion that the British Government has no alternative but to say ditto to whatever proposition emanates from Washington. Germany is making it abundantly clear that she regards Dr. Wilson as her Patron Saint. He alone can pull her out of the Slough of Despond and set her on the high road to the gratification of her ambitions via the League of Nations, which is visualized from Berlin as the apostolic successor of the defunct Pan German League. To-day the German Press is beslavering with praise the man whom yesterday it was bespattering with mud. This should give all ideologues pause. If the League of Nations be a German interest, it cannot be a British interest.

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Some Tricks of the "Mediums"

Tricks of Spiritualists Exposed by a Scientist

IN *Popular Science Monthly*, Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., describes some of the ruses to which alleged mediums have resorted to impose upon the credulous. Nothing could be simpler than these tricks—both to accomplish and to understand.

You sit around a table with ten other believers in spiritualism, the hands of all eleven of you spread out flat and your little fingers touching. Next to you is the medium—a big likable fellow with a kind, frank face.

"If the spirit moves," says he, fixing his eyes on you, "I shall produce some startling phenomena with the very hand that your little finger now touches."

It sounds incredible. "Not if I know it," you say to yourself, pressing your little finger harder against his. You are determined that he shall not remove that hand—not for the fraction of a second.

Then the lights are lowered. Under cover of the darkness, the medium is seized with a series of convulsive twitches and spasms. His hands shake and the table trembles.

However, you are not to be caught napping. You exert still more pressure on your little finger, and his hand is still there—or was. For lo! a dinner bell is suddenly rung in your ears, a whistle is blown, a gong is struck, and a flashlight shines in your face.

You are not only amazed and bewildered—you are easily scared. And when the lights are turned on, there, just as you anticipated, is his hand with your little finger resting on it. You could swear away your reputation that he had not moved it. How, then, did it all happen?

Do you recall the instant when he was seized with convulsive twitches? At that time he was drawing his hands nearer and nearer together until in one violent spasm he had withdrawn one hand altogether—the very hand under your little finger!

Oh, yes, you regained control of it again instantly and you forgot all about the loss of it a moment later.

The fact is that the medium substituted the outstretched first finger of his other hand for the little finger of the hand you held—so that then you and the man on the other side of him were both controlling the same hand, leaving the remaining hand free to perform the manifestations. Can you imagine anything which would be more simple than that?

But there are more elaborate demonstrations of the same character. The whole hand of the medium may be apparently controlled, yet he manages to release it all the same! He sits in a chair and places his two hands on his knees, while an investigator sits on either side of him. The man on his right side grasps his right wrist, while the medium himself grasps the wrist of the man on his left side. Thus a circle is formed in which the medium is holding the wrist of one man, and is in turn, having his other wrist held by the other man. Obviously the wrist in the grasp of the other man cannot possibly be used to produce the manifestations. But they do take place, nevertheless.

After the lights are turned out, the medium requests the man on his right to remove his hand for a moment.

"I want to use my handkerchief," he says. In a moment he returns his hand. Returns it? What he does in reality is this. He slips both feet forward and crosses his knees, the left knee being on top. Then when he requests the man on his right to hold his hand again, he allows him to hold his left wrist—the one that is holding the wrist of the man on his left. The right hand is now free. The man on the left cannot tell that the hand has been removed, as indeed it has not, and the man on the right cannot tell that this change has taken place in the position of the hands, since he grasps a wrist which the medium tells him is his right hand. Since there is only one knee, the trick cannot be discovered if an investigator feels the other knee.

But some people will tell you that they have received "spirit touches" while they knew they held both hands of the medium securely all the time the manifestations were going on. In this case the medium blindfolded the sitters, if the séance was held in the light, and with his teeth extracted a long feather from under his vest, and with it produced soft "spirit touches" upon the head, face, and hands of the gullible person.

An ingenious "holding" test, made famous by the Eddy Brothers in their so-called "light séances," was carried out as follows:

Three chairs were placed in a row in one corner of the room. The medium sat in one—the right-hand one, as viewed by the spectators. The other two were occupied by investigators. The medium and the third man (in the opposite end chair) thus grasped the arms of the man in the middle, one hand on the wrist and one hand high up on the arm. In this way the man in the middle was able to tell instantly if any hand was removed. A curtain was then pinned over the bodies of the medium and of his investigators. Presently manifestations took place. How?

Under cover of the cloth, the medium abstracted from his pocket a small piece of lead about the size of his hand. He bent this tightly around the arm of the man next to him, giving him the impression of being held by that hand.

Then the hand could be removed and the impression remain—the left hand still grasping the arm lower down. Both hands were thus felt, while as we have seen, only one was actually employed in holding the man—the other being free to play musical instruments and produce other "phenomena."

Of course, various devices have been resorted to in an endeavor to prevent mediums from producing "phenomena" fraudulently, particularly in dark circles.

Among these may be mentioned ropes, ties of all kinds, chains, padlocks, handcuffs, etc., and especially various ways of holding the medium so that he cannot escape. These are known as holding tests. The aim of the medium is to evade these and, by releasing one hand or foot, to produce "phenomena" with the free member.

Sometimes "phenomena" are produced a long way from the medium—so far, indeed, that the sitter feels sure he could not have reached that spot even had his hands been free. In such cases, the medium has produced from his pocket a long jointed rod, known as a "reaching rod," and after opening it is enabled to reach objects four or five feet away—to ring bells, shake the tambourine, etc.

The above are some of the simple methods by which fraudulent "physical mediums" bamboozle their sitters. I do not wish it to be understood, however, that I do not believe in any genuine phenomena of this kind. On the contrary, I am quite convinced that they sometimes occur. And it is for this reason that we psychical researchers are so anxious to eliminate the fraud. Spurious money does not prove that no genuine money exists. It is the same with spiritistic phenomena. I merely wish to warn would-be investigators of possible disappointments.

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Wash By Electricity

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Could German Fleet Have Been Sunk?

Writer Claims That Beatty's Signal Was Ignored

IT IS now clearly established, and even admitted by the Germans, that the British fleet won a very conclusive victory at Jutland. There seems reason to believe, however, that the victory could have been made more decisive, even that the German fleet could have been destroyed had certain defects in British equipment been remedied and if the command had seen fit to force the issue. Such, at least, is the impression given by H. W. Wilson, the naval historian, in an article in the London *Daily Mail*. He writes:

I understand that an effort is to be made in Parliament to secure an impartial enquiry into the defects of armament and organization in the British Navy which Lord Jellicoe has put forward as the explanation of his failure to defeat the enemy decisively at the Battle of Jutland, and into the question who was personally responsible for them.

The one fact which stands out from his account of Jutland is that at the critical moment of the whole naval war he did not place the destruction of the enemy above the safety of his ships. In this his leadership differs from that of Nelson, who discouraged rash and foolish attacks, but gave his officers very plainly to understand that he would support any captain who closed with the enemy and that the enemy's destruction was to be the one overmastering object.

Lord Jellicoe's book contains an allusion to a signal from Sir David Beatty which is stated to have been made about 7.18, when the British Battle Fleet executed a second turn-away from the enemy, in face of a German torpedo attack on the rear of the British line. The effect of this signal was, I believe, this:

"If you follow me, sir, we can annihilate them."

It was addressed to the British battleship division leading the line, and it was made at the last moment when any chance of closing with the enemy remained, if a night action was not to be fought.

Lord Jellicoe had already decided that it was impossible for him to fight such a night action because of his searchlights, want of star-shells, and destroyers.

What was the situation at this moment? The Germans, from the facts published, seem to have had only 10 Dreadnought battleships in line, with two battle-cruisers. Both these battle-cruisers had been violently battered by Sir David Beatty and the 5th Battle Squadron. Of the German battleships several had been badly hit. Against them were three battleships of the 5th Battle Squadron (for the Warspite had fallen out of the line owing to injuries received), 24 intact battleships of the main British battle fleet, 4 of Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers, and 2 of Admiral Hood's ships of the same class.

The British superiority was overwhelming in numbers and in weight of metal it was ever greater. In close action the British shells would have gone through the enemy's armour, and there is every reason to think that the German Fleet would either have been destroyed or driven to a severe [illegible] fight in which it must have lost at least half a dozen damaged ships which ultimately reached port.

Between 6.14 and 8.30 the British battleships owing to the first turn-away from the enemy had been from 3,000 to 5,000 yards farther away from the enemy than Admiral Beatty's battle-cruisers, which emerged from this struggle without further heavy loss. That they were able to fight the Germans at so much closer quarters is evidence that the German fire had greatly deteriorated and that the Germans were a beaten fleet.

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The Sun Gazer

Continued from page 31

"When I kin git up an appetite fer that sort of vittles, I'll go shares with you ef y' aint got no objection!"

Having conceived this idea, Horace was seized with a fear that the captive might presently gain the power of flight and get away. This was a thought under which he could not lie still. In his pocket he always carried a bunch of stout salmon-twine and a bit of copper rabbit wire apt to be needed in a hundred forest emergencies. He resolved to catch the young eagle and tether it to a bush.

His first impulse was to set about this enterprise at once. With excruciating effort he managed to pull off his heavy woollen hunting shirt, intending to use it as the toreador uses his mantle, to entangle the dangerous weapons of his adversary. Then he dragged himself across to the other end of the ledge and attempted to corner the captive. For this he was not quite quick enough, however. With a flop and a squawk the bird eluded him, and he realized that he had better postpone the undertaking till the morrow. Crawling back to his hollow by the bush he sank down utterly exhausted. Not till the sharp chill which comes with sunset warned him of its necessity was he able to grapple with the long painful problem of getting his shirt on again.

Through the night he got some broken sleep, though the hardness of his bed aggravated every hurt he had suffered. On the edge of dawn he saw the male eagle come again, this time more confidently and deliberately, to feed the captive. After he was gone Horace tried to move, but found himself now, from the night's chill and the austerity of his bed, altogether helpless. Not till the sun was high enough to warm him through and through, and not till he had manipulated his legs and arms assiduously for more than an hour, did his body feel as if it could ever again be of any service to him. Then he once more got off his shirt, and addressed himself to the catching of the indignant bird whom he had elected to be his preserver.

Though the anguish roused by every movement was no less intense than it had been the afternoon before, he was stronger now and more in possession of his faculties. Before starting the chase he cut a strip from his shirt to wind around the leg of the young eagle in order that he might be able to tether it tightly without cutting the flesh. The bird had suddenly become most precious to him!

Very warily he made his approaches, sidling down the ledge so as to give his quarry the least possible room for escape. As he drew near the bird turned and faced him, its one uninjured wing lifted menacingly and its formidable beak wide open. Holding the heavy shirt ready to throw, Horace crept up cautiously, so intent now upon the game that the anguish in the leg which he dragged stiffly behind him was almost forgotten. The young bird meanwhile waited motionless and vigilant, its savage eyes hard as glass.

AT last a faint quiver and shrinking in the bird's form, an involuntary contracting of the feathers, gave warning to Horace's experienced eye that it was about to spring aside. On the instant he flung the shirt, keeping hold of it by the sleeve. By a singular piece of luck, upon which he had not counted at all, it opened as he threw it, and settled right over the bird's arched and disabled wing, blinding and baffling it completely. With a muffled squawk it bounced into the air, both talons outspread and clawing madly, but in a second Horace had it by the other wing, pulling it down, and rolling himself over upon it so as to smother those dangerous claws. He felt them sink once into his injured leg, but that was already anguishing so vehemently that a little more or less did not matter. In a few moments he had his captive bundled up with helplessness, and was dragging it to a sturdy bush near the middle of the terrace. Here, without much further trouble, he wrapped one of its legs with the strip of flannel from his shirt,

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twisted on a hand-length of wire, and then tethered it safely with a couple of yards of his double and twisted cord.

Just as he had accomplished this to his satisfaction and was about to undo the imprisoning shirt, it flashed across his mind that it was lucky the old eagles had not been on hand to interfere. He glanced upward, and saw a dark form dropping like a thunder bolt out of the blue. He had just time to fling himself over on his back, lifting his arm to shield his face and his feet to receive the attack, when the hiss of that lightning descent filled his ears. Involuntarily he half closed his eyes. But no shock came, except a great buffet of air on his face. Not quite daring to grapple with that ready defence, the eagle had opened its wings when within a few feet of the ledge, and swooped upward again, where it hung hovering and screaming. Horner saw that it was the female and shook his fist at her in defiance. Had it been his old acquaintance and challenger, the male, he felt sure that he would not have got off so easily.

Puzzled and alarmed, the mother now perched herself beside the other eaglet, on the edge of the nest. Then, keeping a careful eye upon her, lest she should return to the attack, Horner dexterously unrolled the shirt, and drew back just in time to avoid a vicious slash from the talons of his indignant prisoner. The latter after some violent tugging and flopping at his tether and fierce biting at the wire suddenly seemed to conclude that such futile efforts were undignified. He settled himself like a rock, and stared unwinkingly at his captor.

It was perhaps an hour after this, when the sun had grown hot, and Horner, having slaked his thirst at the spring in the rock, had tried rather ineffectually to satisfy his hunger on grass-roots, that the male eagle reappeared, winging heavily from the farthest end of the lake. From his talons dangled a limp form, which Horner presently made out to be a duck.

"Good!" he muttered to himself. "I always did like fowl better 'n fish."

When the eagle arrived he seemed to notice something different in the situation, for he wheeled slowly overhead for some minutes uttering sharp yelps of interrogation. But the appeals of the youngster at last brought him down, and he delivered up the prize. The moment he was gone Horner crept up to where the youngster was already tearing the warm body to pieces. Angry and hungry, the bird made a show of fighting for his rights, but his late experience with his inimitable conqueror had daunted him. Sullenly he hopped away the full length of his tether, and Horner picked up the mangled victim. But his appetite was gone by this time. He was not yet equal to a diet of raw flesh. Tossing the prize back to its rightful owner, he withdrew painfully to grub for some more grass roots.

AFTER this the eagle came regularly every three or four hours with food for the prisoner. Sometimes it was a fish—trout, or brown sucker, or silvery chub; sometimes a duck or a grouse, sometimes a rabbit or a muskrat. Always it was the male, with that grim black streak across the side of his white face, who came. Always Horner made a point of taking the prize at once from the angry youngster, and then throwing it back to him, unable to stomach the idea of the raw flesh. At last, on the afternoon of the third day of his imprisonment, he suddenly found that it was not the raw flesh, but the grass-roots, which he loathed. While examining a fine lake-trout, he remembered that he had read of raw fish being excellent food under the right conditions. This was surely one of those right conditions. Picking somewhat fastidiously, he nevertheless managed to make so good a meal off that big trout that there was little but head and tail to toss back to his captor.

"Never mind, pardner!" he said seriously. "I'll divide fair next time. But you know you've been havin' more'n your share lately."

But the bird was so outraged that for a long time he would not look at those remnants, and only consented to devour them, at last, when Horner was not looking.

After this Horner found it easy enough to partake of his prisoner's meals, whether they were of fish, flesh, or fowl, and with the ice-cold water from the little spring, and an occasional mouthful of leaves or roots, he fared well enough to make progress toward recovery. The male eagle grew so accustomed to his presence that he would alight beside the prisoner and threaten Horner with that old, cold stare of challenge, and frequently Horner had to drive him off in order to save his share of the feast from the rapacity of the eaglet. But as for the female, she remained incurably suspicious and protesting. From the upper ledge where she devoted her care to the other nestling, she would yelp down her threats and execrations, but she never ventured any nearer approach.

For a whole week the naked hours of day and dusk had rolled over the peak before Horner began to think himself well enough to try the descent. His arm and shoulder were almost well, but his leg, in spite of ceaseless rubbing and applications of moist earth, remained practically helpless. He could not bear his weight on it for a second. His first attempt at lowering himself showed him that he must not be in too great haste.

It was nearly a week more before he could feel assured, after experiments at scaling the steep above him, that he was fit to face the terrible steep below. Then he thought of the eaglet, his unwilling and outraged preserver! After a sharp struggle, of which both his arms and legs bore the marks for months, he caught the bird once more, and examined the injured wing. It was not broken, and he saw that its owner would be able to fly all right in time, perhaps as soon as his more fortunate brother in the nest above. Satisfied on this point, he loosed all the bonds and jumped back to avoid the indomitable youngster's retort of beak and claws. Unnerved by his sudden freedom, the young eagle flopped angrily away to the farther end of the ledge, and Horner, having resumed his useful shirt, started to climb down the mountain, whose ascent he had so heedlessly adventured nearly two weeks before. As he lowered himself over the dizzy brink he glanced up to see the male eagle circling slowly above him, gazing down at him with the old challenge in his unwinking golden eyes.

"I reckon you win!" said Horner, waving the imperturbable bird a grave salutation. "You're a gentleman, an' I thank you for your kind hospitality."

It was still early morning when Horner started down the mountain. It was dark when he reached the lake, and flung himself down, prostrated with fatigue and pain and strain of nerve beside his canoe. From moment to moment, through spells of reeling faintness and spasmodic exhaustion, the silent gulfs of space had clutched at him as if the powers of the solitude and the peak had but spared him so long to crush him inexorably in the end. At last, more through the sheer indomitableness of the human spirit than anything else, he had won. But never afterwards could he think of that awful descent without a sinking of the heart. For three days more he made his camp by the lake recovering strength and nerve before resuming his journey down the wild river to the settlements. And many times a day his salutations would be waved upward to that great, snowy-headed, indifferent bird wheeling in the far blue, or gazing at the sun from his high-set watch tower of the peak.

III.

TWO or three years later, it fell in Horner's way to visit a great city many hundreds of miles from the grey peak of "Old Baldy." He was in charge of an exhibit of canoes, snowshoes and other typical products of his forest-loving countrymen. In his first morning of leisure his feet turned almost instinctively to the wooded gardens, wherein the city kept strange captives, untamed exiles of the wilderness, irreconcilable aliens of fur and hide and feather, for the crowds to gape at through their iron bars.

It was the cages of the great cats to which Horner first found his way,

Cinderella's Confession

The story of how a shabby little stranger became the best dressed girl in our town

By KATHRYN HOLMES
Illustration by Will Grefé

HER real name was Enid, and I'll never forget how she looked that first morning! When she came in the door the whole office stopped and stared and—I'm ashamed to say it—we grinned. That dress—I suppose it had been stylish once about five years before! Its tired out brown color made her face look even paler than it was and it fitted her as if it had been made for a big sister. A faded old hat drooped dejectedly upon her mass of unruly yellow hair. She was a picture—so shabby and forlorn that I pitied her!

We all thought she'd gotten into the wrong place by mistake. But she hung up her hat and made herself at home at Sara Long's old desk. And there she quietly did her work for months—always the office mystery and always an object of pity among the rest of the girls at Warner's. Hartley the office manager told us all he knew about her—an orphan from a little town in Iowa—that was her story in a nutshell. She roomed alone and in the office she kept to herself. The truth was we just couldn't invite her out—in those clothes. And so we simply came to regard her as an office fixture that nobody quite understood.

Then one morning, early in the fall, Enid gave the office its second shock—a more surprising one if possible than the first. Everybody was on time that morning except Enid. We spent the first few minutes after the bell rang wondering where she could be. But by nine o'clock we had all simply settled down to work and the typewriters were clicking like mad when the door opened and in walked a wonderfully radiant creature in the most prettiest, most becoming dress you ever saw and a charming hat that you just knew had been made for that little blonde head!

Every typewriter stopped as if by magic and two dozen audible murmurs of admiration registered the effect on that office full of girls. Hartley looked up from a sheet of figures with a frown, yanked off his spectacles, and rose to learn the caller's business. He was halfway between his desk and the door before the young lady who had caused all the commotion smilingly removed her hat and we realized for the first time that it was Enid!

No one in the office could keep her mind on her work the rest of that morning. After months of that shabby brown dress and old-rose toque this was too much! And no one ever realized before how pretty Enid really was. But in her new attire she was simply a new creature. The transformation was so complete that even the old name didn't fit and it just seemed natural that from that day we should call her "Cinderella."

NEXT morning Cinderella was dressed just as tastefully in another charming dress. She had evidently worn the old one till she was ready to give us a steady surprise, because after that her dresses, waists, skirts and hats were always becoming and stylish to the last degree.

I never saw such a complete and sudden change in the attitude of a lot of girls. Cinderella instead of being ignored became the pet of the whole office. The girls consulted her about their clothes, beaux and other things. She was deluged with invitations. Fine costumes were admired in and out of the office and she was the envy of every girl in the place.

Gradually she became popular in the social life of the town. She was in constant demand at parties and dances. Cinderella the little stranger had taken the town by storm and all because of her magic transformation from shabby attire to radiant becoming clothes.

One Saturday as we were all leaving the office, Cinderella called us together.

"Girls!" she said, "I've a secret to tell you. This is my last day at the office. I'm going to marry Tom Warner Monday!"

Tom Warner! Cinderella was certainly living up to her reputation for surprises. Tom was the oldest son of the boss and one of the most promising young men in town. We could hardly believe our ears but a moment later she stepped into Tom Warner's big gray limousine and was whisked out of sight.

None of us dreamed how much Cinderella would be missed in that office. We would gather into little clusters after lunch and recall her coming to the place and what a wonderful change had come over her and all she meant to us when she blossomed out in distinctive clothes that made her attractive, beautiful and lovable.

Then one morning Don Hartley found in his mail a dainty scented envelope bearing a gold monogram. He opened it, called us all around him and read:

> "Dear Girls and Boys: I'm coming home to-morrow and I miss you all so much that you're to be the very first guests at our new home. I want you all to come out to 381 Arlington Avenue next Wednesday evening. Come right up from the office and don't bother about dressing for I'm going to make my confession and I don't want any of you to miss it. With love, Cinderella."

Never will I forget that Wednesday evening. It was the most wonderful of one lived. We had never seen our Cinderella looking quite so sweet or beautiful. And such a dinner as she gave us! After dinner she took us all through her new home and then gathering us before a roaring fire in the living room she told us her story.

"OF course you all know what a wretched little freak I was the first day I first came to the office," she began. "That's all past now and I have blotted out of my memory the heartaches of those first cruel weeks when my shabby attire made me a fit subject for ridicule.

"I had never known what it meant to have stylish becoming clothes. My home was in a little cross-roads town in Iowa. My mother died when I was a mere child and my father brought me up in a good substantial home but with never an opportunity to get out and see how other girls lived. I had no chance to learn the things about clothes that would have been familiar to most girls of my age.

"Two years ago father died and when his affairs had been straightened out there was only a few hundred dollars left. So I took a correspondence course in stenography and as soon as I had finished my course I came here and secured a position at Warner's.

"And now for my confession. At the office for the first time in my life I realized how different I was from other girls. I saw that I was not one of you. I did not know how to make myself attractive. And I felt it. At first I was tempted to give up and go back to the little country town I had left. But one night at the boarding house a young woman whom I had secretly admired but never spoke to, slipped her arm through mine after dinner and said, 'Come up to my room, child. I want to talk to you.'

"Once in her room she looked down at me with her kindest smile and said, 'I'm Louise Stewart. I have the little dressmaking shop on Wilson Square that you pass on your way to the office. Two years ago I couldn't sew a stitch. To-day folks say I'm the best designer and dressmaker in this city. And I learned all about designing and making fashionable clothes right in my own room evenings.

"'I have seen you going to your room every night,' she continued. 'How would you like to use some of your evenings learning to make stylish, charming dresses for yourself—garments that will be a delight to wear—wonderful dresses, waists and suits that will surprise your friends?'

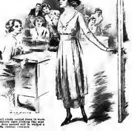
"'Oh tell me how!' I fairly gasped.

"'Sit right down now,' she said, 'and write a little note to the Woman's Institute and simply tell them you would like to learn to make your own clothes.'

"SHE gave me the address and told me this great Institute had developed a wonderful plan by which any woman or girl, wherever she might live, could learn right in her home or boarding place, in spare time, to make all her own clothes and hats.

"I hurried to my room, wrote the letter and mailed it at the corner twenty minutes later. And that night I dreamed I was making and wearing more beautiful clothes than I had ever seen on living people and that everyone liked me!

"In a few days an attractive, illustrated booklet came telling me all about the Woman's Institute and its 17,000 members. The booklet contained many wonderful letters from these members praising the work of the Institute and telling how easily they had learned at home to make their own clothes. There were letters from housewives, business women, girls at home and in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. And there were oh so many letters from mothers who poured out their thanks because the Institute had taught them how to have dainty clothes for themselves and their little ones at a mere fraction of what they had cost before!



"We had all nicely settled down to work and typewriters were clicking like mad when the door opened and in walked a wonderfully radiant creature"

"Many others wrote that the Institute had made it possible for them to take up dressmaking and millinery as a business. Some now have important positions in big fashionable city shops, others, like Louise Stewart, are making money in cozy little shops of their own. Still others have secured good-paying positions as teachers of sewing and dressmaking.

"The Institute's members I found are of all ages. There are girls of fifteen and nineteen and women of fifty or sixty. The majority live in the United States but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom!

"Well, when I read all these letters and then read in detail about the plan by which the Institute teaches, I knew that, what all these other thousands of women and girls could do, I could do.

"SO without telling anyone I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking. I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came. And when at last I found it on the table in the hall one night, I carried it upstairs to my room and opened it as if it were a love letter! Turning the pages I looked at the wonderful pictures! There are nearly 2,000 in the dressmaking course alone and they illustrate perfectly just exactly what to do.

"And the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments. Why that little blue organdie waist you admired so much I made from my third lesson! The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour a day. I found I couldn't help learning rapidly! The textbooks seem to foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"And what was most important to me I learned not only how to make every kind of garment but I learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming to the wearer. My studies opened up a whole new world to me. When after just a few lessons I finished my first dress and stood before the mirror I hardly recognized myself. I was tempted to wear it the next morning to the office but I determined to keep my skill a secret until I had enough new things made so that I would never need to wear the old ones again.

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon working on elaborate dresses and suits. Gradually I learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"LUCKILY, I began my studies in the summer time and by fall I had more and prettier clothes than I had ever seen before in my life and they cost me only one-fourth of what ordinary clothes would have cost ready made. I couldn't possibly have had them any other way.

"A little while after starting the dressmaking I had taken up millinery too and soon I was making and trimming hats such as I have been wearing lately. And so just a few months from the eventful night when Louise Stewart told me about the Institute, I walked in on you that morning—in the results of my evenings of delightful secret study.

"So that's my confession. The rest of my story you know—what a wonderful change this made in my life—how friends and happiness seemed to follow close upon the change in my appearance that led you all to call me Cinderella. I admit that sometimes the whole thing is like a fairy story! But of one thing I am sure—I owe it all to the Woman's Institute.

"And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could possibly have had any other way and attracting friends and happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

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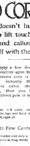

whether padding restlessly to and fro or staring past him with far enigmatic eyes, neither the lions nor the tigers excited his sympathy. He was impartially interested in them, as a child might be. They were too remote to touch him. The leopard he did not regard so impersonally. It aroused his antagonism at once, by staring, not past or through him, but straight into his eyes with a sort of vigilant malevolence which trusted that its time might come. But the pacing grey wolf touched him with a kind of fellow feeling. He had no love for wolves, but this fellow, with his grim and hating eyes, was in some sort a kinsman, though an enemy, and had once had the freedom of his own harsh but beautiful North. He would have trapped or shot the fierce marauder with unmitigated satisfaction in the wilderness, but here he felt almost friendly to him.

From the wolf-cage he wandered aimlessly past some grotesque goatish-looking deer which did not interest him, and came suddenly upon a paddock containing a bull moose, two cows, and a yearling calf. The calf looked ungainly and quite content with his surroundings. The cows were faded and moth-eaten, but well fed. He had no concern for them at all. But the bull, a splendid, black-shouldered, heavy-muffled fellow with the new antlers just beginning to break out from his massive forehead, appealed to him strongly. The splendid sullen-looking beast stood among his family, but towered over and seemed unconscious of them. His long sensitive muzzle was held high to catch a breeze which drew coolly down from the north, and his half shut eyes, in Horner's fancy, saw not the wires of his fence but the cool black-green fir thickets of the North, the gray rampikes of the windy barrens, the broad lily leaves afloat in the sheltered coves, the wide low-shored lake-waters gleaming rose-red in the sunset.

"It's a darn shame," growled Horner, "to keep a critter like that shut up in a 7 x 9 chicken pen!" And he moved on, feeling as if he were himself a prisoner, and suddenly homesick for a smell of the spruce woods.

IT was in this mood that he came upon the great, dome-roofed cage containing the hawks and eagles. It was a dishevelled, dirty place, with a few uncanny-looking dead trees stuck up in it to persuade the prisoners that they were free. Horner gave a hasty glance and then hurried past, enraged at the sight of these strong-winged adventurers of the sky doomed to so tame a monotony of days. But just as he got abreast of the farther extremity of the cage he stopped with a queer little tug at his heart-strings. He had caught sight of a great, white-headed eagle, sitting erect and still on a dead limb close to the bars and gazing through them steadily, not at him, but straight into the eye of the sun.

"Shucks! It ain't possible! There's millions o' bald eagles in the world!" muttered Horner disconcertedly.

It was the right side of the bird's head that was turned toward him and that, of course, was snowy white. Equally of course it was, as Horner told himself, the height of absurdity to think that this grave immobile prisoner gazing out through the bars at the sun, could be his old friend of the naked peak. Nevertheless something within his heart insisted it was so. If only the bird would turn his head! At last Horner put two fingers between his mouth and blew a whistle so piercing that everyone stared rebukingly, and a policeman came strolling along casually to see if anyone had signaled for help. But Horner was all unconscious of the interest which he had excited. In response to his shrill summons the eagle had slowly, very deliberately, turned his head, and looked him steadily in the eyes. There was the strange black bar above the right eye, and there, unbroken by defeat and captivity, was the old look of imperturbable challenge!

Horner could almost have cried, from pity and homesick sympathy. Those long days on the peak, fierce with pain, blinding bright with sun, windswept and solitary, through which this great, still bird had kept him alive seemed to rush over his spirit altogether.

"Gee, old pardner!" he murmured, leaning as far over the railing as he could, "but ain't you got the grit? I'd like to know who it was served this trick on you. But don't you fret. I'll git you out o' this ef it takes a year's savin's to do it! You wait an' see!"

And with his jaws set resolutely he turned and strode from the gardens. That bird should not stay in there another night if he could help it.

Horner's will was set, but he did not understand the difficulties he had to face.

At first, he was confronted as by a stone wall by the simple and unanswerable fact that the bird was not for sale, at any price. And he went to bed that night raging with disappointment and baffled purpose. But in the course of his efforts and angry protestations he had let out a portion of his story, and this, as a matter of interest, was passed on to the president of the society who controlled the gardens.

To this man, who was a true naturalist and not a mere dry-as-dust cataloguer of bones and teeth, the story made a strong appeal, and before Horner had quite made up his mind whether to get out a writ of habeas corpus for his imprisoned friend or commit a burglary on the cage, there came a note inviting him to an interview at the president's office. The result of this interview was that Horner came away radiant, convinced at last that there were heart and understanding in the city as well as in the country. He had agreed to pay the society simply what it might cost to replace the captive by another specimen of his kind, and he carried in his pocket an order for immediate delivery of the eagle into his eager hands.

To the practical backwoodsman there was now no fuss or ceremony to be gone through. He admired the expeditious fashion in which the keeper of the bird house handled his dangerous charge, coming out of the brief tussle without a scratch. Trussed up as ignominiously as a turkey—proud head hooded, savage talons muffled and skying wings bound fast—the splendid bird was given up to his rescuer, who rolled him in a blanket without regard to his dignity and carried him off under his arm, like a bundle of old clothes.

Beyond the outskirts of the city Horner had observed a high, rocky, desolate hill which seemed suited to his purpose. He took a street car and travelled for an hour with the bundle on his knees. Little his fellow passengers guessed of the wealth of romance, loyalty, freedom, and spacious memory hidden in that common-looking bundle on his knees of the gaunt-faced, gray-eyed man. At the foot of the hill, at a space of bare and ragged common, Horner got off. By rough paths frequented by goats he made his way up the rocky slope, through bare ravines and over broken ledges, and came at last to a steep rock in a solitude, whence only far-off roofs could be seen, and masts, and bridges, and the sharp gleam of the sea in the distance.

THIS place satisfied him. On the highest point of the rock he carefully unfastened the bonds of his prisoner, loosed him, and jumped back with respect and discretion. The great bird sat up very straight, half raised and lowered his wings as if to regain his poise, looked Horner dauntlessly in the eye, then stared slowly about him and above, as if to make sure that there were really no bars for him to beat his wings against. For perhaps a full minute he sat there. Then, having betrayed no unkingly haste, he spread his wings to their full splendid width, and launched himself from the brink. For a few seconds he flapped heavily, as if his wings had grown unused to their function. Then he got his rhythm and swung into a wide, mounting spiral, which Horner watched with sympathetic joy. At last when he was but a wheeling speck in the pale blue dome he suddenly turned, and sailed off straight toward the north-east, with a speed which carried him out of sight in a moment.

Horner drew a long breath, half wistful, half glad.

"Them golden eyes of yourn kin see a thunderin' long ways off, pardner," he muttered, "but I reckon even you can't make out the top of 'Old Baldy' at this distance. It's the eyes o' your heart ye must have seen it with to make for it so straight!"

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Bombing the Boche

Continued from page 34

a score or more aerodromes and just before the armistice was concluded had finished an immense aerodrome (near Chaumont, General Pershing's H.Q.) designed as a home for the bombing-of-Berlin Super Handleys. This 'drome was to be under the jurisdiction of the I. A. F. but was another of those plans just-too-late.

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One horror the Hun escaped was that of bombs equipped with Klaxon horns! These were being worked on during the summer of 1918 and a fearful and awesome thing they were said to be. The screech of the Klaxon as the descending bomb to which it was attached hurtled downward towards its mark is said to have led every person within a radius of several miles to believe the bomb was *coming straight at them!*

The Transformation

Continued from page 28

me, likewise to give one notice of my departure," said Jacques.

"And you Cook?" said her ladyship.

Cook's tender weeping was an affirmation.

"Well," said the lady, sadly and resignedly, "don't think I am blaming you!"

"Were it a love potion, your ladyship?" inquired Jane.

"A what?" said her ladyship.

"A love potion?"

A SHRIEK of laughter burst from her ladyship's lips. Pelton looked at Jean and Jane looked at Pelton. "Is this madness?" said their eyes.

"I have it," said her ladyship suddenly.

"What?" said Pelton, jumping.

"The solution! I will have a chaperon."

"A chaperon?"

"What is simpler?"

"But who?" From Pelton.

"One of you!"

"Ur, your ladyship!"

"Yes. I'll promote one of you to be chaperon!" Her eyes swept over them. "Cook!"

"Me!" stammered the cook.

"And you shall occupy a room of my suite! What could be more eminently respectable and satisfying to that high sense of morality? And now of course, you will all withdraw your notices. And everything is lovely and pleasant, once more. And—good night! So good of you to come! No, Cook, you must not seek to escape. You are to remain. To

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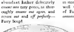

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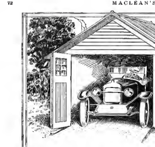

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guard my morals! What a comfortable feeling to have some one to guard your morals! It makes one feel so free. Just like a bird! Such an absence of personal responsibility! Good night!" They trailed away and her ladyship stretched her arms.

"Just like a bird," she repeated. "I waive all sense of responsibility. What a delightful feeling! Enter!"

"Me?"

"Chaperons, first!" said her ladyship and, with a shriek of laughter, pushed her in.

"ZEE morality of zee country of my adoption eet ee magnifique!" said Jacques, down in seventh hell a little later.

"Cook won't stand no nonsense from him," said Jane.

"Her can 'andle even a 'uman tiger," said Pelton. "Her has a fist like a 'ammer!"

"And think what would happen if she fell on him!" said Tommy.

"'Is eyes he took it in 'is 'ed and to walk in 'is sleep!" murmured Pelton.

"My eyes, she'd give 'im a bend!"

"Anyhow, I feels more comfortable," said Jane virtuously.

"Zee morality of zee country of my adoption—" began Jacques.

"Shut up!" said Tommy.

CHAPTER XIV

ALEXANDER did not walk in his sleep and the night passed uneventfully. Her ladyship and her chaperon breakfasted à la française in their suite. Jane brought in the things.

"Am I to serve 'ee?" said Jane, eying the cook reclining gorgeously if in somewhat bewildered fashion on a dainty settee several sizes too small for her.

"Of course," said her ladyship from another settee. "As my chaperon it would be highly improper if you did not."

Jane's lips tightened. "I aint never served such as her," she remarked rebelliously. "It's the likes of her, begging your ladyship's pardon, what should be a waitin' on me."

"I'm sure I aint seeking anybody to wyte on me," said Cookie plaintively. "I wanted to go down and cook my own 'am and heggs."

"Ham and eggs!" cried her ladyship. "You have graduated from ham and eggs. You have now reached the petit déjeuner à-la-fourchette period of life, Cook."

"Bless my heart!" said Cook. "That sounded like a disease."

"You no longer eat. You partake of viands."

"Bless my heart!"

"There's a difference."

Cook looked at a small egg-shell like cup. "Do I eat that?"

"For your morning chocolate!"

"H'it'll break in my fingers."

"You will acquire proficiency."

"H'I 'ates chocolate."

"You will learn to adore it."

"Is them all I 'as with it?" Eying certain dainty little rolls about big enough to crumple in your fingers and toss to the birds.

"That is all. It is not ladylike to gormandize."

"But I ayn't a lydy!"

"You are my chaperon."

"I has been accustomed to 'earty food."

"Two bloaters, ham, fried eggs, and a 'ole pot of coffee!" From Jane, viciously.

"Sometimes I has a pair of kidneys for a change," said the cook dreamily.

"Eat kidneys, reclining à la française! Impossible!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I am sure you'd have horrid indigestion."

"I could eat sitting up," suggested Cook.

"And so spoil the picture! Equally impossible!"

"Is it a part of my duties that I has to wait on 'er, your ladyship?" asked Jane coming back once more to what was troubling her.

"It is."

"Er, a-reclining there, like one of those scarlet h'immoral French lydies, a-waiting for their lovers!"

"I ayn't a waiting for a lover!" exclaimed Cook indignantly.

"When you breakfast à la française you must recline à la française," interposed her ladyship gently. "You have the wrong idea Jane quite!"

"Well, 'er don't look respectable reclinin' there like that! I ayn't criticizing your ladyship's doing it—far from me! But 'er's too big!"

"Merely a charming embonpoint!" said her ladyship.

"Well if h'it breaks down, don't be blyming me!"

"I won't, Jane." Sweetly. "And now leave the things."

"I ayn't saying I'll continue to wyte on on your ladyship," observed Jane, bristling once more. "'Er whose father was a butcher and 'er mother peddled fish! And not from a shop—"

"Don't you be aspersin' the character of my mother," cried Cookie, a note of belligerency in her voice.

"With my own eyes has I seen 'er," went on Jane. "A barrel push-around, on wheels and 'er, perhaps with a drop or two too much—"

"THAT will do," said her ladyship. And when her ladyship spoke like that her words carried conviction. Cookie sank back; she was heaving with emotion. And as she expanded and contracted thus she looked larger than ever on the tiny settee. Jane bristled but went. When her ladyship's eyes flashed like that it meant business and Jane had not the temerity to oppose her. But she carried her grievance below.

"Cookie's a reclinin' on a settee in her ladyship's boudoir," she told Pelton. "A madam' in a robe!"

"Good 'eavens!" said Pelton. "Wot is h'it become? A madhouse?"

"My eye!" said Tommy.

"A cruller of a wafer and a thimbleful of cocoa for her breakfast!" went on Jane.

Tommy began to roll up with laughter. "And her such a stuffer! I say, this is a joke!"

Jane relaxed. "Maybe it is," she said. "Her ladyship called it *promotion*."

"And her dreamin' of bloaters and rollops and herrings! Ho, ho!"

"Maybe it ayn't promotion," said Jane thoughtfully.

"My eye, I'd like to see her."

Jane cheered up. "There's somethink in that wye of looking at it," she conceded.

What she meant was she might not find it such a task, under the circumstances, to wait on poor Cookie. It wouldn't, really, be waiting on her; it would be secretly gloating over her!

ALEXANDER sat up in the royal bed stretched himself, and yawned.

"Did come nee heeck?"

"H'I, sir," said Pelton. "I thought you'd be having your bawth, sir. And 'ere's the *Times*, sir! And what will you be having for breakfast, sir?"

"Breakfast?" Alexander seemed to wake more fully. "Breakfast, oh, you said breakfast?"

"What will you have?"

"What you got?"

Pelton, considering no doubt the best way to soothe a 'uman tiger is to feed him, answered with an ingratiating smile. "Her ladyship 'as a most bountiful larder. Everything on and in season! If you have a fine appetite—"

"I have!" Promptly. Get all you can while you can, no doubt was his philosophy! Do eat while the eating's good.

"How would a small steak do?"

"Rare," said Alexander.

"H'underdone, of course!" from Pelton hastily. Uman tigers would naturally like it that way. "For a delicacy might I suggest, ard boiled plover's h'eggs!"

"And the plover," suggested Alexander.

"We has several 'anging. And aw about a bit of lemon sole or a cold weal and 'ammer? Or a bite of venison pie from 'er ladyship's own estates in Scotland?"

"She got lands there too?" said Alexander, betraying new interest.

"A werry h'imposing estate h'it is, with fine salmon fishing!"

"Good!" said Alexander. "I'll listen to Bob!"

Pelton's heart sank. "'Er ladyship won't be going there for several months."

"I'll wait!"

"Here?"

"Of course!"

"Is there anythink else you'd particu'lerly fancy for breakfast?" said Pelton sadly.

"Cabbage soup!"

"Cabbage?"

"Soup," said Alexander.

"For breakfast, sir?" said the horrified Pelton. "H'I—h'I don't think we 'as any cabbage h'on 'and at the moment, sir."

"Couldn't you—ha!—go out and kill a few?" With a ferocious grin.

"Kill?" murmured the bewildered Pelton. "Oh, h'it's hares you are thinkin' h'of!"

"Bring what you got," said Alexander benignly.

"I eat here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not with her?"

"'Er ladyship breakfasts alone with the co— I mean, 'er chaperon."

"Which?"

"Chaperon, sir!"

"Is it an animal?" said Alexander. "You mean her dog or her cat?"

PELTON again looked horrified. "H'it's a female animal of the 'uman sex," he explained. "'Er was the cook and is now the chaperon. We 'as thought h'it more 'ighly respectable!"

Alexander pondered. Perhaps there was some sense in all this but it was hard to get at.

"If we 'adn't thought of h'it, somebody might 'ave been pointin' his finger at 'er ladyship!"

"Point his finger at her!" said Alexander.

"H'accordingly!"

"Point his finger at her, would he?" said Alexander fiercely. "Bah! I'd bite it off!"

"But that wouldn't help," said Pelton. "H'it would only make h'it worse."

"Let me catch him!"

"No, no," said Pelton. "H'it wouldn't do h'at h'all! We 'as to be diplomatic. You can't bite off the finger of 'igh respectability. Begging your pardon, sir, h'it can't be done. And"—more firmly—"h'it would be 'ighly improper h'and 'immoral to attempt h'it."

"I'd like to try," said Alexander with characteristic persistency. "You show me the finger!"

"We 'as disposed of the finger, sir. 'Er ladyship 'erself thought of this wye!"

"She bit it off?"

"'Er ladyship! Ha, ha! Just your little joke, sir! 'Er ladyship hasn't a bloodthirsty nature in 'er 'ead! 'Er bite is in 'er brain, sir!" Alexander pondered. "She has a cud her ladyship 'as." Proudly.

"You mean she likes to talk?"

"When the gentlemen are around, 'er ladyship is the centre of attraction!"

"Ha!" said Alexander. "Have to stop that!"

"You'd be a-curtailin' of her ladyship's liberty of action?" Heavens, what a 'eld!

"Of course," said Alexander, yawning. Then he frowned. "What is it?"

"What?"

"Chap—chap—Chaperon?"

"Yes, that's it."

"He, there it is! I mean, sir!" Pointing out of the window.

ALEXANDER sat up higher in the bed and looked out upon the park-like expanse. Two figures were walking the park; one was her ladyship, the other—

"That's 'er! The chaperon! 'Er that was the cook."

"He's a woman," said Alexander.

"H'of course!"

"A fine woman," added Alexander. "She has her qualities."

"A big woman!"

"She 'as a circumference," conceded Pelton.

"I like big women," said Alexander.

Pelton gazed at him with weird fascination.

"What a side view she has!" murmured Alexander.

"Just the same h'all h'around, I should say!"

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"That might be a way of putting h'it!"

"You don't agree with me?" Fiercely

"By h—ll means!" Quickly

"I'd like to see the man that says she ain't a fine woman," said Alexander

"There ayn't a finer in h'all h'England" said Pelton hastily

"That's all right," said Alexander "Now you got some sense."

"Yes, sir thank you sir!"

"But you'd show more if you hurried up that breakfast"

"Yes, sir! At once sir!"

"And never mind all those things Bring up what you got. I'm in a hurry to get out."

"You are?" stammered Pelton

"You bet," said Alexander And glanced from the window

"Great 'eavens!" thought Pelton "What now? Poor Cookie! Little does she dream—"

"You still here?" roared Alexander

"Going!" And Pelton fled

At the same time Alexander sprang from the bed

CHAPTER XV

New Perplexities.

"OH, LOOK who's coming!" said her ladyship to Cookie the chaperon

"How gorgeous!" said Cookie

"Real English!" observed her ladyship proudly

"Hasn't he 'andsome legs?" said Cookie

"Do you wonder that man makes a strange impression on me?" said her ladyship dreamily

"I'd wonder if he didn't," said Cookie "He fairly do make my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Eh!" said her ladyship sharply "Remember who you are and what! In your present position you are supposed to be coldly and unemotionally observant. You are supposed to be secretly suspicious."

"Of 'im!" said Cookie. "So 'andsome!"

"That is the very reason you are suspicious!" Severely "You are to think he harbors designs Evil designs. You are to be my prop—my support! Without you to protect me from him, I am lost. Do you hear? Lost!"

"Dear me!" In distress. "Is h'it as bad as that?"

"Worse!"

All this time Alexander was approaching Alexander in tweeds, with an English brier stuck in his mouth! Again a new and different, a transformed Alexander! Straight, erect, leisurely looking, commanding! The look of a landowner in his eyes—an English landowner at that! Lord of all he surveyed and jolly well satisfied with it! Approval of the epoch in his eyes, of the few bits of statuary, of her ladyship, and no doubt of it!—of Cookie!

"Acts as if he thought all *this* goes with me!" murmured the lady but not for Cook to hear "Or, rather, I go with it! And oh! how the fancied ownership of a bit of land does take the crook out of a man's spine! And his jaw too!—I declare, it's lifted Has a regular Hercules kind of a set now! And, oh! what would people say if they knew who he really is, and worst of all, what he is, to me? And what shall I do about it? If I tell it will be awful, if I don't it's just as bad."

Part of this she half-whispered, part of it she said to herself.

"What am I to do with him?" she now said in a louder voice.

"Is your ladyship asking me?" said Cookie.

"I'm asking anyone I'd call it aloud from the steeples. Remember"—in a sterner tone—"suspicion distrust, watchfulness! That's your role! Under no circumstances are you to leave me alone with him!"

"Morning!" said Alexander, approaching Were his manners improving with his clothes? The word didn't fall from his lips exactly like a jolt. He didn't quite bark it out.

THE lady smiled sweetly She seemed to go with the primroses and the daisies and the delicately carved marble bench. "Good morning" she said.

But Alexander was not looking at her now His gaze was for Cookie

"I saw you from the window," he said to Cookie

"Did you, now?" said Cookie, palpitating.

Alexander eyed her steadily "You ask Pelton! He'll tell you what I said!"

Cookie moved uneasily There was an awesome intentness in Alexander's gaze.

"How werry kind! Werry kind, I'm sure!" Cookie managed to murmur

"No," said Alexander, louder, and standing over her with glowering look. "I couldn't help it!"

"Bless my 'eart!" said Cookie, beginning to wriggle.

"You ask Pelton!" repeated Alexander "Ask him to tell you what I said"

Cookie began to look around uneasily There was a light in Alexander's eye highly disconcerting British modesty quailed beneath it. Alexander was as brazen as the unspeakable Oriental potentate appraising the fair charms of a pulchritudinous victim displayed in the slave-mart Unbounded approval for too pronounced embonpoint gleamed from his shameless eyes.

"A whopper!" he said "Any one ever call you a whopper?"

"R I—h I—" began Cookie, but could go no farther

"Yum!" said Alexander. What he implied was "Yum! yum!"

COOKIE showed symptoms of almost supernatural embarrassment. Alexander bestowed upon her a most immoral wink and Cookie got up

"Where are you going?" cried her ladyship

"Just going!" stammered Cookie

"Is this the way you fulfil the duties of your new position?" expostulated her ladyship

"I 'ands in my resignation at once!" faltered Cookie

"Nonsense!" said her ladyship sharply

"I'd follow," said Alexander

Cookie did not answer; she could not, but she did the next best thing She fled.

"Wait!" said Alexander

She fled faster

"A nice way for a chaperon to act!" called out her ladyship

Even this did not stop her She continued to flee like a fawn.

"You ask Pelton!" shouted Alexander after her

Cookie disappeared

"Exit chaperon!" sighed the lady "Now what am I to do?"

ALEXANDER continued to stand motionless, gazing in the direction the vanished fair one had gone He seemed meditating

"As a disorganizer of households" said her ladyship, regarding him with justifiable displeasure, "I would match you against all comers!"

Alexander did not answer

"I suppose," observed the lady, "it's the near-proximity of your country to the Oriental countries that makes you so! Temperamental contiguity! you might call it. Like smallpox, or the measles! No accounting for taste! But I am disappointed! You looked so nice and English and phlegmatic!—last night, I mean. And your conduct has been so perfect and highly respectable—with me, I mean! A modern knight! Ha! And now?" She sighed. "Isn't it awful? Oh, Alexander!"

Still Alexander did not answer. Was the man made of stone?

"He does not hear me," said the lady

Alexander folded his arms and puffed at his pipe His gaze was fixed on vacancy At that moment Pelton approached excitedly

"'Er's gone! The cook!" he cried "'Ee left in a hurry and asked to have 'er things sent h'after 'er!"

"Did she ask you what *he*"—indicating Alexander—"said?"

"She did and that seemed to finish her! She's a walkin' down the lane for dear life at this blessed minute. Fleein' from 'im! The man tiger!"

"It isn't his fault, Pelton," said the lady in sweet sad tones. "It's his being born in a country contiguous!"

"What's that, your ladyship?"

"Contiguous! That's what caused it."

"What your ladyship?" stammered Pelton

"Like measles, or smallpox Pelton!"

"Bless my heart! As 'e them?"

"A figure of speech—that is all!"

"Is h'it?" Dubiously

"Which brings us to: What next?" Her ladyship spoke almost wearily Her attitude was that of one trying to bear up—to be brave against frightful odds perhaps.

"That is the question" Pelton groaned

"We mustn't forget that high morality we are guardians of Pelton!" Impressively.

PELTON looked more miserable The lady bore up better and better. Blood will count "I have it," she said suddenly

"Have you?" said Pelton more hopefully.

"Yes, yes!" She waved her little hand "I'll—I'll have a dog!—a big dog, for a chaperon! A savage dog! He'll lie at my feet by day and sleep at my door by night."

It was plain that Pelton in spite of his respect for the lady and her expectation for cleverness did not think much of this suggestion. "'E'd be making friends with 'im!" Jerking his thumb toward the motionless Alexander "A feeding him high and making friends with 'im!"

"I suppose so." Resignedly

"He'd have 'im a-licking his 'and your ladyship, and wagging his tail instead of taking chunks out of 'is legs!"

"In awesome legs!" murmured her ladyship absently

"I beg your ladyship's pardon!" Horrified

"Oh, the remark is not original!" Mostly "It's only a quotation, Pelton!"

"H'oh!" Dubiously Of course that wasn't quite the same as if the remark had been original with her ladyship.

"Which being the case, it would be a pity, all the same, now wouldn't it?"

"W'ot?"

"To have chunks taken out of them?"

Pelton's chest rose and fell "I'd like—"

"Wait!" said her ladyship.

Pelton waited Her manner was impressive.

"I have it!—This time!—Really!"

"W'ot?" Bewildered

"The chaperon! The new one! And how to keep her! Yes, yes, I've got it!" Vivaciously "How to circumvent him For embonpoint we'll substitute—attenuation!"

"W'ot's that, your ladyship?"

"I'll have a chaperon thin as a hop pole!"

PELTON brightened "A 'uman lath!" he murmured "with a fyce like a ache!" Pelton positively smiled The man tiger wouldn't be licking his chops over 'er!

"There's Liza Jane Hendon down in the village!" said her ladyship

"With a fyce like a 'and cow!" chuckled Pelton

"I'm sure she'd be glad to come!"

"Tickle her to death!" said Pelton. "She 'ates real work. She'd tyke to me clinging And when I think of her fyce and w'ot the man tiger will think when 'e sees her if it weren't for your ladyship's presence, h'I just 'ave to laugh!"

"Is this a laughing matter?" Reproachfully "No, no! Go at once and fetch her!"

"At once, your ladyship!" Pelton started to go. At the same time Alexander turned to walk away

"Where can 'e be going your ladyship?" ventured Pelton

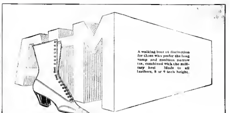
"Not after her!"

"Liza?"

"The other—the cook," said her ladyship.

"If he do he won't find 'er!" said Pelton "Her'll be come and 'iding before this your ladyship! 'E was going like a double-an' twelve horse power hee down the highway w'en last I seen her! 'E won't never get near her, h'any more!"

"I trust not," breathed her ladyship There was a faraway look in her eyes. "I tremble to think—but I must not think! Go, go!" Imperiously And



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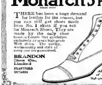

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"H I?" said Pelton.

"Handsaw, with a face like a hatchet!"

Pelton went.

HER ladyship leaned back on the marble bench in the garden. In the bushes at her elbow the birds sang sweetly.

"I wonder," she said to herself, gazing in the direction Alexander had gone, "was it Cook, or—a public-house that has drawn him from my side?" Then an enigmatic smile swept her lips. "The latter, no doubt," she sighed.

Which was not far from wrong!

Alexander, not long thereafter, did turn into a public tavern—and not into the compartment reserved for the common herd, if you please! No, Alexander strode into the pew reserved for the gentry. And such was his bearing that he deceived even the barmaid. Now, when a man can deceive a barmaid he is some deceiver.

CHAPTER XVI

An Echo From the Past

"I HAVEN'T seen her before," said Alexander, staring at Miss Elma Lyne Handsaw.

"No," said her ladyship. "She's just come. She's to take Cook's place."

"She!" said Alexander incredulously. "Take *her* place! Haw! haw!"

"I didn't come here to be insulted," said Miss Handsaw, rising stiffly.

"It's only his way," said her ladyship quickly. Heavens! was she going to lose her new chaperon almost before she had entered upon her duties? "His playful ways with the ladies!"

"Oh," said Miss Handsaw, "if he only means to be playful I like a bit of play myself, on occasion!"

"Yes, play is good for us all," said her ladyship soothingly. "And Alexander is like a big Newfoundland dog, always tumbling over somebody's finer susceptibilities! But he doesn't mean anything, and we that know him well do not mind."

"If it's only play, I don't mind," said Miss Handsaw. "I have a special passion for Newfoundland dogs and kittens and all animals, whether of the higher or the lower order, that like to play!"

The look she cast upon Alexander was both forgiving and beaming. It seemed to convey the gleaming intelligence: "If you want to play, come on!"

"I used especially to adore 'hide-and-seek' when I was a few years younger," she added. "It's such fun to 'hide'!" Looking at Alexander.

"I'd like to," said Alexander sullenly. He seemed to regard it as a mean trick on her ladyship's part—this substitution of a "bean-pole" for a "whopper"!

Miss Handsaw stiffened.

"Ha, ha!" said her ladyship blithely. "More of his playful ways!"

"Is it playful?" asked Miss Handsaw suspiciously.

"Couldn't be anything else!" said her ladyship.

"That last sounded like an aspersion," said Miss Handsaw.

"Alexander is quite incapable of a double-entendre. If he says he likes to hide, it is that he still retains that happy predilection of young boyhood. Isn't it, Alexander?"

"Humph!" said Alexander, obviously disgruntled.

"Is that playful?" asked Miss Handsaw.

"Of course! The trouble is, Alexander hasn't yet had his lunch. He's waiting! He's hungry! All men are like that when they're hungry! He's thinking of cold cuts of rare beef, of moldy old cheese, and greens, yes, greens! Ah, we mustn't forget the greens. Now look at him. See him brighten! See him change at the prospect of greens!"

AND truly, Alexander did look less disgruntled. How could a mere man listen to her ladyship's enumeration without brightening? Especially after that long walk he had taken after leaving the village inn!

"You see, Miss Handsaw's going to be our chaperon," went on her ladyship brightly.

"Got to have her around all the time?" said Alexander.

"Ha! ha!" laughed her ladyship. "What a way he has! Isn't he funny?"

"Ha! ha!" said Miss Handsaw dubiously. Alexander's sense of humor and playful ways got a bit on her nerves. But her ladyship's wages were high, and the thought of them helped Miss Handsaw preserve her poise.

"Yes," said her ladyship, "we may expect to have the pleasure of Miss Handsaw's presence for an indefinite period. Where we are she will be!"

"For why?" said Alexander.

"English respectability!" said the lady.

"It's far from my desire to intrude," said Miss Handsaw stiffly.

"Intrude? Oh, dear! We are delighted," said her ladyship quickly. If she lost Miss Handsaw what should she do? "As I was saying to Alexander, where can we find another such as Miss Handsaw for our purpose? And what did he say? What did you say, Alexander?"

"I"—began Alexander.

"Was it not, 'Where indeed?'"—

"It was"—began Alexander. "Not!" he was about to add, but her ladyship went on:

"It's very hard to understand Alexander. He likes to show people the other side of himself."

"The playful side!" said Miss Handsaw, relaxing.

"I"—once more began Alexander.

"Let us eat!" said her ladyship quickly. "It is time. More than time! What a waste of time!" she rattled on to cover up Alexander's delinquencies. "Rare roast beef, Scotch mutton, jugged hare!"—she thought the last would surely engross Alexander's attention, and it did.

ALEXANDER forgot what he had been about to say. Also, he appeared less resentful, once more, of Miss Handsaw's presence. Why bother about Handsaws when hares assailed your mental vision? What mattered if she had a face like a hatchet, or a form like a bean-pole? Alexander started impetuously toward the dining room.

"Kindly give your arm to Miss Handsaw," said her ladyship.

And Alexander obeyed. Possibly he told himself that a quick compliance was the shortest route to jugged hare. Miss Handsaw might be a bean-stalk, but if at the top of the bean-stalk hung a hare?—Alexander, under the circumstances, could not do less than escort the bean-stalk to the hare.

"Isn't he a regular Chesterfield?" said her ladyship proudly. "Which reminds me he, too, was very fond of jugged hare!"

"What a coincidence!" said Miss Handsaw.

"Yes," said her ladyship, with a happy smile. "Alexander reminds one of him in more ways than one."

"AND now," said her ladyship as they smoked their after-lunch cigarettes in the library, "would you mind, my dear Miss Handsaw, if I had a word in private with Alexander? I believe a chaperon may extend that latitude to her charge. What is your opinion? Would it be proper?"

"Highly," said Miss Handsaw, who on occasions sawed off on "H." "And I always like to be obliging."

"Thank you so much! Of course you are not to leave the room."

"How would it be if I strolled out upon the balcony?"

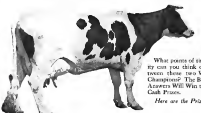
"Good!" said Alexander.

"Not at all!" said her ladyship, as quickly as not to give Miss Handsaw time to think. "You see, far be it from me to stretch a point where the proprieties are concerned. If, now, you were to retire to the other side of the room?"

"Delighted!" said Miss Handsaw. Sympathy for lovers' sweet confidences in her eyes!

"You see, I have something very important to say to Alexander!"

"Naturally," said Miss Handsaw with perfect understanding and tact.



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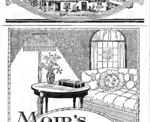

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"Something that would not do for other eyes!"

"Naturally," said Miss Handsaw once more. As she spoke, she smiled on Alexander. Alexander shuddered. Miss Handsaw sighed. Love's young dream was so sweet!

"Why does she look at me like that?" said Alexander.

"Fie!" said her ladyship tensely.

MISS HANDSAW moved with little mincing steps across the room. She tried not to make her going too apparent—but just as if she were fading away through her own volition, and not because she had been requested to do so. Nothing could have been more delicate!

"What a charming girl!" breathed her ladyship as Miss Handsaw deftly coiled herself upon a great couch on the far side of the room.

"Girl!" said Alexander.

"I think we shall get on very nicely."

"Shall we?" said Alexander ominously. "I don't like 'em that way."

"What way?"

"Up and down! I like 'em when they grow sidewise."

"We can remedy that very nicely," said her ladyship blithely.

Alexander regarded her suspiciously.

"I'll get you one of those magic-mirrors that make people look fat—the kind they have in museums—and I'll arrange it so you shall always see Miss Handsaw reflected!"

"Rot!" said Alexander.

The lady made a gesture; then her face became serious. "How can we jest at such a moment! Alexander, I have some very serious news to impart. I have just received a note from the Honorable Bertie Brindleton."

"Who's he?"

"A man! A man I was half-engaged to before I met you!"

"Half-engaged?"

"There was, I believe, a partial understanding. At least, I think there was. You see, our two estates are contiguous."

"You mean you meant to marry him?"

"Half-meant," confessed the lady.

"Ha, ha!" said Alexander.

"Why this brutal levity?"

"He gets left!"

THE lady drew herself up. "I beg your pardon," she said. "It is, really, very awkward. To explain, I mean! You see, I haven't yet told any one our secret—our dreadful secret! Necessarily, it will have to come out."

"I don't mind."

"No! I imagine not. But it will be hard to tell Bertie."

"Let me tell him!"

"He will be terribly put out!"

"Smash him, if he doesn't like it!" boasted Alexander.

"You!—Smash an Honorable—the son of an earl!"

"I smash him just the same if he's a son-of-a-gun!" bragged Alexander.

"You don't understand. The matter is too delicate to be remedied by the smashing process. And the question is: Would Bertie marry a danseuse?"

"A which?"

"Me! After I have unmarried you?"

"*Un?*" repeated Alexander. "You think then I give you up?"

"You won't!" Gazing at him weirdly fascinated.

"I like it blame well here!"

"But don't you see you are only an incident? An hymeneal June-bug! You flutter a brief connubial moment, and then your gay marital adventure comes to an end."

"June-bug, eh?" said Alexander, tapping his expansive chest. "You mean an eagle! That's more the kind of a bird I am! What I grab in my claws I keep!"

"An eagle?" said the lady, shrinking before Alexander's predatory gaze.

"Honorable Bertie!" scoffed Alexander. "When I hit him his head crack like an egg-shell! Feel my muscle!" The lady laid a shy little hand on his arm. She was much impressed.

"What an awful bulge!" she exclaimed.

And truly Alexander had the biceps of an Atlas while his shoulders, to her startled eyes, seemed almost big enough to bear the world. In his new clothes he had oddly enough acquired a new physical grace. When he navigated about the drawing room his movements made her think of a big tiger. At such moments, Alexander was eminently satisfying. One might, under happier circumstances, feel cozily comfortable in his proximity.

"A June-bug, eh?" he jibed once more. "He put me out! Ho, ha!"

"But our agreement?" said the lady sadly. "Was it not the understanding you were to permit me to unmarry you? Did you not so agree?"

"I change my mind!" Brazenly. "Any man can do that! Tell me you never change your mind?"

The lady did not answer. What could she say? Alexander's line of argument was quite overpowering.

"You change your mind sometimes. I change my mind; all people change their mind! What you say to that?"

"I'm afraid it is useless to argue the point!"

"Isn't this good enough?" said Alexander, looking around him. "Nice place to sleep, good clothes, plenty beer, plenty meat!"

"Such appreciation!" mused the lady. "Right from the heart, too, unless I am mistaken. These sentiments are genuine."

"You bet!" said Alexander.

"Can one eliminate a guest so appreciative?"

ALEXANDER grinned. "Not easy! Maybe I never go!"

"Never! But this is too much!—too flattering!"

"You see!" Confidently.

"Words!—idle words! You but say that thinking to—to please me! Soon you would grow bored, tire of it all, of me—"

"I don't mind you!"

"But you might! You would."

"No," he said. "I like to hear you talk."

The lady caught her breath. "Did you say 'like'?"

"Sure!" Imperturbably.

"But since when?"

"I get used to it."

"But why do you like it?"

"I think of a lot of birds making a fuss in the bushes," said Alexander.

The lady gazed at him in amazement. Here was a side to Alexander totally unexpected. A different Alexander from the one who had glowered upon Cookie!

"A lot of birds fussing!" she repeated.

"Yes," said Alexander non-committally. In fact, he had seemed rather bored at the turn the conversation had taken.

"And do you—approve of birds?"

"I don't mind them."

"But wouldn't you get to mind them?"

Alexander pondered. "No."

"But why do you not disapprove of birds?" persisted the lady.

"They make a nice sound."

"This is a revelation!" Not of the birds—but of Alexander!

"Once I kept a bird, in a cage," he remarked.

"You?"

"Sure! It sang me awake."

"Sang you awake?"

"In the morning!"

"You—you mean it saved you the expense of an alarm-clock?"

"That's so," said Alexander practically. "Only it stopped singing and then I let it go."

"Why?"

"Too much money to feed it!"

"Oh!"

"Besides, what's the use of a bird that doesn't sing you awake?"

"How eminently practical! And then you got an alarm clock instead?"

"No."

"Cost too much?"

"No! Alarm-clock sings you awake too quick! Gives you the happy buzz! B-r-r-r-r!" Alexander shivered.

"OH!" Somewhere, in the depths of Alexander's profundities, lay a delicate unperceptiveness. "Perhaps you are right!" Languidly. "I dare say you are! But"—suddenly—"what has all this got to do with the Honorable Bertie and the predicament you have got me into? And what in the world shall I say to him when he comes?"

"He is coming here?" Slowly.

"To-day!"

"To-day?"

"Yes, and oh!"—looking out of the window—"there he is!"

"He!" said Alexander, with a tigerish smile.

"Go, go!" implored the lady. "Let me break the news to him gradually. Let me prepare him by slow degrees for the awful truth."

"I like to see him," said Alexander grimly. "I like to see this Honorable Bertie!"

"But not now, I beg! Do not make a scene. Go, I implore! Dear, dear Alexander!"

Alexander hesitated. "All right! But if he make a fuss you call me!"

"Yes, yes! I promise!"

ALEXANDER started to go, then he turned. "You think he kill you?" he asked with mild curiosity.

"Englishmen do not go to that extremity."

"In my country we use knife! Maybe I better stay with long roast-beef carving knife under my coat?"

"No, no! Your solicitude is deeply touching, and, believe me, I am truly grateful, but—"

"You like me?" said Alexander. What was that—a spark in his eye?

"Like?" said the lady.

"You not like I not go!"

"But you must—don't you see?"

"Then say you like me!"

"I—I—oh dear! He's almost at the door! They must not meet like this! Go, go!"

Alexander folded his arms. "You got to say."

"Oh well—I like—like—anything you like! I—I adore you, Alexander! You—you are all that is wonderful—magnificent! You—you are the apple of my eye! The—the—is that enough? I trust that will do!"

Alexander grinned triumphantly.

"Ho ho!" he said. "Yes, that will do. You tell *him* that! I got good joke on Honorable Bertie."

"You—you call it a joke?"

"Make him feel good! Ha, ha!" And Alexander went.

"What a fearful man!" said her ladyship, gazing after him. "And what have I said? But I had to! To save Bertie's life! Wouldn't you have done it?" Feverishly, crossing to Miss Handsaw.

"What?" said Miss Handsaw, unwinding herself.

"Tell a fib to save a human life?"

"That would depend on whom!" said Miss Handsaw.

To be continued

Man and Wife

Continued from page 24

"You are supposed to be a somewhat extravagant purchaser, are you not, Mr. Lyttleton?" and her lips curved with smiling scorn.

"The man in the Bible sold all he had to buy the pearl of great price," he answered. "I am not buying though—I wish to help you, be your friend. It sounds like trying to buy, to bribe, but I do not mean it in that way. I want to point out to you what I would and could do, and, as I see it, the only way in which you would let me do these things."

"Now let me see." And there was bitterness in her face. "You will take me to church and we shall make absurd promises that neither of us would think of fulfilling. I should have to take your name, I suppose? Then you would go through the business world announcing that you had bought Mr. Campbell's daughter and were now paying for her—so much here, so much there. I should live in a house purchased with your money, wear clothes, eat food paid for by you, and have so much money that I could spend without any account-

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Per 1000 Calories

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Per 1000 Calories

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Cost of 6221 Calories

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ing You say you will not trouble me, but now and again we should have to appear together I suppose in public, that the trade might not appear to be too gross What a subject for novel or play—having broken the father the victor here the daughter to grace his triumph! Have you no fear I might slip out of my part of the bargain? The thin chain of marriage is snapped as easily in these days—as easily as a thread 'Until death us do part.' Nowadays we take that to mean the death there is in boredom dulness, hunger for change You are not in the least the shrewd bargainer I imagined you to be."

"You shall not laugh my offer away" he answered his blue eyes answering the fire in hers. "Why should it be ridiculous? I am of as good blood as you. My family slipped back in the direction in which yours is tending My name is clean there is no blot on my honor Is it dishonor to have succeeded where others have failed? You think me a vain, empty boaster Then I will boast. Last year I made a quarter of a million dollars by effort of hand and eye and brain I made it in the same field in which your friends were being driven back, whipped by the adversary that was yielding fortune to me. In ten years I have climbed from nothing to the ownership of property worth to-day two million dollars, while those who were strongly entrenched, and had everything in their favor were routed If I had been a man moving in your own social circle, with the power and success I have achieved, would you have regarded my offer to marry you a subject for humor and contempt?"

"Of those who know me none take me for a fool and you shall not. What wrong have I done you? Is it a crime to love a woman to lay at her feet all one has, to seek to save her sorrow? Send me away, but it shall be in the honor due me."

HER face crimsoned, and her figure swayed a little as if she were overborne by his assertive vigor

"I ask your pardon Mr. Lyttleton," she said "It is I who deserve contempt. You must see the impossibility of what you ask I have nothing to give you—nothing—nothing I do not know you, I do not like you, and I have some self-respect left to me I am old-fashioned enough to believe that without liking or love there is no marriage, let the church call it what it may."

"As you say, you do not know me—then one could not expect you to like me" he smiled "You shall live your own life—we will frankly call it, between ourselves, a compact of friendship On my faith as a man I will ask nothing of you not as much as the touch of your hand. I will start again with nothing, and seek fortune—to win my wife Do not answer now Miss Campbell The thought is startling I want you to consider it broadly Talk it over with your friends, if you wish."

She hesitated a few moments then looked up She owed him something for her treatment of him

"It is the height of folly," she said "Still I will take time over what might better be said now Can you call at this house to-morrow?"

CHAPTER III

"I HAD a caller while you were out" she said to her father and mother when they returned from their drive "Hugh Lyttleton was here."

"Lyttleton!" her father exclaimed "After buying the place, I suppose?"

"Not exactly as you think," she said "He came to ask me to marry him."

"His damned impertinence!" And Campbell's ruddy face grew still redder.

"That is what I suggested in other terms," she laughed "He is coming again to-morrow for his answer."

"Why to-morrow?" he asked. "Wasn't to-day good enough?"

"He didn't appear to think so," she said drily "I don't wonder he made money He is the most persistent, determined man I ever met. I hate him for what he is, what he has done and what he thinks is within his reach, but he is a man of immense power"

"Why did you listen to him? You should have had him shown to the door at once," he fumed

"I don't know It was startling amusing, interesting as a study in egoism and then—I assure you impressive" She laughed "It was the most mercenary of propositions, and—well, the most wonderful tribute the most exacting woman could desire He offered, if I married him to bring me back from the church here never to molest me, or even see me unless I sent for him. It would be a compact of friendship, he said He would pay your firm debts father buy and give me the house provide for me at once with a life competence so that the question of money would be disposed of once and for all I know he would keep his word absolutely He is the kind of man who never lies nor beats round the bush So much is due him If I did marry him he would give me what he would call a square deal and much more than that."

"But Mary, you do not contemplate such a step as possible" her mother asked.

"It seemed the most ridiculous thing on earth up to the time he left, and then do you know, I began to rock a little." She laughed. "I think the love marriage is usually the flimsiest of all marriages, and he put the marriage of convenience in a very agreeable light All the benefits and none of the disadvantages would be mine He would not expect me even to make a pretence of affection—and he has two million dollars. Love often vanishes with the honeymoon, but two millions go far especially as he is adding to them industriously every year He made a quarter of a million last year. I suppose I am a fool even to hesitate"

"I wish you would not talk in that flippant, cynical way" her mother rebuked "The suggestion to me is horrible. It is unjust, as well to the man."

"I don't think so," Mary replied. "He gets all he bargains for—but do not be alarmed mother It would be mighty pleasant to have the money and to know we should never have that kind of trouble again but—the price small as it seems, is yet too heavy."

WHEN dinner was over she went out on the lake with her father He had been very silent during dinner, and said little to her until they were well out on the lake Then he shut off the motor, and let the boat drift giving his attention to his cigar Mary had a book whose leaves she turned idly She saw her father's eyes turn wistfully toward the house they had left. To him that would be more to him than his business and the mine. The furrowed brow spoke of some anxiety, apprehension After a lifetime in one place the world appears a wilderness.

Suddenly his brow cleared, he seemed to cast off the burden from his shoulders.

"The news about Lyttleton's coming startled me," he said suddenly "Perhaps we ought not to look on it too severely He has been an enemy but a man who comes in the time of your need and offers aid can't be all bad."

"So he impressed me the other way" she said "Is it true you people tried to stamp him out when he started? That the tradesmen were warned that if they sold to him, the big men would boycott him?"

"I guess that was not far wrong" he admitted "You see we had the monopoly and resented a new man coming in, especially as he had been just one of Williams' pitmen We certainly jammed him as tight as we could but we couldn't manage to put him out. He was younger always at it, and—I'll give him his due wonderfully clever I had no idea he thought of you Mary It was a great offer he made you. If everything had been right other ways."

"What ways?" she asked her face quiet and grave.

"If he had been a gentleman," he replied.

"That did not strike me as his defect," she said

"Of course the Lyttletons are good stock The grandfather was a drinking man, and muddled things away but, well you know he worked in the gang—young Hugh I mean—like a common Austrian or Pole.

"One has to admit," he went on, "that Lyttleton is a comer in the big sense. Ten years from now folks won't care what his father and mother were—though they were clean decent folk—they will know what he is A man who has a couple of millions at thirty five with a bit of cash is going to be quite a figure. I guess anyway he will buy the house and all that goes with it, and there will be no trouble for him to get a wife to look after it for him It will be hard to have to leave. Your mother says little but it's killing her Mary, just killing her I dread the day—and it is very near now, when we'll have to go out, God knows where, to find shelter

"I have been a fool—idle wasteful, careless. Nobody knows better than I. None can lay the scourge on harder I was a fool every way There was Lyttleton who could have come in with me, and made me but I pushed the Williams crowd Made young Jack Williams my manager because he was what was called a gentleman, and Hugh an ordinary workman. What happened? Williams thought he could stack up against the new-comer It was like a child against a grown man Lyttleton ran him off his feet, hit him when and where he liked and then pitched him into a corner out of the way as if of no more value I'd be more content to see you the wife of the winner than that of any man I know because he'll never fail you and will always be to you better than his word But there don't let me instruct you Do what you think is right. You are the one to decide, but make your choice with your eyes wide open No doubt we look on the gloomy side of things just now, and matters will be more tolerable at the worst, than we anticipate So think well in your own interest about what Lyttleton offers

THEY went ashore presently Reaching home, she went at once to her room and sat there long in the darkness looking out of the window It was late before she slept, and she rose early She avoided her mother and father as much as possible during the morning and was in her room when the maid came up to announce that Mr Lyttleton was awaiting her in the morning room. He rose to greet her as she opened and closed the door

"I have thought matters out, broadly as you wished" she said "In my own eyes my decision seems mean and despicable—but I am going to accept your offer You will not expect me to speak of my reasons for this, nor will you look for me to humiliate myself by pointing out again my ungenerosity I have no right to take unless I am willing to give I cannot give and yet I am taking. You understand this? If there is anything you wish to change in your offer, please tell me now"

"I understand perfectly" he replied "I will keep my word to the letter Perhaps you would not care for any announcement—any unnecessary publicity?"

"We will announce it to-day," she answered "You would wish the marriage to take place soon?"

"Yes, the sooner the better" he told her "I will procure the special license. You would prefer a private ceremony?"

"No, public in the church. It is little enough I am giving" she replied. His face expressed his gladness.

"Remember, Miss Campbell—" he began.

"Mary please" she said the shadow of a smile on her face.

"I will keep faith with you in letter and spirit" he told her.

"I know you will," she replied with calm frankness.

"I believe you will live to be made glad of this day," he said.

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"It will be pleasanter if neither of us regrets it," she responded with what seemed chilliest politeness.

She accompanied him to the door and there they parted. She did not even offer her hand. Two persons separating after the most casual bargain making would have been more cordial.

"I have promised to marry Hugh Lyttleton," she said, entering the room in which her mother and father sat. Before they could respond to the announcement she went up to her room.

SHE was not sorry she had struck the bargain. The world would say that she had been the most fortunate of women. A vast weight had been lifted from her mind. Never again would her father know anxious care. His name would be kept in clean hands. The house and all it signified to all of them had been saved. The horrible humiliation of poverty, felt most bitterly by those who have known comfort and luxury belonged to the past. Yet she felt oddly humbled. She had lost something—her independence of soul, her pride. From a woman of free will she had stepped down to be a bargainer selling herself for money, place, comfort, and not even giving what the honest woman gives in trade.

She thought no better of Lyttleton for his big generosity, rather the worse. He had tempted, laid the bait skilfully for herself—her father. No matter what he had thought of her before she must seem a cheap humbled creature in his eyes. Conqueror indeed he was, for her tort possession, but pride he had stripped from her. He had made his own terms, they were not hers. She had sold in the best market, getting all and giving as little as possible. That was sound business.

At dinner in the evening her mother was unusually silent, her father exuberant. The strain he had been under had been severe to a man of his pride.

"You should have asked Lyttleton to stay for dinner," he said.

"It never occurred to me," Mary replied.

He insisted on going down to the cellars and bringing up a bottle of rare old wine. She remembered that it had been among the articles listed by the sheriff's men. He drank to the health of the plighted pair and was with difficulty dissuaded from going to the telephone and calling up Hugh to tell him what he had done.

CHAPTER IV

GREATER than the sensation aroused by the downfall of the Campbells was that occasioned by their swift recovery. Mary's telephone was busy all the next morning. The Williams family swept down solidly before ten o'clock to reproach her for the secrecy with which she had surrounded her charming romance. She was a wonderfully lucky girl. For Lyttleton had millions, and, it was said in town—they had heard it—that he was positively in the seventh heaven of delight. She would be able to do anything now. Of course she would not stay in a poky little backwoods town but would have a town house and—was she not the fortunate girl? And at such a crucial stage of their unhappy fortunes.

It was part of the burden that Mary had to listen smilingly to the verbose enthusiasm. They deemed it necessary to speak flatteringly of Hugh whom she knew they hated with all the maliciousness of which they were capable. It was never suggested or implied in their congratulations that it was a match of esteem love. All that they said reeked of money. She was looked upon as a bought woman who had fetched a handsome price in the market having landed a millionaire who had taken a fancy to her. Her father in his great indiscretion had not been able to keep to himself the details of Hugh's monetary aid but had discussed them at the Williams house the previous evening.

Still it did not matter everybody would know how it was. When she went into town later in the day she perceived how greatly the world had changed. She was no longer the broken man's daughter but the fiancee of the millionaire, the consort to-be of the king. Like mists before the noon sun her troubles vanished. Tradesmen, who had been cool as to the Campbell patronage, were eager to heed her slightest wish. Some whom she knew in the friendly intimacy of a small community congratulated her on her fortune. They spoke almost with bated breath of the power and greatness of the man who was to be her husband.

It was always the same—the fortune was hers, she was the one to whom the great benefits had come. Her sensitive ear fancied that she could catch a suggestion of wonder that he had fixed his mind on her.

There was only one man in the town whose opinion she really valued. This was an old doctor, who had a small estate on the outskirts of the same district, and occupied his wealthy leisure in scientific research.

She met the old gentleman in the main street of the town that morning. He stopped his pony chaise and got down with his wife to greet her. She had rather feared his criticism, for he was very direct and blunt.

"So the big man has picked the right girl," he said. She colored with pleasure not because he praised Hugh, but because he suggested that the bargain was not all on one side.

"You are sure?" she laughed.

"Absolutely," he replied. "Perhaps, even you do not see it yet. There is the glamor, eh, Mary?" Her eyes met his, and she knew he read her mind. "You will see and know it. Better the enthusiasm that comes later, when you understand how fully you have obtained it.

"I suppose it was a little startling?" And his kindly eyes searched her face. "I understand—I understand—but it was no mistake. You will find out. It was no sacrifice. It is one of the occasions when the clerk of the marriage bureau shows glimmerings of wit. My dear—you have got a man. If he hadn't a dollar you'd be in luck. And I have been impressing upon him that he has got a woman better than he is—but he knew it beforehand. Forget the money part—you know what I mean—get rid of the notion that the money makes the transaction a bargain. Give yourself and your man a square deal. It's a perfect match—a perfect match."

She took the strangest comfort in his words. It was dawning on her that the man she, in her little world, had regarded as an upstart, who had blundered on great money, was a figure in the bigger world, among men who knew.

"A square deal!" She wondered what Dr. Welch would say if he knew the terms of the deal. Did he know? Perhaps he had heard, and had spoken to her from knowledge.

WITH his swift promptness Hugh cleared up her father's business affairs without appearing in them at all. Chapin managed everything.

It was he who negotiated the sale of the house and furnishings with Campbell, the sheriff, and the creditors, and sent the deed of it to Mary. From first to last the name of Lyttleton never appeared in any of the arrangements.

The Saturday before her marriage she received an intimation from a bank in a distant town that a sum of money had been deposited to her credit. It was sufficient to provide her with an independent competency for the rest of her life. She remonstrated with him on account of its extravagant largeness.

"Money need never come between us again," he replied.

With one swift stroke he accomplished every transaction that necessitated the payment of money. Thereafter—after their marriage—the fact that he was a man of wealth was buried. Still it was not hidden from her. It remained the one great fact dominating all. She wondered—had there been no trouble—whether he ever would have sought to know her. She knew that she would not have listened to him. It was the need—the terrible need of her people—that had drawn her and, no matter how great the generosity, even the love he

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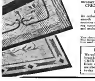

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did not understand and yet professed for her, she must be in his eyes something bought, something that had given in exchange with pitiful miserliness. She would, in sheer independence of soul, with all her dislike, have gone to him and insisted that she be allowed to pay the full price the transaction called for honorably but — the terms had been his not hers, she had not dictated, but had merely accepted. How did she know that he had not asked for all he desired of her? He had not offered her a home with him. She was glad he had not. It would be time enough to really reproach herself when he came and asked for her. She would then pay, she told herself.

Perhaps, at the root of all her dissatisfaction was the thought that he had been so easily content. A great love would have made its lawful demands, not because they were lawful but because of the love. He would not come according to his bargain except she bid him, would not take unless she offered. She was in a difficult position, one in which the burden was laid upon her.

IN the early morning of a summer day the wedding took place. Through the scented lanes she drove from the festal house to church with her father. Lyttleton awaited her at the chancel step as she came up the aisle in radiant white. For an instant she looked up at him, an almost questioning expression on her face, then stood by his side. She spoke the great promises of which she had spoken so lightly. In a clear voice, laid her hand in his with confidence, held it to receive the ring upon her slim white finger. Sentimental folk commented on the fact that he had omitted to kiss his bride, after the country fashion. Perhaps that was one of the new fool fashions of upper folks.

Together they walked down the flower-strewn aisle and path, her hand on his arm, she palely sweet and gracious, he fit mate for so charming a woman. Smilingly she responded to the frankly spoken wishes of the throng that crowded the church and yard.

Yet it was a queer wedding, people said. No great party in the house, no dancing the night through, no honeymoon. He took her back to her father's house and came away in the afternoon. Folk said that the mines called for his special attention but he must be a queer kind of man to let business stand between him and so fair a bride on their wedding day.

Then it was gossiped that it was only a sham marriage, that he had wanted her, and she had wanted his money for her father. That they had driven a clever bargain with him, for he was crazy about her, and had fooled him. They had got his money and she never meant to live with him. That was their pride. His money was all right, but they had no opinion of him. People like the Williams laughed and said that here was the one case in which the smart man had been outwitted. Mary Campbell thought no more of him than if he were the veriest wayside beggar. A fine bridegroom who had to part from his wife on their wedding day without even a lip salute!

To keep up appearances he sometimes called at the house on Sunday morning, took her to church and brought her back home, staying to lunch with the family. There was no pretence of loverliness in their meetings. Those who happened to be guests at the house on these occasions said they played their parts with much skill. He was very attentive to her, she pleasant and friendly to him—very nice and courteous but not a bit like lovers or man and wife. This was true enough. He asked nothing of her, she gave nothing. They never spoke of personal matters. She was greatly interested in his mines and big business projects. Once she drove out with him to look over his developing pits and mills, and gradually she came to know something of the scope and absorbing interest of his affairs, for he had business relations outside the little mining town.

So this strange pair spent the few hours in the week that they gave to each other (as some concession to public opinion) in discussing business. She was clever, grasped business problems firmly, and was frankly gratified by his assumption that she was really intelligent.

THEY had been married several months when, driving down to the house one Sunday afternoon, he found the Williams family there. He came indoors and stayed a little while pleasantly, making an excuse for early leaving.

"I wish you would not go, Hugh," Mary said to him, accompanying him to the door. It was the first time she had ever expressed a wish of the kind.

"Then I will stay," he replied.

"I wish you would not do everything I ask—just in that way, Hugh," she said with something of impatience in her smile.

"Very well. If that is not doing precisely the thing you complain of," he laughed. "But really, Mary, with all due respect to your friends, I can't stand that particular mob. I like to have you all to myself when I come. It is not a great deal I see of you."

"That is a very pretty little compliment," she smiled.

"I don't pay you compliments. I just tell the plain truth."

"And that is still more gallant," she replied. "I'll try to plan things better in future. Never mind if you don't care to stay to-day. I quite understand. If you were not too busy—" then she hesitated.

"And if I were not?" he inquired.

"I mean to-morrow," she said.

"I am not a bit busy."

"How do you know you won't be?" she laughed. "I wonder if you would like to take me out for a drive, just — just the two of us. The Williams will make remarks about your leaving to-day, and we could make a kind of counter-demonstration to-morrow. It would be quite a sensation, Hugh and Mary Lyttleton taking a drive together."

"Wouldn't it?" he replied. "I will come at two."

"The whole afternoon, and you will have dinner with us in the evening?" she asked.

HIS car was in the garage at the farther end of the grounds and she walked with him over the lawn, toward it. He had never seen her so bright and merry. She did a thing that had never happened before—she slipped her hand within his arm. A flush of pleasure passed over his face as her fingers pressed his arm ever so lightly. The visitors were watching them from one of the windows.

"There is some good in the Williams crowd after all," he laughed down at her.

"I don't think that is as nice as some of the other things you said," she replied. "May I not be allowed credit for a little impulse of my own when I want to be agreeable?"

"I am an ungrateful brute," he said penitently, holding her hand more closely.

"What do you do with yourself, I wonder, on these long, dull, Sunday afternoons and evenings when you are driven away from me or — grew tired?" she asked. There was bright mischief in her eyes.

"Sit, smoke, think, dream," he answered.

"About the all engrossing business, I suppose?"

"Yes, the all engrossing business."

"It must be dull."

"Fearfully dull," he agreed. "There is the wall and one picture upon it and I weave fancies and dreams about it."

"It must be dreadfully dull," she laughed. "Just a picture on a big drear wall."

"It serves till the better day comes," he told her, and he pressed her hand again.

"Be careful, Hugh," she rebuked him. "They are watching our every moment, and you will be accused of flirting most outrageously with your wife, to the public scandal. We have a great reputation for decorum to maintain."

SHE watched him drive away. At the gate he waved his hand. She had another of her little impulses, for she put her hand to her lips and wafted him a kiss. If the Williams people were looking for connubial scandal they should have good measure.

Alice Williams, a girl of about Mary's own age, came out to meet her as she neared the house.

"Too bad, Mary, that Mr. Lyttleton had to leave so soon. I am afraid our being here broke up a nice little domestic afternoon," she said.

"Hugh has a good deal of business on his hands," Mary replied.

"Yes, it seems all business. If he were my husband I think I should be much more exacting," said Alice. "You are the queerest married couple. No honeymoon, no home of your own, you do not live together. Sometimes one would think you had made a sort of business partnership and then at others, you look like two beginning lovers a little unsteady at love, but quite charmingly so."

"When you get married, Alice, and inquisitive little girls come along, as they always do, and want the benefit of experience, just tell them to be nice and good, and wait patiently for the only experience that counts — their own," Mary replied with smiling decisiveness.

"That's about all from me, I guess," the girl laughed. "But I am quite frankly curious about you two. Jack swears it is all make believe, a trade — of course quite a fair and legitimate one—between a man who wanted a girl he admired, and a girl who knew which side her bread was buttered. I say that you are insanely in love with each other and don't know it. You want to come together and can't find a bridge over. Mind some nice aggressive woman does not snap your man from under your nose. The world is full of ravenous women seeking anything desirable in the man way, whom they may devour, with an especially savage hunger for one who is young, good looking and a millionaire. I would not have a husband of mine going off to dingy mine offices, or hotel rooms, for his Sunday evenings. I'd make his world a bit more attractive for him. Here is Jack coming out to sigh over you. I think I had better stay and chaperon you."

MARY got rid of both by declining to join them in a trip over the lake. When the whole household had gone off in the launch she went into the morning room and began to think again of the interview with her husband that first afternoon. The marriage, she realized, had been a tremendous experiment to make. Whether it was to be the success Dr. Welch had prophesied or a failure she did not yet know. Hugh came very rarely to the house. She was sure he could come more frequently if he wished. Sometimes she wondered if he had grown tired of the one-sided bargain—if his care for her had been the outcome of impulsive chivalry, a passing liking that had worn thread bare by time and neglect. Love lives by what it feeds on.

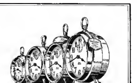
It struck her that two or three hours on Sunday afternoon talking about mines and money-making must be starvation diet. She was much of a puzzle to herself. He was winning his way with her, she confessed. The time had been when she hated him, but that had long since passed. She explained to herself that it was impossible not to like a person who gave one everything one wanted. That was merest gratitude. If Hugh had called her up at this moment, and said, 'Mary, I want you to come up to the mine house here and live with me, cook my dinners, wash my clothes, be my real wife,' she would have been on the road to obedience as fast as she could jump. That was his due and — she wanted to give him even a little more than his strict due.

To be continued

Wyecombe Ont.

I have taken the magazine several years and like it better all the time. I like it better because it is better and I feel I cannot afford to miss a single number. I am reading both short and continued stories and find them first class—excellent. To sit down with such a journal as MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE after a hard day's work is rest indeed.

C. E. P.



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G. J. DESBARATS
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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Opening the New Book

Continued from page 30

and hallooing for the tariff reform their constituents demand. Something must be said to reassure a growing country that the Government that won the war can also demobilize, repatriate, reconstruct or do anything else that comes to its ready and now willing hand. These things are being said by the ministers themselves. Truth to tell everyone else around the place appears to nurse a grouch of some kind and to be looking for an opening to unload it.

Will the Liberals Reunite?

AND what of the morrow? With the present admittedly safe for the Government what does the future hold? When the big Liberal convention meets next summer or next fall, will all the fifty seven varieties of Liberals get back under one banner, elect a successor to Sir Wilfrid and the McKenzie, and with an unbroken front sweep on to victory? Perhaps. And perhaps not. Even such stalwart Unionists as Carvell and Calder are declaring that they are still Liberals and entitled to all the privileges of the party any time they want to assert themselves. Will they assert themselves? Will they stop being statesmen and become vote hunting politicians and a danger and menace to their country?" They might. And provided the Liberals appoint a right kind of leader they may. If the convention's choice should be William Melville Martin of Pile o'Bones, Saskatchewan, you could hardly expect James Calder to refuse to follow the man he made Premier in his own prairie province. If Hon. F. B. Carvell could get as part of his reward a seat in Quebec, patriotism might induce him to take a jump. Otherwise the country might be deprived of his services altogether. For he sits for Victoria-Carleton by grace of a Tory majority that loves him not and that was only induced to swallow him as a means towards winning the war. Also Hon. A. K. Maclean is said to believe in his heart that there is much to be said to the advantage of party Government. And, if party Government is to come again as come it must, there is only one party to which he could conscientiously belong.

As for Hon. N. W. Rowell the parting of the ways offers nothing for him. The Tories don't want him and the Liberals won't have him. There was a rumor one day that the meek and lowly Wesley was preparing to lay an unctorial wreath on the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Instantly there was hot rebellion in the Opposition ranks. The French members blazed forth with statements that if anything of the kind was attempted they would rise and leave the chamber in a body. It looked almost like a riot for a moment. Then peace came in the shape of a promise that Wesley would desist. And the gleeful glisten in Tory eyes showed that for once they were in complete accord with their Grit opponents. So, if this Union Government dissolves into parties Mr. Rowell will have no place to stay and no place to go—unless indeed he decides to head a prohibition and uplift party. It would furnish all the opportunities for speech making without the inconvenience of attending Parliament.

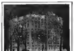
A Good Time to be Outside

SO there you have the situation as it stands. You have a Premier and four Cabinet ministers in Europe; an acting-Premier and eight or nine ministers in the Commons; three Cabinet ministers in the Senate and a few more scattered over the health resorts and hospitals of the country. It is called Union Government. It doesn't look it. Moreover the leading members of that Government, excepting the Premier, declare that they are Liberals. The others hardly know what to call themselves. For the Conservatives are now the Ginger group, constituting one of the strongest of the various oppositions the Government has to face. Cabinet ministers could hardly be expected to belong to that group and oppose themselves. Always again except Hon. Wesley. He is in a class by himself.

Across the floor are a crowd who confidently expect the country at their mercy in the course of a year or two. They are busy forming factions and arranging dinners that will give them individually a fair share of the general vote. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King has visions of moulding them into a harmonious whole with himself as the leader. They'll snap him as they would a jack-knife. The new leader will be a man who can carry a constituency. He will also be an English-speaking Protestant. Sir Wilfrid Laurier impressed the necessity of this on his French followers during the late years of his life. They are agreed that it is only right, good politics and fair play. And whether or not W. M. Martin makes the grade it is a rattling good guess the new leader claims the West for his home.

But that is for the future. For the present we may expect a noisy, wrangling Parliament that will find increasing troubles as it blunders along. Hon. Bob Rogers dropped in for a day or two and took a look around. Then he packed his grip and departed. And as he said good bye at the station his last words were:

"This is a rattling good time to be on the outside looking in."



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Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 18

than one hundred and twenty days, every one agreed that we had perished except those few who thought we had been carried westward by an assumed westward drift and were in the ocean north of Bering Strait where doubtless we would perish as the chances of getting ashore were considered negligible by those who believed in the westward current.

Among the Eskimos of Alaska who have no experience of ice except that immediately near shore, and no book knowledge of the means of such men as Peary in traveling over it farther east, the dangers of ice travel were so overrated that they all believed us dead for other reasons than scarcity of food, and believed it doubly because they also believed in the food shortage. The white men—the whalers, the trappers and the members of our own party—based their conclusion on the food shortage mainly. In the North there were a few men who had faith in the sanity of our plans, among them Capt. Matt Andreasen the brother of my companion Ole Andreasen, and my old friend John Firth, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Fort Macpherson. Now that we have been so long alive a good many amusing arguments have arisen among whalers and others as to just who believed we were not dead, but most claims for that distinction are disputed.

Our Deaths Made Official

IN the south one or two friends at the American Museum had faith in our eventual return and in Washington Admiral Peary expressed hope for our safety; his opinion to that effect would doubtless have been much stronger had he and others known that it had not been our intention to return to Alaska unless we had to, but this fact strangely enough never got into the papers, although it was well known to members of our expedition. In the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa in April, 1916 the Hon. Frank Oliver inquired of the Minister of Naval Service, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, what the chances were of our safety. After taking a day to consider the matter as is customary in parliaments, the Minister replied in effect that he was sorry to say that there was no hope of our being alive. Upon further inquiry from Mr. Oliver he said that the basis of this statement was the unified opinion of all the Arctic authorities that the Government had been able to consult. On the basis of this official announcement a great many editors in various parts of the world published kindly and (as is often the case with the dead) flattering obituaries that are now the most interesting section of my scrapbook.

While these opinions were growing up farther south and finding expression through various channels, we were traveling successfully and comfortably northward finding abundant food and fuel in those theoretically inhospitable regions and securing them by methods which require only a moderate application of common sense, and that resemble the absence of ill luck which permits a careful man to cross Fifth Avenue with safety after the traffic policemen have gone home.

Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 16

thankful he followed a trail for trails never led one into impassable country; the muskeg would run out and the trail swing west again. But for two hours he plugged along, quickening his pace for he realized now that he was covering miles which had to be made up when he turned toward the cells.

Perhaps it was the depressing continuance of the desolate muskeg through which the shadowy figures of startled horses darted that cast the fleeing man into foreboding. Into his furtive mind crept a suspicion that he was being trailed. So insidiously had this dread birthed that at first it was simply worry, a feeling as if the tremendous void of the prairie was closing in on him, that now and then a white boulder ahead was a crouching wolf. He shivered, shook his wide shoulders and cursed. It was that he was tiring, perhaps.

THEN suddenly the thing took form, mental form—something was on his trail. This primitive creature was like an Indian—gifted with the sixth sense that knows when somebody is coming though he may be a day's march away, the mental wireless that animals possess. He tried to laugh it off, to dissipate the unrest with blasphemy, but it wouldn't down.

The prairie was like a huge platter—everything stood out against the luminous evening sky like the sails of a ship at sea. His footprints lay along the trail, for it was hard going on the loosely-grassed turf. To cut across the muskeg that stretched for miles would trap him. In the morning light the Sergeant would discover that his tracks had disappeared, and would know just where he had gone. Being mounted the Sergeant would soon make up for the few hours of darkness—would reach the railway and wire down the line.

The Wolf plodded on for half-a-mile, then he left the trail where the ground was rolling, cut east for five hundred yards and circled back. On the top of a cut bank that was fringed with wolf willow he crouched to watch. The sun had slipped through purple clouds, and, dropping below them into a sea of greenish yellow space had bathed in blood the whole mass of translated vapor. Suddenly outlined against this glorious background a horse and man were silhouetted. The stiff erect seat in the saddle, the docked tail of the horse, square cut at the hocks, told the watcher that it was a policeman.

New Stomachs for Old in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation, or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods correctly combined!

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomachs to-day, we are to-morrow, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good simple nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxin poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours by following Christian's suggestions as to food his constipation was relieved although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappeared, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man of 70 years old, who had been travelling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superacidulous secretions in the stomach. The first meals given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he had written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

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If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 1504, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

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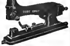

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When the skies had passed the Wolf trailed him, keeping east of the road where his visibility was low against the darkening side of the vast dome. Half a mile beyond where the Wolf had turned, the Sergeant stopped, dismounted and, leading the horse, with head low hung, searched the trail for the tracks that had now disappeared. Approaching night, creeping fast over the prairie, had blurred it into a gigantic fog of sombre hue. The trail was like a softened stripe; foot-prints might be there, merged into the pattern till they were indiscernible.

A small oval lake showed in the edge of the muskeg beside the trail, its sides festooned by strong-growing blue-joint, wild oats, wolf willow, saskatoon bushes and silver-leafed poplar. Ducks startled from their nests, floating nests built of interwoven rush leaves and grass, rose in circling flights uttering plaintive rebukes. Three giant sandhill cranes flapped their sail-like wings, folded their long spindle shanks straight out behind and soared away like kites.

Crouched back beside the trail the Wolf watched and waited. He knew what the Sergeant would do: having lost the trail of his quarry he would camp there, beside good water, tether his horse to the picket-pin by the bank, smoke some, eat, and sleep till daylight, which would come about three o'clock; then he would cast about for the Wolf's tracks, gallop along the southern trail, and, when he did not pick them up, would surmise that Jack had cut across the muskeg land; there he would round the southern end of the swamp and head for the railway.

"I must get him," the Wolf muttered mercilessly, "gentle him if I can, if not—get him."

He saw the Sergeant unsaddle his horse, picket him and eat a cold meal, this rather than betray his presence by a glimmering fire.

The Wolf, belly to earth, wormed closer, slithering over the gaillardias, crunching their yellow blooms beneath his evil body, his revolver held between his teeth as his grimy paws felt the ground for twigs that might creak.

If the Sergeant would unbuckle his revolver belt, and perhaps go down to the water for a drink, or over to the horse that was at the far end of the picket line, his nose buried deep in the succulent wild pea vine, then the Wolf would rush his man, and the Sergeant, disarmed, would throw up his hands.

THE Wolf did not want on his head the death of a Mounted Policeman, for then the "Redcoats" would trail him to all corners of the earth. All his life there would be someone on his trail. It was too big a price. Even if the murder thought had been paramount, in that dim light the first shot meant not over much.

So Jack waited. Once the horse threw up his head, cocked his ears fretfully, and stood like a bronze statue; then he blew a breath of discontent through his spread nostrils, and again buried his muzzle in the pea vine and sweet-grass.

Heath had seen this movement of the horse and ceased cutting at the plug of tobacco with which he was filling his pipe; he stood up and searched with his eyes the mysterious, gloomed prairie.

The Wolf, flat to earth, scarce breathed.

The Sergeant snuffed out the match, hidden in his cupped hands over the bowl, put the pipe in his pocket, and, revolver in hand, walked in a narrow circle slowly, stealthily, stopping every few feet to listen, not daring to go too far lest the man he was after might be hidden somewhere and cut out his horse. He passed within ten feet of where the Wolf lay, just a gray mound against the gray turf.

The Sergeant went back to his blanket and with his saddle for a pillow lay down, the tiny glow of his pipe showing the Wolf that he smoked. He had not removed his pistol belt.

The Wolf lying there commenced to think grimly how easy it would be to kill the policeman as he slept, to wriggle snake-like to within a few feet and then the shot. But killing was a losing game, the blundering trick of a man who easily lost control, the absolutely last resort, when a man was cornered beyond escape and saw a long term at Stony Mountain ahead of him, or the gallows. The Wolf would wait till all the advantage was with him. Besides, the horse was like a watch dog. The Wolf was down wind from them now, but if he moved enough to rouse the horse, or the wind shifted—no, he would wait. In the morning the Sergeant, less wary in the daylight, might give him his chance.

Fortunately it was late in the summer and that terrible pest, the mosquito, had run his course.

The Wolf slipped back a few yards deeper into the scrub and, tired, slept. He knew that at the first wash of gray in the eastern sky the ducks would wake him. He slept like an animal, scarce slipping from consciousness; a stamp of the horse's hoof on the cushioning turf bringing him wide awake. Once a gopher raced across his legs and he all but sprang to his feet thinking the Sergeant had grappled with him. Again a great horned owl at a twist of Jack's head as he dreamed, swooped silently and struck, thinking it a hare.

BROUGHT out of his sleep by the myriad noises of the waterfowl the Wolf knew that night was past and the dice of chance were about to be thrown. He crept back to where the Sergeant was in full view; the horse, his sides ballooned by the great feed of sweet-pea vine, lay at rest, his muzzle on the earth, his drooped ears showing that he slept.

Waked by the harsh cry of a loon that swept by, rending the air with his death scream, the Sergeant sat bolt upright and rubbed his eyes sleepily. He rose, stretched his arms above his head, and stood for a minute looking off toward the eastern sky that was now taking on a rose tint. The horse, with a little snort, sprang to his feet and, as he turned toward the water, the Sergeant pulled the picket-pin and led him to the lake for a drink.

Hungrily the Wolf looked at the carbine that lay across the saddle, but the Sergeant watered his horse without passing behind the bushes. It was a chance, but still the Wolf waited, thinking: "I want an ace in the hole when I play this hand."

Sergeant Heath slipped the picket-pin back into the turf, saddled his horse and stood mentally debating something. Evidently the something had to do with Jack's whereabouts, for Heath next climbed a short distance up a poplar and with his field glasses scanned the surrounding prairie. This seemed to satisfy him; he dropped back to earth, gathered some dry poplar branches and built a little fire, hanging by a forked stick he drove in the ground his copper tea pail half full of water.

Then the thing the Wolf had half expectantly waited for happened. The Sergeant took off his revolver belt, his khaki coat, rolled up the sleeves of his gray flannel shirt, turned down its collar, took a piece of soap and a towel from the roll of his blanket and went to the water to wash away the black dust of the prairie trail that was thick and heavy on his face and in his hair. Eyes and ears full of suds, splashing and blowing water, the noise of the Wolf's rapid creep to the fire was unheard.

WHEN the Sergeant, leisurely drying his face on the towel, stood up and turned about he was looking into the yawning maw of his own heavy police revolver, and the Wolf was saying:

"Come here beside the fire and strip to the buff—I want them duds. There won't nothin' happen you unless you get hostile; then you'll get yours too damn quick. Just do as you're told and don't make no fool play. I'm in a hurry."

Of course the Sergeant, not being an imbecile, obeyed.

"Now get up in that tree and stay there while I dress," the Wolf ordered.

In three minutes he was arrayed in the habiliments of Sergeant Heath; then he said: "Come down and put on my shirt."

In the pocket of the khaki coat that the Wolf now wore were a pair of steel handcuffs; he tossed them to the man in the shirt, commanding: "Click these on."

"I say," the Sergeant expostulated, "can't I have the pants and the coat and your boots?"

The Wolf sneered. "Different here, my bucko; I got to make a get-away. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you your choice of three ways: I'll stake you to the clothes, bind and gag you, or I'll slip one of these 45 pills through you, or I'll let you run footloose with a shirt on your back. I reckon you won't go far on this wire grass in bare feet."

"I don't walk on my pants."

"That's just what you would do; the pants and coat would cut up into about four pairs of moccasins; they'd be as good as duffel cloth."

"I'll starve."

"That's your lookout. You'd lie awake nights worrying about where Jack Wolf would get a dinner—I guess not. I ought to shoot you; the damn police are nothin' but a lot of dirty dogs anyway. Get busy and cook grub for two—bacon and tea, while I sit here holdin' this gun on you."

The Sergeant was a grotesque figure cooking with the manacles on his wrists and clad only in a shirt.

WHEN they had eaten the Wolf handled the horse, coiled up the picket line and tied it to the saddle horn, rolled the blanket and with the carbine strapped it to the saddle, also his own blanket.

"I'm goin' to grub-stake you," he said, "leave you rations for three days; that's more than you'd do for me. I'll turn your horse loose near steel; I ain't horse stealin' myself—I'm only borrowin'."

When he was ready to mount a thought struck the Wolf. It could hardly be pity for the forlorn condition of Heath; it must have been cunning—a play against the off chance of the Sergeant being picked up by somebody that day. He said:

"You fellers in the force pull a gag that you keep your word, don't you?"

"We try to."

"I'll give you another chance, then. I don't want to see nobody put in a hole when there ain't no call for it. If you give me your word on the honor of a Mounted Policeman, swear it, that you'll give me four days' start before you squeal, I'll stake you to the clothes and boots; then you can get out in two days and be none the worse."

"I'll see you in hell first. A Mounted Policeman doesn't compromise with a horse thief—with a skunk who steals a working girl's money."

"You'll keep palaverin' till I blow the top of your head off," the Wolf snarled. "You'll look sweet trampin' in to some town in about a week askin' somebody to file off the handcuffs Jack the Wolf snapped on you, won't you?"

"I won't get any place in a week with these handcuffs on," the Sergeant objected. "Even if a pack of coyotes tackled me I couldn't protect myself."

The Wolf pondered this. If he could get away without it he didn't want the death of a man on his hands—there was nothing in it. So he unlocked the handcuffs, dangled them in his fingers derisively, and then threw them far out into the bushes, saying with a leer: "I might get stuck up by somebody, and if they clamped these on to me it would make a get-away harder."

"Give me some matches," pleaded the Sergeant.

With this request the Wolf complied, saying: "I don't want to do nothin' mean unless it helps me out of a hole."

THEN Jack swung to the saddle and rode hard on the trail. For four miles he rode wondering at the persistence of the muskeg. But now he had a horse and twenty-four hours ahead before train time; he should worry.

Another four miles and to the south, he would see a line of low rolling hills that meant the end of the swamps. Even where he rode the prairie rose and fell, the trail dipping into hollows as it rose to sweep over higher land. Perhaps some of these ridges ran right through the muskeg, but there was no hurry.

Suddenly as the Wolf breasted an upland he saw a man leisurely circling a saddle on a buckskin horse.

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"Hell!" the Wolf growled as he swung his mount, "that's the buckskin that I see at the Alberta; that's Bulldog. I don't want no mix up with him."

He clattered down to the hollow he had left and made for the hiding screen of the bushed muskeg. He was almost certain Carney had not seen him, for the other had given no sign; he would wait in the cover until Carney had gone; perhaps he could keep right on across the bad lands, for his horse, as yet, sunk but hoof deep. He drew rein in thick cover and waited.

Suddenly the horse threw up his head, curved his neck backward, cocked his ears and whinnied. The Wolf could hear a splashing, sucking sound of hoofs back on the telltale trail he had left.

With a curse he drove his spurs into the horse's flanks and the startled animal sprang from the cutting rowels, the ooze throwing up in a shower. A dozen yards and the horse stumbled, almost coming to his knees; he recovered at the lash of Jack's quirt, and struggled on, now going half the depth of his cannon bones in the yielding muck; he was floundering like a drunken man. In ten feet his legs went to the knees.

Quirt and spur drove him a few feet, then he lunged heavily, and with a writhing struggle against the sucking sands stood trembling; from his spread mouth came a scream of terror—he knew.

AND now the Wolf knew. With terrifying dread he remembered—he had ridden into the "Lakes of the Shifting Sands." This was the country they were in and he had forgotten. The sweat of fear stood out on the low forehead; all the tales that he had heard of men who had disappeared from off the face of the earth swallowed up in these quicksands came to him with numbing force. To spring from the horse meant but two or three wallowing strides and then to be sucked down in the clutching quicksands.

The horse's belly was against the black muck. The Wolf had drawn his feet up; he gave a cry for help. A voice answered, and twisting his head about he saw, twenty yards away, Carney on the buckskin. About the man's thin lips a smile hovered. He sneered:

"You're up against it, Mister Policeman; what name 'll I turn in back at headquarters?"

Jack knew that it was Carney, and that Carney might know Heath by sight, so he lied.

"I'm Sergeant Phillips; for God's sake help me out."

Bulldog sneered. "Why should I—God doesn't love a sneaking police hound."

The Wolf pleaded, for his horse was gradually sinking; his struggles now stilled, for the beast knew that he was doomed.

"All right," Carney said suddenly. "Our condition—never mind. I'll save you first—there isn't too much time. Now break your gun, empty the cartridges out and drop it back into the holster," he commanded. "Unsling your picket line, fasten it under your armpits, and if I can get my saw-rope to you tie the two together."

Carney slipped from the saddle and led the horse as far out as he dared, seemingly having found firmer ground a little to one side. Then taking his saw-rope he worked his way still farther out, placing his feet on the tufted grass that stuck up in little mounds through the treacherous ooze. Then calling "Look out!" he swung the rope. The Wolf caught it at the first throw and tied his own to it. Carney worked his way back beyond the rope over the horn, swung to the saddle and calling "Flop over on your belly—look out!" he started his horse, violently towing the Wolf to safe ground.

The rope slacked; the Wolf, though half smothered with muck, drew his revolver and tried to slip two cartridges into the cylinder.

A sharp voice cried: "Stop that, you swine!" Raising his eyes he was gazing into Carney's gun. "Come up here on the dry ground," the latter commanded. "Stand there, unbuckle your belt and let it drop. Now take ten paces

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Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 90

straight ahead." Carney salvaged the weapon and belt of cartridges.

"Build a fire, quick!" he next ordered, leaning casually against his horse, one hand resting on the butt of his revolver.

He tossed a couple of dry matches to the Wolf when the latter had built a little mound of dry poplar twigs and birch bark.

When the fire was going Carney said: "Peel your coat and dry it; stand close to the fire so your pants dry too—I want that suit."

THE Wolf was startled. Was retribution so hot on his trail? Was Carney about to set him afoot just as he had set afoot Sergeant Heath? His two hundred dollars and Long Mack's five hundred were in the pocket of that coat also. As he took it off he turned it up side down hoping for a chance to slip the parcel of money to the ground unnoticed of his captor.

"Throw the jacket here," Carney commanded. "Seems to be papers in the pocket."

When the coat had been tossed to him Carney took from it two packets—one of papers, and another wrapped in strong paper. He opened the papers, reading them with one eye while with the other he watched the man by the fire.

Presently he sneered: "Say, you're some liar—even for a Government hound. Your name's not Phillips, it's Heath. You're the waster who fooled the little girl at Golden. You're the houndman who came down from the Klondyke to gather Bulldog Carney in; you shot off your mouth all along the line that you were going to take him single-handed. You bet a man in Edmonton a hundred you'd tie him hoof and horn. Well, a friend of mine in that poverty hole bet one of your friends two hundred that I'd rope you first—see? Turn you over to the Government tied up like a hog of spuds, and that's just what I'm going to do, Sergeant Liar. I'm going to break you for the sake of that little girl at Golden, for she was my friend, and I'm Bulldog Carney. Soon as that suit is dried a bit you'll strip and pass it over, then you'll get into my togs and I'm going to turn you over to the police as Bulldog Carney. D'you get me, kid?" Carney chuckled. "That'll break you, won't it, Mister Sergeant Heath? You can't stay in the Force a joke; you'll never live it down if you live to be a thousand—you've boasted too much."

The Wolf had remained silent—waiting. He had an advantage if his captor did not know him. Now he was frightened; to be turned in at Edmonton by Carney was as bad as being taken by Sergeant Heath.

"You can't pull that stuff, Carney," he objected; "the minute I tell them who I am and who you are they'll grab you too quick. They'd know me, perhaps some of them'll know you."

A sneering "Ha!" came from between the thin lips of the man on the log. "Not where we're going they won't, Sergeant. I know a little place over on the rail"—and he jerked his thumb toward the west—"where there's two policemen that don't know much of anything; they've never seen either of us. You ain't been at Edmonton more'n a couple of months since you came from the Klondyke. But they do know that Bulldog Carney is wanted at Calgary and that there's a thousand dollars to the man that brings him in."

AT this the Wolf pricked his ears; he saw light—a flood of it. If this thing went through and he were sent to Calgary as Bulldog Carney he would be turned loose at once as not being the man. The police at Calgary had cause to know just what Carney looked like, for he had been in their clutches and had escaped.

But Jack must bluff—appear to be the sore Sergeant. So he said: "They'll know me at Calgary and you'll get hell for this."

Now Carney laughed out joyously. "I don't give a damn if they do. Can't you get it through your wooden police head that I just want this little pleasantry driven home so that you're the goat of that money band, the Mounted Police; then you'll read it in your papers and go back to the farm."

As Carney talked he had opened the paper packet. Now he gave a crisp "Hello! what have we here?" as a sheaf of bills appeared.

The Wolf had been watching for Carney's eyes to leave him for five seconds. One hand rested in his trousers pocket. He drew it out and dropped a knife, treading it into the sand and ashes.

"Seven hundred!" Bulldog counted. "Rather a tidy sum for a policeman to be toting. Is this police money?"

The Wolf hesitated. It was a desperate situation. Jack wanted that money, but a slip might ruin his escape. If Bulldog suspected that Jack was not a policeman he would jump to the conclusion that he had killed the owner of the horse and clothes. Also Carney would not believe that a policeman on duty was carrying about with seven hundred in his clothes. If Jack claimed it all Carney would say he lied and keep it as Government money.

"Five hundred is Government money I was taking in to a post, and two hundred is my own," he answered.

"I'll keep the Government money," Bulldog said crisply; "the Government robbed me of my ranch—and I had no kick. And I'll keep yours too, it's coming to you."

"If Jack strikes with you, Carney, and you get away with this dirty trick, what you say'll make good—I'll have to quit the Force, so I want to get home down East. Give me a chance, let me have my own two hundred."

"I think you're lying—a man in the Force doesn't get two hundred ahead, not honest. But I'll toss you whether I give you one hundred or two," Carney said, taking a half dollar from his pocket. "Call!" and he spun it in the air.

"Heads!" the Wolf cried.

The coin fell tails up. "Here's your hundred," and Bulldog passed the bills to their owner.

"I see here," he continued, "your orders to arrest Bulldog Carney. Well, you've made good, haven't you? And here's another for Jack the Wolf; you missed him, didn't you? Where's he—what's he done lately? He played me a dirty trick once, tipped off the police as to where they'd get me. I never saw him, but if you could steer me to a sight of the Wolf I'd give you this six hundred. He's the real hound that I've got a low down grudge against. What's his description—what does he look like?"

"He's a tall, slim chap—looks like a breed; 'cause he's got nigger blood in him," the Wolf answered.

"I'll get him some day," Carney said; "and now them duds are about cooked—peel!"

The Wolf stripped, grey shirt and all.

"Now step back fifteen paces while I make my toilet," Carney commanded, toying with his gun in the way of emphasis.

In two minutes he was transformed into Sergeant Heath of the N.W.M.P., revolver belt and all. He threw his own clothes to the Wolf, and relighted his pipe.

When Jack had dressed Carney said: "I saved your life so I don't want you to make me throw it away again. I don't want a muss when I turn you over to the police in the morning. There ain't much chance they'd listen to you if you put up a holler that you were Sergeant Heath—they'd laugh at you; but if they did make a break at me there'd be shooting, and you'd sure be plumb in line of a careless bullet—see? I'm going to stay close to you till you are on that train."

OF course this was just what the Wolf wanted; to go down the line as Bulldog Carney, handcuffed to a policeman would be like a passport for Jack the

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Wolf. "Nobody would even speak to him—the policeman would see to that.

"You're dead set on putting this crazy thing through, are you?" he asked.

"You bet I am—I'd rather work this racket than go to my own wedding."

"Well, as a guy won't, I think you'd ... threat to shoot kinda mean. I'll just tell you that if you get that far with it I aint going to give myself away. You've called the turn, Carney, I'd be a fake even if I only get as far as the first barracks a prisoner. If I go in as Bulldog Carney I won't come out as Sergeant Heath—I'll disappear as Mister Somebody. I'm sick of the Force anyway. They'll never know what happened Sergeant Heath from me—I couldn't stand the guying. But if I ever monk up against you, Carney, I'll kill you for it." This last was pure bluff—for fear Carney's suspicions might be aroused by the other's ready compliance.

Carney scowled; then he laughed sneering. "I've heard women talk like that in the dance halls. You cook some bacon and tea at that fire—then we'll pull out."

As the Wolf knelt beside the fire to blow the embers into a blaze he found a chance to slip the knife he had buried into his pocket.

WHEN they had eaten they took the trail, heading south to pass the lower end of the great muskegs. Carney rode the buckskin and the Wolf strode along in front, his mind possessed of elation at the prospect of being helped out of the country and depression over the loss of his money. Curious, the loss of his own one hundred seemed greater calamity than that of the school teacher's five hundred. That money had been easily come by, but he had toiled a month for the hundred. What right had Carney to steal his labor—to rob a workman? As they plugged along mile after mile a fierce determination to get the money back took possession of Jack. If he could get it he could get the horse. He would fix Bulldog some way so that the latter would not stop him. He must have the clothes too. The khaki suit obsessed him. It was a red flag to his hurt mind.

They spelled and ate in the early evening; and when they started for another hour's tramp Carney tied his raw rope tightly about the Wolf's waist, saying: "If you tried to cut out in these gloomy hills I'd be peeved. Just keep that line taut in front of the buckskin and there won't be no argument."

In an hour Carney called a halt, saying: "We'll camp by this bit of water and hit the trail in the early morning. We must move three or four miles from steel and we'll make some place before train time."

Carney had both the police picket rope and his own. He drove a picket in the ground, looped the line that was about the Wolf's waist over it, and said:

"I don't want to be suspicious of a mate jumping me in the dark, so I'll sleep across this line and you'll keep to the end of it. If you so much as wink at it I guess I'll wake. I've got a bad conscience and sleep light. We'll build a fire and you'll keep to the other side of it same as we were neighbors in a city and didn't know each other."

TWICE as they ate, Carney caught a malign, vicious look in Jack's eyes. It was as closely a maniac look as he had ever seen, and more than once he had faced eyes with that look in them—the look of a man who thirsted for his life. He wondered at the psychology of it. It was not like his idea of Sergeant Heath. From what he had been told of that policeman he had formed him a vain swaggering chap who had had his ego fattened by the three stripes on his arm. He determined to take a few extra precautions for he did not wish to lie awake.

"We'll turn in," he said when they had eaten. "I'll hobble you, same as a shy cayuse, for fear you'd walk in your sleep, Sergeant."

He bound the Wolf's ankles and tied his wrists behind his back, saying as he knotted the rope: "What the devil did you do with your handcuffs—thought you Johnnies always had a pair in your pocket?"

"They were in the saddle holster and went down with my horse," the Wolf lied.

Carney's nerves were of steel, his brain worked with exquisite precision. When it told him there was nothing to fear, that his precautions had made all things safe, his mind rested, untortured by jerky nerves. So in five minutes he slept.

The Wolf mastered his weariness and lay awake waiting to carry out the something that had been in his mind. Six hundred dollars was a stake to play for. Once again in the police suit with the buckskin to carry him to the railroad he could get away; money was always a good thing to bribe his way through. Never once had he got his hand in the pocket where lay the knife he had secreted at the time he had changed clothes with Carney, as he trailed hour after hour in front of the buckskin. He knew that Carney was just the cool-nerved man that would sleep—not lie awake through fear over nothing.

In the way of test he shuffled his feet and drew from the half-dried grass a rasping sound. It partly disturbed the sleeper; he changed the steady rhythm of his breathing, he even drew a heavy sighing breath. Had he been lying awake watching the Wolf, he would have stilled his breathing to listen.

The Wolf waited until the rhythmic breaths of the sleeper told that he had lapsed again into the deeper sleep. Slowly, silently, the Wolf worked his hands to the side pocket, drew out the knife and cut the cords that bound his wrists. It took time for he worked with caution. Then he waited. The buckskin, his nose deep in the grass, blew the pollen of the flowered carpet from his nostrils.

CARNEY stirred and raised his head. The buckskin blew through his nostrils again, ending with a luxurious sigh of content; then was heard the slip-clip of his strong teeth scything the grass. Carney, remembering what had waked him, turned over and slept again.

Ten minutes and the Wolf, drawing up his feet slowly, silently sawed through the rope on his ankles. Then with spread fingers he searched the grass for a stone the size of a goose egg beside which he had purposely lain down. When his fingers touched it he unknotted the neckerchief that had been part of Carney's make-up and tied the stone in one corner of it. Now he had a slung shot that with one blow would render the other man helpless.

Then he commenced his crawl.

A pale watery three-quarter moon had climbed listlessly up the eastern sky, showing the sombre prairie into a vast spirit land draping with ghostly garments bush and shrub.

Purposely Carney had tethered the buckskin down wind from where he and the Wolf lay. The other had not read anything out of this action, but Carney knew the sensitive wariness of his horse; the scent of the stranger in his nostrils would keep him restless and any unusual move on the part of the prisoner would agitate the buckskin. Also he had only pretended to drive the picket-pin at some distance away. In the dark he had trailed it back and worked it into the loose soil at his very feet. This was more a move of habitual care than a belief that the bound man could work his way, creeping and rolling, to the picket-pin, pull it and get away with the horse.

At the Wolf's first move the buckskin threw up his head and with ears cocked forward, studied the shifting blurred shadows. Perhaps it was the scent of his master's clothes which the Wolf wore that agitated his mind, that cast him to wondering whether his master was moving about; or perhaps, as animals instinctively have a nervous dread of a vicious man, he distrusted the stranger. Perhaps, in the dim uncertain light his prairie dread meant harm to him and he thought it a wolf that had crept in to camp. He took a step forward, then another, shaking his head irritably. A vibration trembled along the picket line that now lay across Carney's foot and he stirred restlessly.

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THE Wolf flattened himself to earth and waited. Five minutes he waited, cursing softly the restless horse. Then again he moved, so slowly that even the watchful animal scarce detected it.

He was debating two plans: a swift rush and a swing of his slung shot, or the silent approach. The former meant inevitably the death of one or the other—the crushed skull of Carney, or, if the latter were by any chance awake, a bullet through the Wolf. He could feel his heart pounding against the turf as he screwed along inch by inch. A bare ten feet and he could put his hand on the butt of Carney's gun and snatch it from the holster; if he missed, then the slung shot.

The horse, roused, was growing more restless, more inquisitive. Sometimes he took an impatient snap at the grass with his teeth, but only to throw his head up again, take a step forward, shake his head and exhale a whistling breath.

Now the Wolf had squirmed his body five feet forward. Another yard and he could reach the pistol, and there was no sign that Carney had wakened—just the steady breathing of a sleeping man.

The Wolf lay perfectly still for ten seconds, for the buckskin seemingly had quieted; he was standing, his head low, hung as if he slept on his feet. Carney's face was toward the creeping man and was in shadow. Another yard, and now slowly the Wolf gathered his legs under him till he rested like a sprinter ready for a spring; his left hand crept forward toward the pistol stock that was within reach; the stone-laden handkerchief was twisted about the two first fingers of his right.

Yes, Carney slept.

As the Wolf's finger tips slid along the polished pistol butt, the wrist was seized in fingers of steel, he was twisted almost face to earth, and the butt of Carney's own gun, in the latter's right hand, clipped him over the eye, and he slipped into dreamland. When he came to workmen were riveting a boiler in the top of his head; somebody with an auger was boring a hole in his forehead; he had been asleep for ages and had wakened in a strange land. He sat up groggily and stared vacantly at a man who sat beside a camp fire smoking a pipe. Over the camp fire a copper kettle hung and a scent of broiling bacon came to his nostrils. The man beside the fire took the pipe from his mouth and said:

"I hoped I had cracked your skull, you swine. Where did you pick up that thug trick of a stone in the handkerchief? As you are troubled with insomnia we'll hit the trail again."

WITH the picket line around his waist once more Jack trudged ahead of the buckskin. In the night gloom the shadowy cavalcade cutting a strange, weird figure as though a boat were being towed across sleeping waters.

The Wolf, groggy from the blow that had almost cracked his skull, was wobbly on his legs—his feet were heavy as though he wore a diver's leaden boots. As he waded through a patch of wild rose the briars clung to his legs, and half dazed he cried out, thinking he struggled in the shifting sands.

"Shut up!" the words slipped from the thin lips of the rider behind.

They dipped into a hollow and the played-out man went half to his knees in the morass. A few lurching steps and overstrained nature broke; he collapsed like a jointed doll—he toppled head first into the mire and lay there.

The buckskin plunged forward in the treacherous going, and the bag of a man was skidded to firm ground by the picket line, where he sat wiping the mud from his face and looking very all in.

Carney slipped to the ground and stood beside his captive. "You're soft, my bucko—I knew Sergeant Heath had a yellow streak," he sneered; "boasters generally have. I guess we'll rest till daylight. I've a way of hobbling a bad man that'll hold you this time, I fancy."

He drove the picket-pin of the rope that tethered the buckskin, and ten feet away he drove the other picket-pin. He made the Wolf lie on his side and fastened him by a wrist to each peg so that one arm was behind and one in front.

Continued on page 100

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

The lack of some system which provides for leaving a mother at home to take care of her children is an outrage against the rights of the nation's childhood.

Mother's Pensions

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

WE can see a question more clearly if we make it personal. Suppose you were a widowed or deserted mother without means. As conditions are now, in all but one province of the Dominion you could choose among three courses. First, you could put your children in an institution; second, you could keep them at home uncared for while you worked ten or twelve or fourteen hours a day; third, you could stay at home with them and let them starve. But suppose new legislation provided that you as a mother could apply to the Government for help to support your children so that you could stay at home and take care of them, would it take you long to decide which would be the best thing to do?

For a long time Governments have subsidized railroads, settlements, infant industries—the country needed these things. Now the war has taught us that what the country needs more than anything else is well-cared-for, healthy, normally brought up children. Is it so very unreasonable that the Government aid which protects infant industries and incidentally helps men to found homes and support families should be held back from the woman when she is left alone without means to bring up her little brood? Governments are beginning to realize this. They are beginning to see that one of the highest services to the state is rendered by the woman who has children and who is bringing them up to good citizenship. When she is left alone with the responsibility of supporting them she should be treated as a civil servant—not as a subject for charity. Even as an economic proposition the system of pensioning needy mothers is found to be most reasonable. Where it has been tried the cost has been less than the cost of keeping the same number of children in institutions. Further, the people who know most about institutional care of children are the most discouraged with it. They find that the child misses something which only home life can give, he comes out more or less marked. They even go so far as to claim that the most poorly managed home is better than the best managed institution provided the home is morally correct.

MOTHERHOOD has been universally glorified in picture and song, in story and political speeches. It has been acknowledged the crowning honor and privilege and service that could come to woman. What then about asking a woman to crowd all this honor and privilege and service into an hour at the end of an even strenuous day at [illegible] wash tub or polishing some other woman's hardwood floor? There is something, to say the least, an[illegible] in the system or lack of system that makes it necessary for a woman to rise at some unreasonably early hour in order to get her children dressed and breakfasted and delivered at a day nursery in time for her to get to work at eight o'clock, and at the end of the day, tired out in body and spirit, to collect them, take them home, get their supper and in this weary dishevelled condition give them whatever companionship and teaching they are to get. Everyone agrees that the home is the world's best institution for moral training, but you can't expect much inspirational contact between mother and children under these conditions. A few rare mothers of supreme mental and physical strength have been known to make a good job of their mothering under such a handicap, but it is too much to expect of even the exceptional mother.

Every wide-awake mother knows the danger of the back alley rendezvous.

And the children who are left at home unsupervised all day, or at least after school hours while the mother is away at work—what about them? Every wide-awake mother of growing boys knows the danger of the back alley rendezvous with its crap shooting and cigarettes and common type of conversation—more harmful perhaps than either. The Juvenile Court's report of delinquent children shows the rather striking fact that in one city of Ontario, forty-nine per cent. of the children on probation had lost one of their parents. One hundred delinquent children were wards. A number of these, it goes without saying, were sent to reformatories and most reformatories, make the best you can of them, are places where a boy learns all the wickedness he needs to know to start him on the way to higher schools of crime. In some of the states it is estimated that in reducing the cost of crime alone Mother's Pensions have paid for themselves. "But," someone says, "there are homes and orphanages to take care of children whose mothers have to work. Why can't they be sent there?" Partly because a good mother will part with her children only as a last resort. And she is right. Apart from the deadening, disheartening influence of institutional life what future is ahead of the institutional child? Compare his possibilities with those of a family where the mother was left a widow with two boys of eight and six years and a little girl of four, and who received a regular monthly allowance from a fraternal society of which her husband had been a member. The oldest boy is now a professor in a university, the other is a leading lawyer and the girl is a domestic science teacher—a result made possible by a mothers' allowance system. How many children from an institution have a chance to become professors or lawyers or teachers? They usually enter the unskilled labor market and in turn bring up their families in poverty.

A MOTHERS' pension law should exert a direct upward trend in the health of the community. The district nurses are among its strong agitators, because they are constantly going into homes where the poverty is so great that whole families are undernourished and fall a prey to every contagious disease that comes along. Then there is the calamity of a mother going out to work two or three months after her baby is born with all the results in the way of ill health likely to follow. And there is the inevitable effect on the baby. A women's organization doing social work in Toronto found that in the crowded districts the infant mortality was noticeably less among the Jewish families. They investigated and found that the Jews had a system of mothers' allowances which made it possible for the women to stay at home and nurse their babies instead of having to wean them and go out to work.

When the Ontario Government sent its representative to conduct public hearings in several cities of the province on the question of mothers' pensions, some interesting points were brought up. Everyone agreed that a system of allowances for needy mothers was a want long overdue; they also agreed that there were many difficult problems to be worked out in the administration. Should the act be limited to widows alone or should it be extended to take in other mothers equally deserving—the deserted mother, the unmarried mother, the woman whose husband was insane or in prison? Someone suggested that a Government grant of pensions to deserted mothers might encourage a lazy husband to dump his responsibilities by running away, but the majority felt that a man who didn't care any more for his family than this would be likely to go anyway. The gathering's attitude to the problem of the unmarried mother was evidence of a new growing humanity in society; they were beginning to realize that the unmarried woman with a child who wants to keep her child with her is more often than not a person worthy of respect and sympathy. However the people who have done the pioneer work for this movement feel that it will be necessary at first to limit the scope of mothers' allowances, and suggest that "at first the allowance be made with respect to children of widows, with a provision that, in exceptional circumstances, the allowance may be paid with respect to other analogous classes of children."

REGARDING the amount of the allowance the committee advises that instead of a fixed schedule of payments being established the administration should be allowed to consider the needs of the individual family and, considering other possible supplementary sources of income, to decide on an adequate allowance. The important thing is that the allowance in every case should be sufficient to enable the children to have satisfactory home care and *that it should be conditional upon his receiving such care*. The pension for a certain child would stop when the child reached working age, which the Factory Act of Ontario places at fourteen years—quite young enough it seems.

Then comes the question of how the cost is to be borne. The Social Service Committee on mothers' allowances recommends that the cost be divided about equally between the province and the municipality, the province to pay the cost of the central administration and supervision and half the amount of all

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allowances the remaining half of the allowances to be charged against the municipalities of the province in proportion to their population. One reason for dividing the responsibility between the province and the municipality is, of course, that if the municipality were given too much responsibility it would be impossible to maintain a uniform satisfactory standard throughout the province. In backward communities the legislation would be a dead letter. In others its administration would be overdone. If too great responsibility were given the province local interest would weaken and the expenditure would be heavier.

Whatever law is framed, the success or weakness of its working out will depend to a great extent on the people appointed to administer it. It is most important that there be strong wise central control and direction and it is recommended that a Commission be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor to consist of seven public-spirited citizens interested in child welfare work, to serve without salary, at least three of whom shall be women. With this there would be local or county committees to receive and pass upon applications for allowance and to meet at least monthly and report to the Commission.

THE question was raised as to whether the system of pensioning a family would tend to pauperize them. Some one wondered whether it would be a good plan for the Government to ask the children when they were old enough to work to pay back a part of the money spent on them and thereby retain their self-respect, but the suggestion raised a little storm of protest from every corner. It was the general opinion that in as much as well-cared-for promising children are a source of far greater national wealth for the future than the country's richest mines or fields or forests they have already paid for their existence. They can be counted as one of the nation's assets and developed as such.

And the system of mothers' allowances is no untried, doubtful new thing. I suppose Moses was the first child brought up on a mothers' pension and there is no denying that it worked well in his case. You remember how Pharaoh's daughter sent for the child's own mother and said "Take this child and care for it and I will pay thee thy wages." Pharaoh's daughter was a wise woman. It seems as though we have been inexcusably slow in copying her example. However mothers' pensions have been in operation in New Zealand for some time with most practical, good results. They have proved successful wherever they have been tried in most of the States of the Union. They have been working satisfactorily for two years in Manitoba and the legislation has been passed in Alberta.

When the subject has been considered in the Ontario legislature we can reasonably hope for a law founded upon humanity and economy.

Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 98

Carney chuckled as he surveyed the spread-eagled man. "You'll find some trouble getting out of that, my bucko; you can't get your hands together and you can't get your teeth at either rope. Now I *will* have a sleep."

The Wolf was in a state of half coma; even untethered he probably would have slept like a log, and Carney was tired, he too slumbered, the soft stealing gray of the early morning not bringing him back out of the valley of rest till a glint of sunlight throwing over the prairie grass touched his eyes, and the warmth gradually pushed the lids back.

HE rose, built a fire, and finding water made a pot of tea. Then he saddled the buckskin and untethered the Wolf, saying: "We'll eat a bite and pull out."

The rest and sleep had refreshed the Wolf and he plodded on in front of the buckskin feeling that though his money was gone his chances of escape were good.

At eight o'clock the square forms of log shacks leaning groggily against a sloping hill came into view; it was Hobbema, and swinging a little to the left, in an hour they were close to the Post. Carney knew where the police shack lay and skirting the town he drew up in front of a log shack, an iron-barred window at the end proclaiming it was the Barracks. He slipped from the saddle, dropped the rein over his horse's head and said quietly to the Wolf: "Knock on the door, open it, and step inside," the muzzle of his gun emphasizing the command.

He followed close at the Wolf's heels, standing in the open door as the latter entered. He had expected to see perhaps one, not more than two constables, but at a little square table three men in khaki sat eating breakfast.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Carney said cheerily. "I've brought you a prisoner, Bulldog Carney."

The one who sat at table with his back to the door turned his head at this, then he sprang to his feet, peered into the prisoner's face and laughed.

"Bulldog nothing, Sergeant, you've bagged the Wolf."

The speaker thrust his face almost into the Wolf's. "Where's my uniform—where's my horse? I've got you now—set me afoot to starve, would you, you damn thief—you murderer! Where's the five hundred dollars you stole from the little teacher at Fort Victor?"

He was trembling with passion; words flew from his lips like bullets from a gatling—it was a torrent.

But fast as the accusation had come, into Carney's quick mind flashed the truth—the speaker was Sergeant Heath. The game was up. Still it was amusing. What a devilish droll blunder he had made! His hands crept quietly to his two guns, the police gun in the belt, and his own beneath the khaki coat.

ALSO the Wolf knew his game was up. His blood surged hot at the thought that Carney's meddling had trapped him. He was caught, and the author of his evil luck should not escape.

"That's Bulldog Carney!" he cried fiercely, "don't let him get away."

Startled, the two constables at the table sprang to their feet.

A sharp crisp voice said: "The first man that reaches for a gun drops." They were covered by two guns held in the steady hands of the man whose small grey eyes watched from out narrowed lids.

"I'll make you a present of the Wolf," Carney said quietly. "I thought I had Sergeant Heath. I could almost forgive this man if he weren't such a skunk for doing the job for me. Now I want you chaps to pass, one by one, into the pen," and he nodded toward a heavy wooden door that led from the room they were in to the other room that had been fitted up as a cell. "I see your carbines and gunbelts on the rack—you really should have been properly in uniform by this time—I'll dump them out on the prairie somewhere and you'll find them in the course of a day or so. Step in, boys, and you go first, Wolf."

When the four men had passed through the door Carney dropped the heavy wooden bar into place, gathered up the fire arms, mounted the buckskin, and rode into the west.

A WEEK later the little school teacher at Fort Victor received through the mail a packet that contained five hundred dollars and this note:—

Dear Miss Black:—

I am sending you the five hundred dollars that you bet on a bad man. No woman can afford to bet even on a good man. Stick to the kids, for I've heard they love you. If those Indians hadn't picked up Sergeant Heath and sent him to Hobbema before I got away with your money I wouldn't have known, and you'd have lost out.

Bulldog Carney

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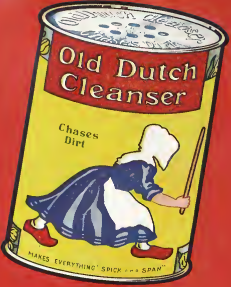
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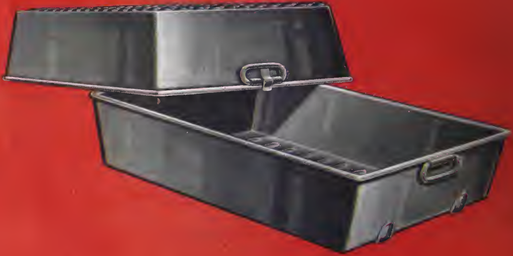

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